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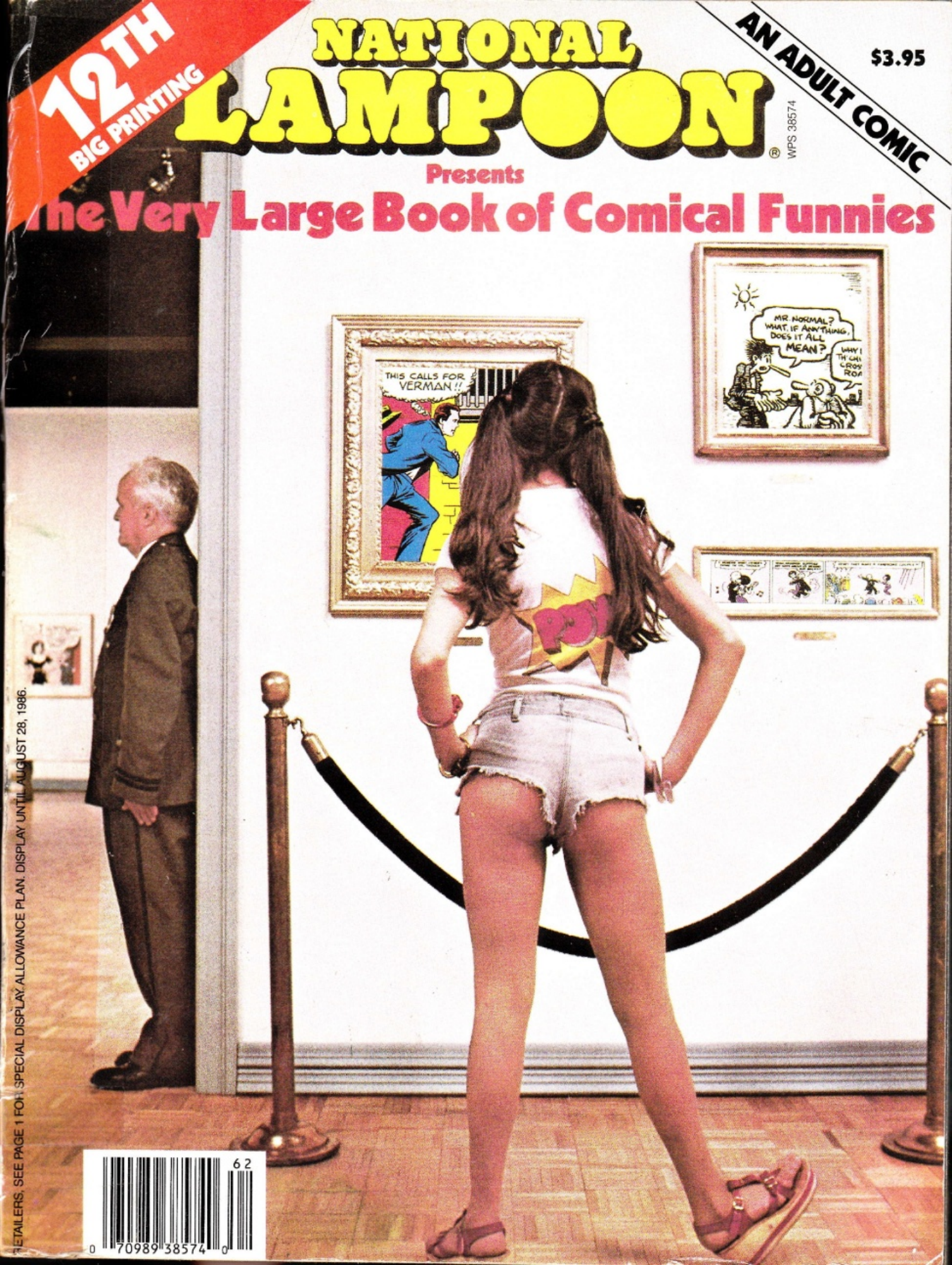

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The flip-book begins on page 159 and runs to page 1, for its first half. Turn book over to complete other half of flip-book sequence, now running from page 2 through page 160.

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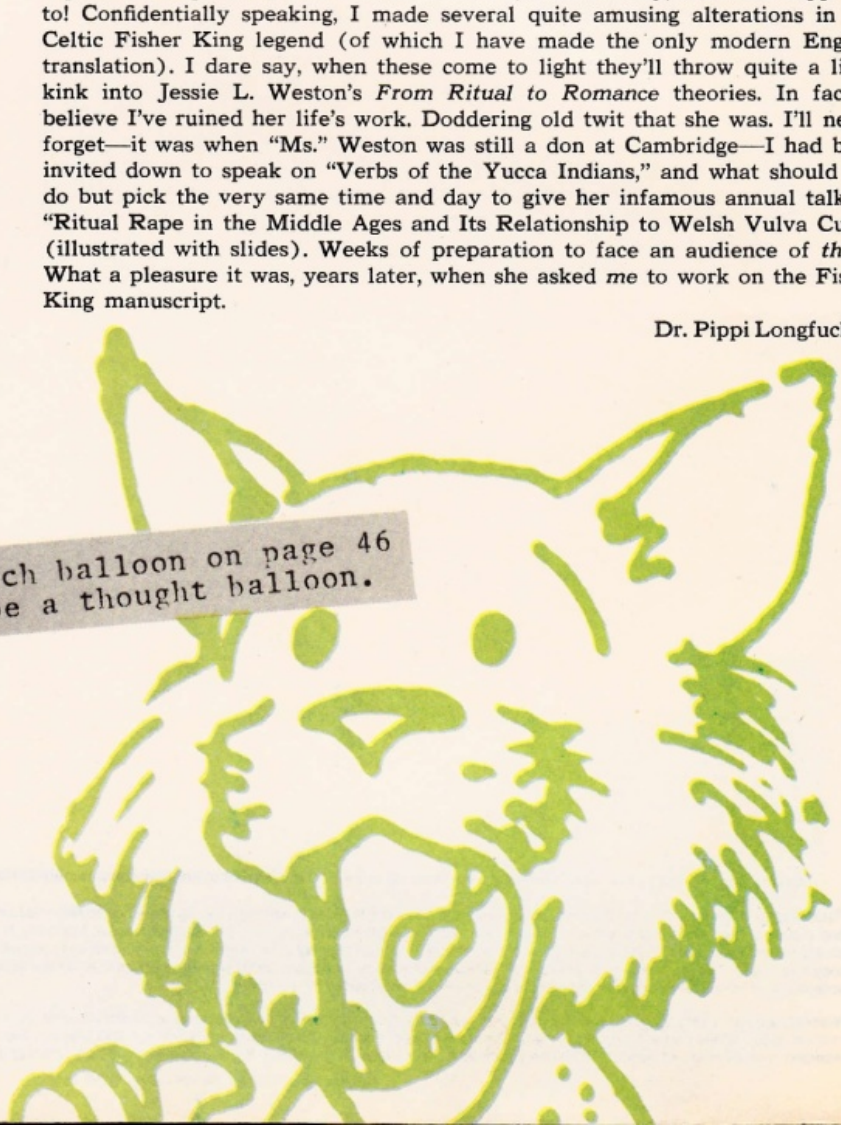
Translator's Note

It is forever the translator's dilemma: how to walk the fine line betwee literal accuracy and "capturing the spirit of the work." As far as is possible, I have attempted to toe this line without, on the one hand, taking the liberty o lamentable colloquialism or, on the other hand, presenting line after line o "has a flounder up his nose," "Swedish bidet wrench," "blood-soaked elks rur through the aft rigging," and other such idiomatic expressions. And I flatter myself that I have succeeded in this matter.

On other points, however, less general problems have arisen with the Norwegian language. Norwegian, unfortunately, is possessed of 115 verb tenses including not only our familiar "it is," "it was," "it will be," etc., but also forms to express "it isn't now and never was," "it used to be but then it got better," "it will be after it's fixed," and "it was for a while and they put a stop to it, but now it's turning up again everywhere." This certainly presented a difficulty, as did the Norwegian terms for color, of which they have only three, *ølf*, *güttërt*, and *ärn*, meaning, respectively, "off-white," "tan," and "a pale sort of sickly greenish shade." I was reminded of nothing so much as the time I spent translating pictographs among the primitive Izki peoples in the Al Akhdar mountains of Oman. The Izki were so impoverished that their word for food meant "none." Which should give you an idea that the translator's life is by no means as dull as it seems. Yes, one week it's a 3,000-year-old Sanskrit inscription on a forbidden temple stone in the Hindu Kush, the next, a dubious history of children's funnies by some herring-choker college dean whose area of specialization is glandular diseases in fish. It's a funny world, to say the least. But still, I rather enjoy translating. Perforce, one never really leaves a personal imprint on this sort of work. Or, I should say, one isn't supposed to! Confidentially speaking, I made several quite amusing alterations in the Celtic Fisher King legend (of which I have made the only modern English translation). I dare say, when these come to light they'll throw quite a little kink into Jessie L. Weston's *From Ritual to Romance* theories. In fact, I believe I've ruined her life's work. Doddering old twit that she was. I'll never forget—it was when "Ms." Weston was still a don at Cambridge—I had been invited down to speak on "Verbs of the Yucca Indians," and what should she do but pick the very same time and day to give her infamous annual talk on "Ritual Rape in the Middle Ages and Its Relationship to Welsh Vulva Cults" (illustrated with slides). Weeks of preparation to face an audience of *three*! What a pleasure it was, years later, when she asked *me* to work on the Fisher King manuscript.

Dr. Pippi Longfucking

ERRATUM: The speech balloon on page 46 should be a thought balloon.



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Special thanks to: Jack Adler, Neal Adams, and Alan Kupperberg

The extraordinary flip-book, 160 compulsive drawings long, which accompanies the text, was executed by Bobby London.

Comical Funnies Lives Again!

Editor's Note:

When this book was first published in 1975, it struck at the very nerve center of the publishing industry.

Comic books had long before that become a dying art. In the world of humor, it was the *National Lampoon* if you were an adult, and *Mad* if you were a kid. If you were an adult with a kid's mind you read *Penthouse* or *Hustler* and laughed at everything.

But once, years ago, comic books were a focal point of American publishing, and they still remain enormously popular in many parts of the Orient, Europe, and Latin America.

Perhaps television, itself an interminable, nonstop comic strip, has robbed us of that need to see funny images happen on a printed page. But then, funny things rarely happen on television, so that blows that idea.

At one time, the most popular comic book in this country was called "Famous Funnies," and the stuff was really funny. Then came Superman and Batman and in the sixties such "underground" heroes as R. Crumb. Camp may have been the villain.

Nowadays, most popular comics have an intellectual flavor about them, although Beetle Bailey and Blondie and a dozen or so of the other oldies still remain, if not as favored as they once were.

Yuppies don't read them. Yuppies only read *Esquire* and *GQ* and the Dow Jones averages. Yuppie kids read milk cartons trying to decide if they themselves should make a break for it.

And what young people are really laughing at these days is on movie screens or in comedy clubs or, hopefully, in the pages of *National Lampoon*.

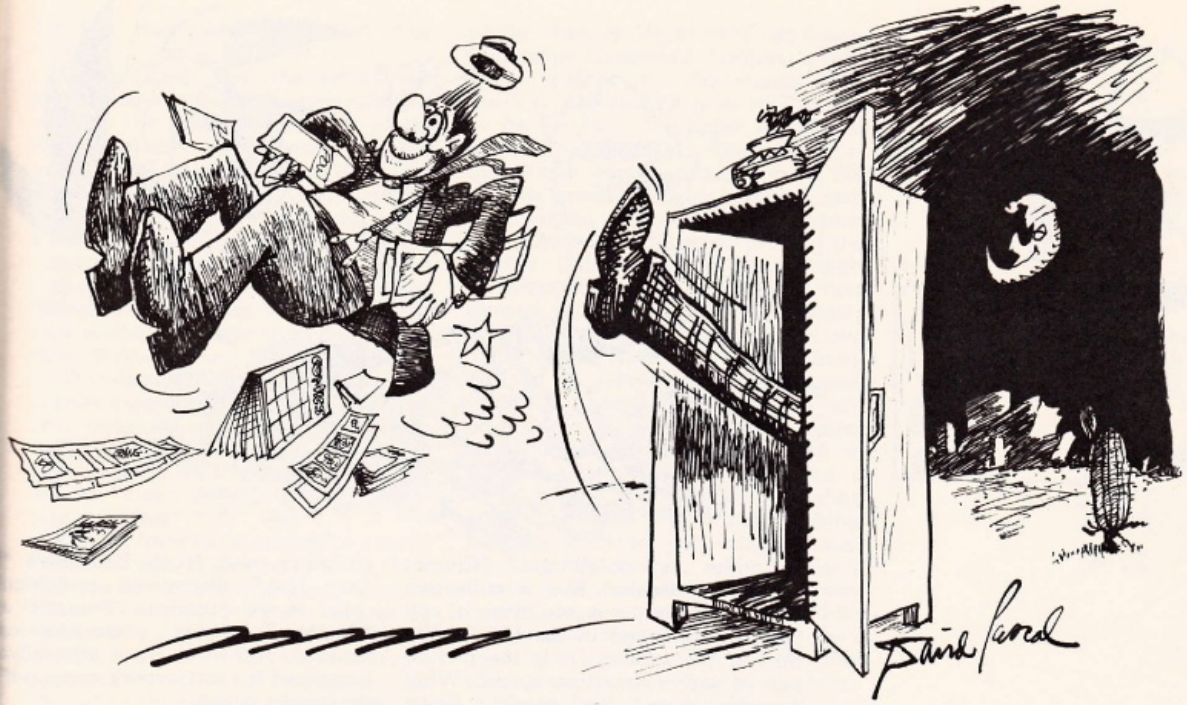
This book has been printed again and again because of the enormous demand for it, and not because we are into recycling history, although that's nice too.

Incidentally, in case you are a collector of *National Lampoon* historical data, this is one of the three most popular "books" ever published by that "humor crowd," the others being *National Lampoon's High School Yearbook Parody* and *National Lampoon's Sunday Newspaper Parody*.

Nothing on the following pages has been changed since its original publication. As for the writers, Doug Kenney has left this mortal world, Tug McGraw has left baseball, and many of the others are in quiet early-retirement homes in Fort Lauderdale drawing comic strips with crayon directly on the walls.

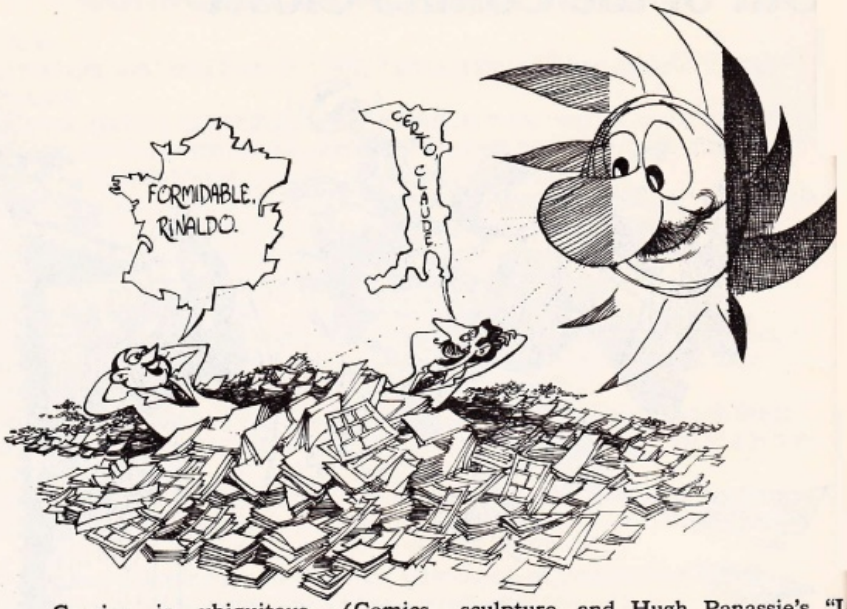
Matty Simmons

Out of the Comics Closet



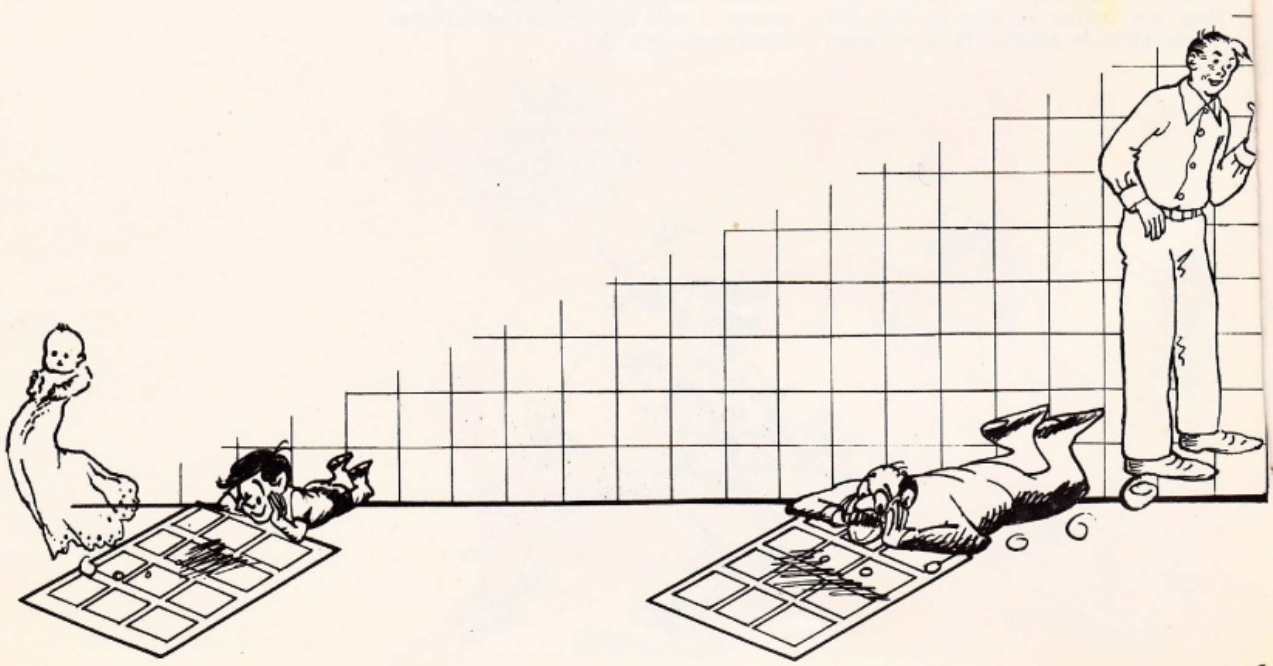
You know what's become of comics? That million dollar business has expanded worldwide, moving up from low- to middle- to the frontiers of highbrow. That's what. *National Lampoon* can do no less than be the first to recognize this foreign recognition of us. The U.S. has been peddling strips abroad for decades, claiming that comics are great, and "Try it, you'll like it."

They did. They "veni, vidi, vici'd." Europe not only liked it, they analyzed it and evolved a whole mystique. Now they are telling us in turn that the comic strip is greater than we even knew it to be! That is to say, that part of the more adventurous intellectual community who were already comics buffs got swept up in their own admiration, attracting scholars and eventually convening the First International Comics Congress eleven years ago in Italy. To study comics as "Graphic Literature," you hear? I know, because I was the American organizer and official delegate of the National Cartoonists Society. Ah, halcyon days they were. Paid my own way, too, for quite a number of years. They pay now, of course. I still lecture and design the poster annually. So.



Comics is ubiquitous. (Comics should be treated like a collective noun, i.e., painting is, sculpture is, collage is.) Invented in the U.S. at the turn of the century, it is the picture part of native American speech. What American hasn't read comics? Being young, not quite 200 years old, we don't take all of our culture seriously. Thus, until an older, established society like France or Italy recognizes some cultural trait of ours as high art, we're timid about declaring this on our own. It descends in part from our anti-intellectual frontier history. So, when some bright communications people from those two great wine-producing countries, in their tradition of discovering Japanese prints, African sculpture, and Hugh Panassie's "L Jazz Hot," discovered multisignif cance in our American "Fumetti" an "Bandes Dessinées," some American listened, and those of us who alway suspected it (sotto voce) came out o the comics closet.

But seriously, folks. It really i graphic literature. Over 100 millio Americans read comics daily. Mor than read books in a year. What ar we to make of this phenomenon? Is i a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Para literature! For instance, "Gasoline Al ley" is a drawn novel; Skeezix is foundling who turned into a grandp all in the time it chronologically take to normally happen. What book, ever the Bible, has a daily continuing chap



ter like that? And that's just slice of life.

Sociologically vast, the natural development of our country was reflected in both the style and content of all strips. Another for instance, "Abe the Agent," was the first strip to deal with the real problems of an American middle class Babbitt. In a similar vein, a future archeologist could discern the day-to-day quality of American life in mid-twentieth century by reading "Blondie" more than from contemporary statistical tables or written literature. Strips are our hieroglyphics.

They have an august heritage in recorded narrative art, starting from the cave paintings on to Egyptian murals, medieval woodcuts, the Bayeux tapestry, Hogarth, Rowlandson, "Max and Moritz," clean up to R. Crumb. Tradition, "#$%&*?@!!!"

Comics insights do add up to a revelation of who and what we are. Just because most are humorous doesn't mean that strips don't see into us as incisively as "good" literature. That's another part of our Calvinist history; if it's pleasurable, it can't be good. And that's just the point at which the Europeans jumped in to broaden the scope of comics study. They went beyond the chuckle.

These congresses are held in Lucca, halfway between Rome and Milan, to be fair. They are sponsored by Lucca and the Center for Mass Communication of the University of Rome. In the beginning, social historians dominated, delivering papers like, "A Depth Analysis of the Psychological Content of the Walt Disney Characters" and "The White Man and the Underdeveloped World Seen Through the Personality of 'The Phantom.'" This was followed by a psychological phase, with papers entitled, "The Visual Appearance of the Typography of Onomatopoeia" and "The 'Superman' Complex and Paraphrenia." This heavy stuff went on in the lecture halls while the plebian fans were searching out comic book goodies in the commercial stalls: a cultural/commercial dichotomy.

A palace revolution in the congress leadership set the tone more in favor of fans. The comics themselves, not their social affects, became the prime center of study. Reprints of old American strips blossomed, fulfilling a nostalgia arising from the stomping to death of American comics by Fascism in its heyday! The later congresses featured, and still do, slide shows of the annual comics production in the various countries. Critical papers centered on the intrinsic merits of comics. As an American, I always brought the newest U.S. developments to their attention. Some six years ago I first showed underground comics, literally underground, in the basement of the major Lucca Hotel. This immediately spurred a revolution in European thinking, and the underground appeared in every country directly thereafter. This new freedom, married to European art tradition, produced a "Golden Age" of French and Italian comics in which they're still basking. But the growing popularity is also reaching the masses, and is causing a perceptible decline in their commercial experimentation. The bolder experimenters must now publish their own comic books to feature strips that still maintain high artistic productions.

The main thrusts in critical studies these days are in the semeiology of comics, or science of communications structure, and in the opening of new areas of expression artistically using the dynamics of comics. This has been my baby for a number of years now, but it is slowly gaining recognition. To this latter end, a few years ago I edited a special edition for *Graphics*, the international Swiss art publication, entirely devoted to international comics, totally from their visual aesthetic. This for the first time anywhere in the world. The noted French comics historian Pierre Couperie and comics critic Claude Moliterni helped admirably. Comics is now slowly becoming recognized as an art form unto itself, obeying its own laws, and to be judged on its own terms. In fact, I now produce "Comics Paintings," unlike Pop painters who deign to use a comics stylistic cliché occasionally. Other artists are following suit. Comics consciousness is rising.

After a decade of maturing abroad, it's all coming back to roost in the U.S.A., where it all started. Because we are a pragmatic country, it will eventually sweep the nation. And that's what this issue is about. A national lampoon of a phenomenon going on right now under our very noses but not yet fully recognized. Many comics are still essentially where film comedies were in film infancy. They started at about the same time, but film went on to adulthood. Why shouldn't comics grow and deal with subject matter and style in the way contemporary film is?

Comics is!!!

David Pascal

Foreword

One night I am in Philadelphee, making fuck with this negre woman and she is smelling so much but I pushing away like John Wayne on the Harley Davidson and I am shooting my what and she turn and say, "Buzz off, man," just this simple "Buzz off, man," and fireworks is in my head like Pittsburgh Buffaloes on stampede. *Buzz!*—America the comic strip. *Whack, crack, whoompf,* this is the super-atomic John Coltrane Omaha cotton gin hit man wide-screen Technicolor art of the future. *War and Peace*? *Madame Bovary*? No more, this is yesterday. Today is belong to the science fiction world. Today is comics! Zeus? Neptune? Diana? This is forgotten mindfuck of Old Bag Europe Vatican brain police. Today Superman, Batman, Mary Worth, these are some new mythology of nonlinear *now*. No pages in comics, always panels like knotty pine World War II ack ack buddy. Superman is hurt. Why? No bullet, no blackjack, but *kryptonite*. This is marvelous. This is tragique but this is comics—contradiction? So what is dialectic, cowpoke? All time in single bar New York I visit guys and cats talking, skiing, trying to make home run. Who talks Levi-Strauss? Who talks Durkheim? This is all of bullshit. Guys and cats talk Spidey, Doc Strange. The other things, they are of orthodox culture. Comics, they are bebop. They are Charlie Parker the arm all full of scat. Cool man! Up the Mississippi to the Hudson like spray can graffitis . . . jazz, comics, highballs, T-shirts to say "Harvard 69." The Old Saints of relics they are gone, because like Bob Dylan is saying, "The vandals have took the candles." *Kraak!* Al Capp, it is W. C. Handy. *Kpow!* Stan Lee, it is Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly crack-up. These here are new saints puffing reefer and making LSD tripe. Who gets chicks to give them face? Comics book person. So this is why I am loving *National Lampoons* for making this book already so popular in my France to happen in America now! These cuckoo guys maybe know more than all philosophers. Other guys, other magazines, they are bummer History Western Civilization shit fuck piss. *National Lampoon* guys, they are so crazy. They have an understand, dig?

All tomorrow for comics books peoples!

Jean-Claude "Hopalong" Cravat

The Comics: An Art Form Older Than Man

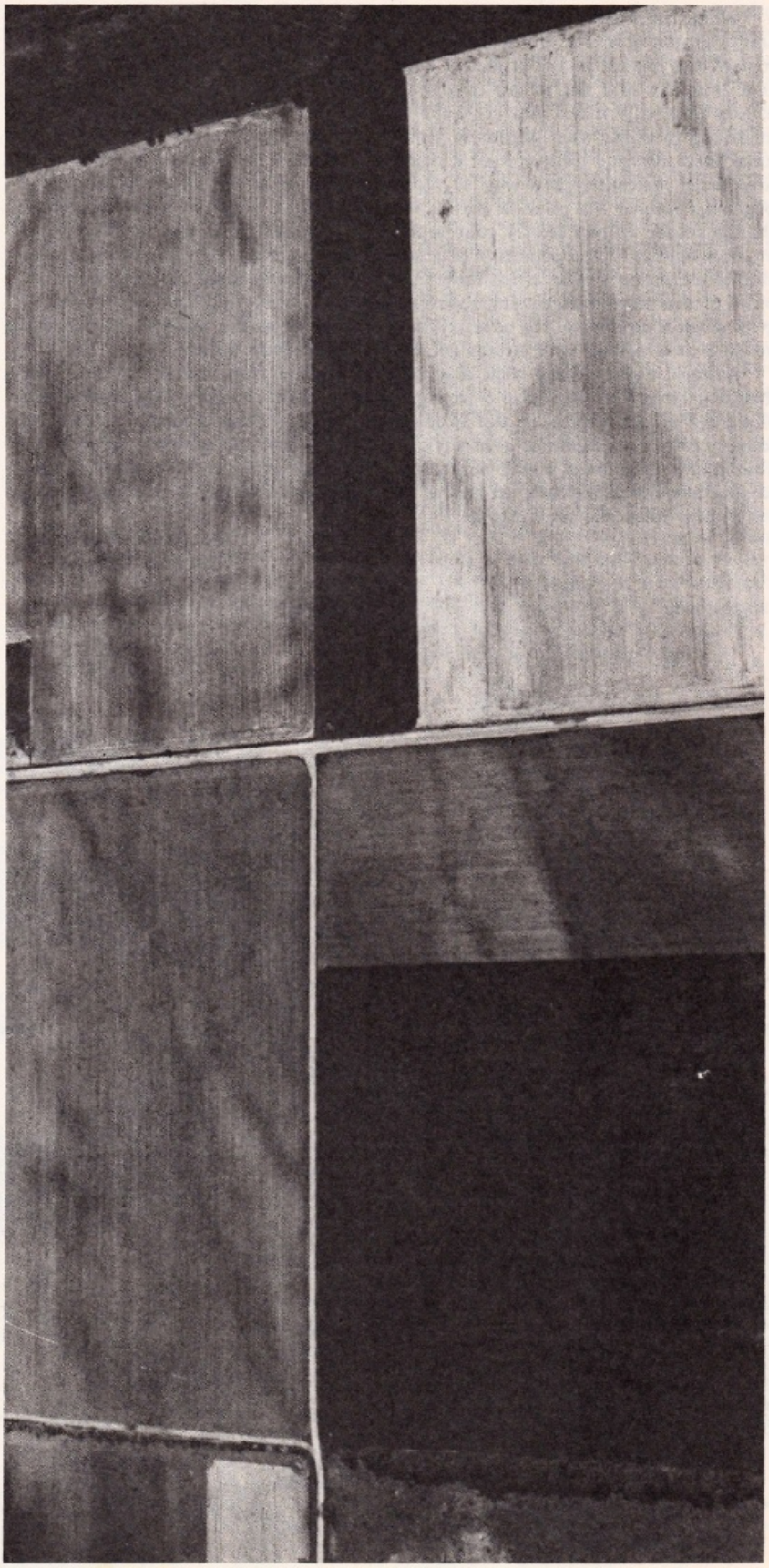
When the first oysterlike horror crawled out of the ook of the primordial soup that we now call the ocean, the World Historical Idea took its first steps toward the top of the evolutionary heap: Man, "the laughing beast." If it is so that laughter sets the naked ape apart from the rest of creation, then it is comics that truly make him (or her) human. The humoristic repertoire of the australopithecines was extremely limited; sweat, mucus, and feces seem to have been the only things to get a rise out of Pleistocene audiences. As *Australopithecus africanus* gave way to *Homo habilis*, man turned to hunting and began to cathect his puckish drives into ridicule of animals. Early habilines, though rather dull-witted by contemporary yardsticks, delighted in poking fun at the stupidity of the primitive peccaries, three-humped camels, and numerous slothlike creatures with which they shared their water holes. As time went by, some of the more enterprising species, like the caribou and the boar, began to grow short-tempered at the constant practical joking of the ape-men, sometimes venting their spleen with brutal gorings of the boorish bipeds.

As feral depredations took their toll among the more loutish of the cave-dwelling Henny Youngmans, cultural evolution took a mighty leap somewhere along the frozen shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Some genius (history no longer records his name or even his sex) realized that the inherent silliness, or *komikheit*, of animals could be realized through visual representations. And so, on the walls of Lascaux, Altamira, and countless other caves, the first comics were born: *Enter the comic strip!*

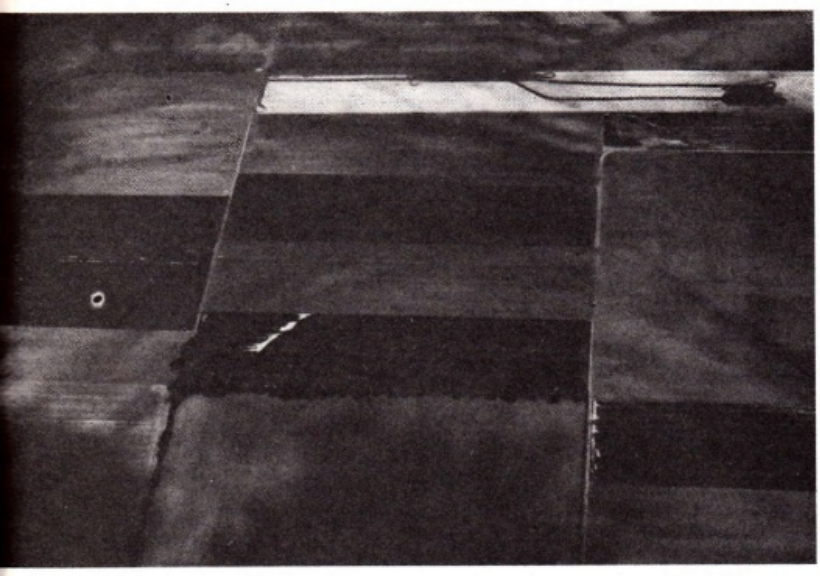
Martin Blubber, B.Sh.
Magdalen College

Comic Strips of the Gods?

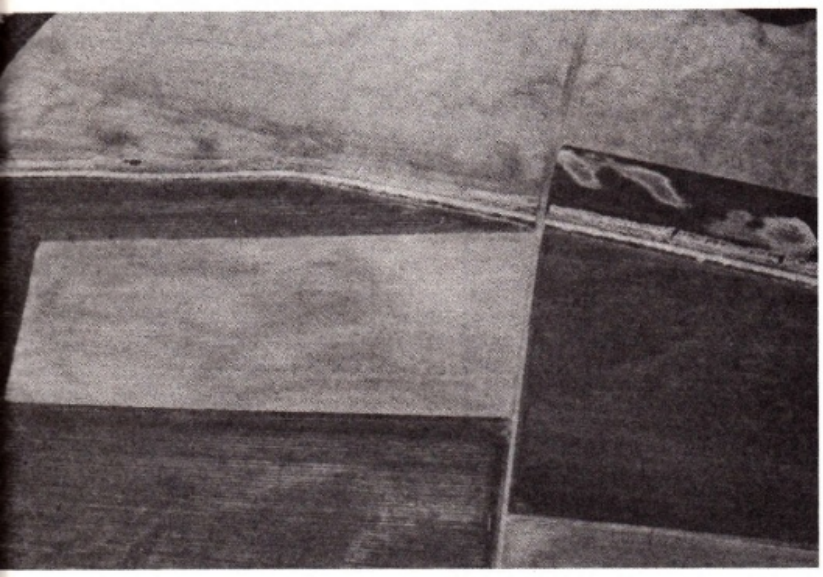
Eric Van Dänken, in Bankbooks of the Author, *theorizes that visitors from outer space may be trying to communicate with earth through gigantic comic strips.*



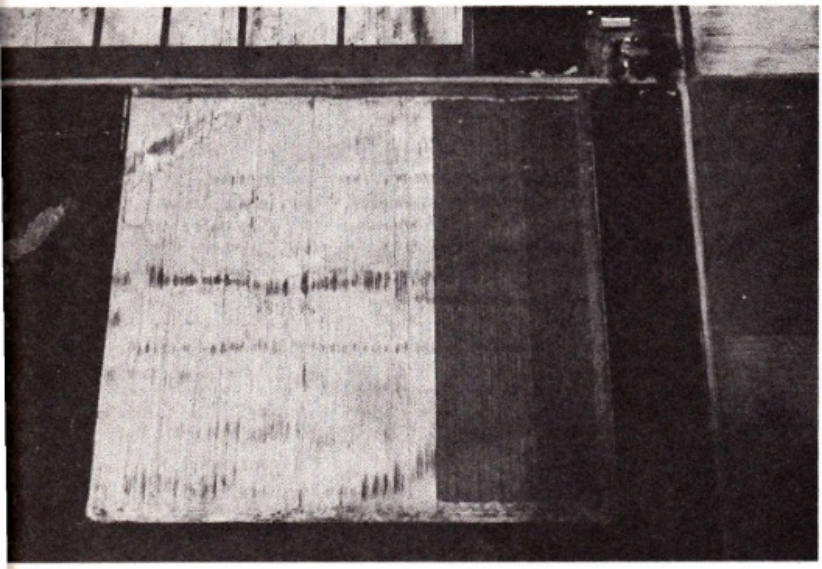
Strange markings in the earth of North American Nebraska closely resemble cartoon strips in their form. But why are they only visible from the air?



Did visiting spacemen from a distant galaxy leave this giant comic book page for Earthmen to decipher when our civilization is ready for the educational value it contains?



What is the joke in these mysterious panels? Man does not yet know. The advanced civilization that left it in Nebraska was so sophisticated that it probably can be explained only by mathematics.



An editorial cartoon from the stars? The future may depend on knowing its message.

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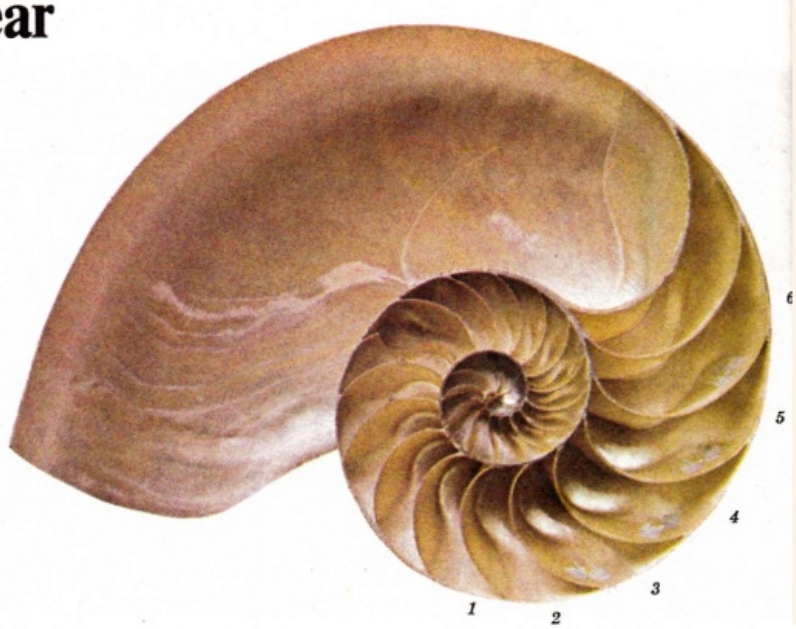
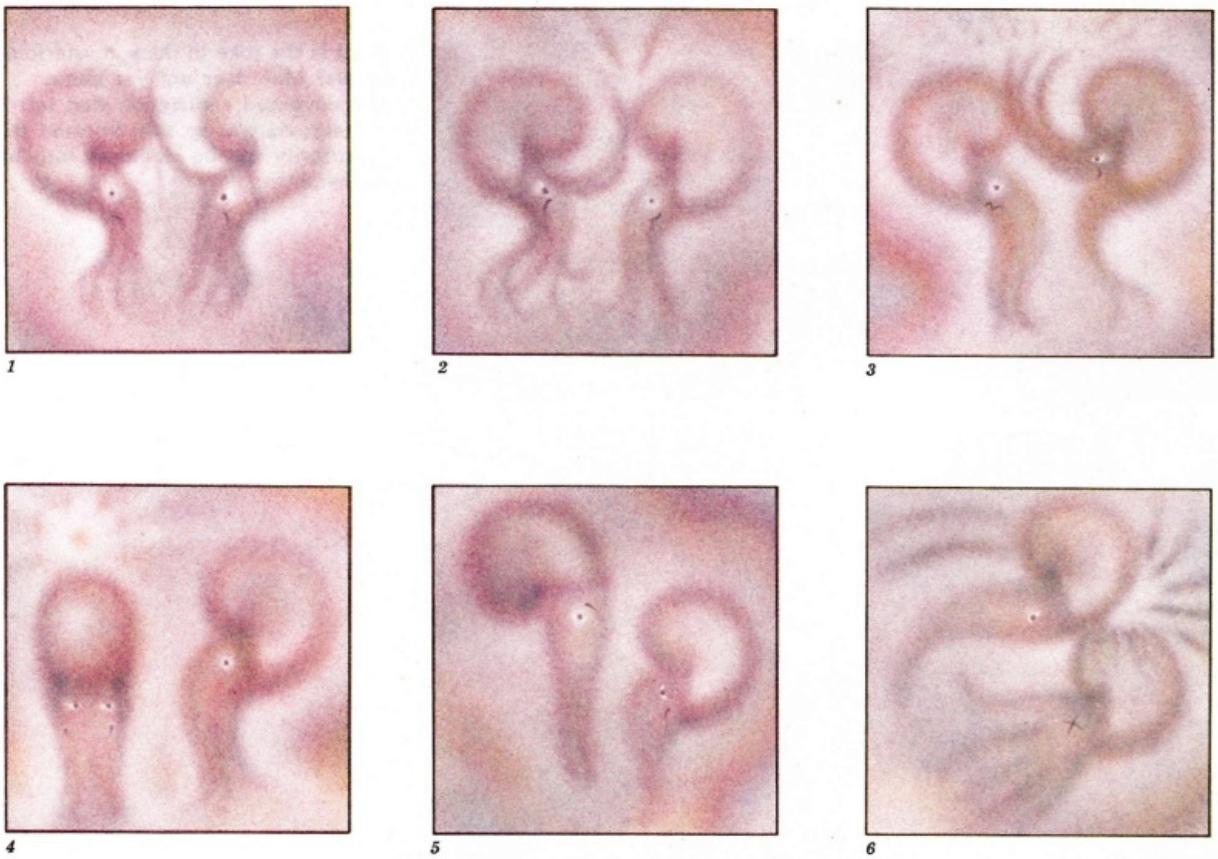
Origin of The "Strip-style" Comic: An Animal Forebear

The Cartoon Nautilus, native of Australia's Great Barrier Reef, fascinated aboriginal tribesmen with the "stories" told by shell patterns in successive chambers of its segmented hull. In 1771, Captain James Cook returned from his circumnavigation of the globe with several examples of the Cartoon Nautilus, which quickly caught the fancy of the London public. During the next decade, copies of these shell designs were widely circulated in England. Inspired by the popularity of this "natural drollery," Thomas Rowlandson used a similar format of boxed cartoons in his 1784 satire of the Charles Fox-Lord North parliamentary coalition. Today, "The Loves of the Fox and the Badger: or, The Coalition Marriage," is considered the first true comic strip.



Cartoon Nautilus (Nautilus comoedus) *showing a progression of seemingly cartoon-like patterns in the shell chambers. Each progression spans six to eight chambers and then begins again. No two Cartoon Nautili carry the same "comic strip."*



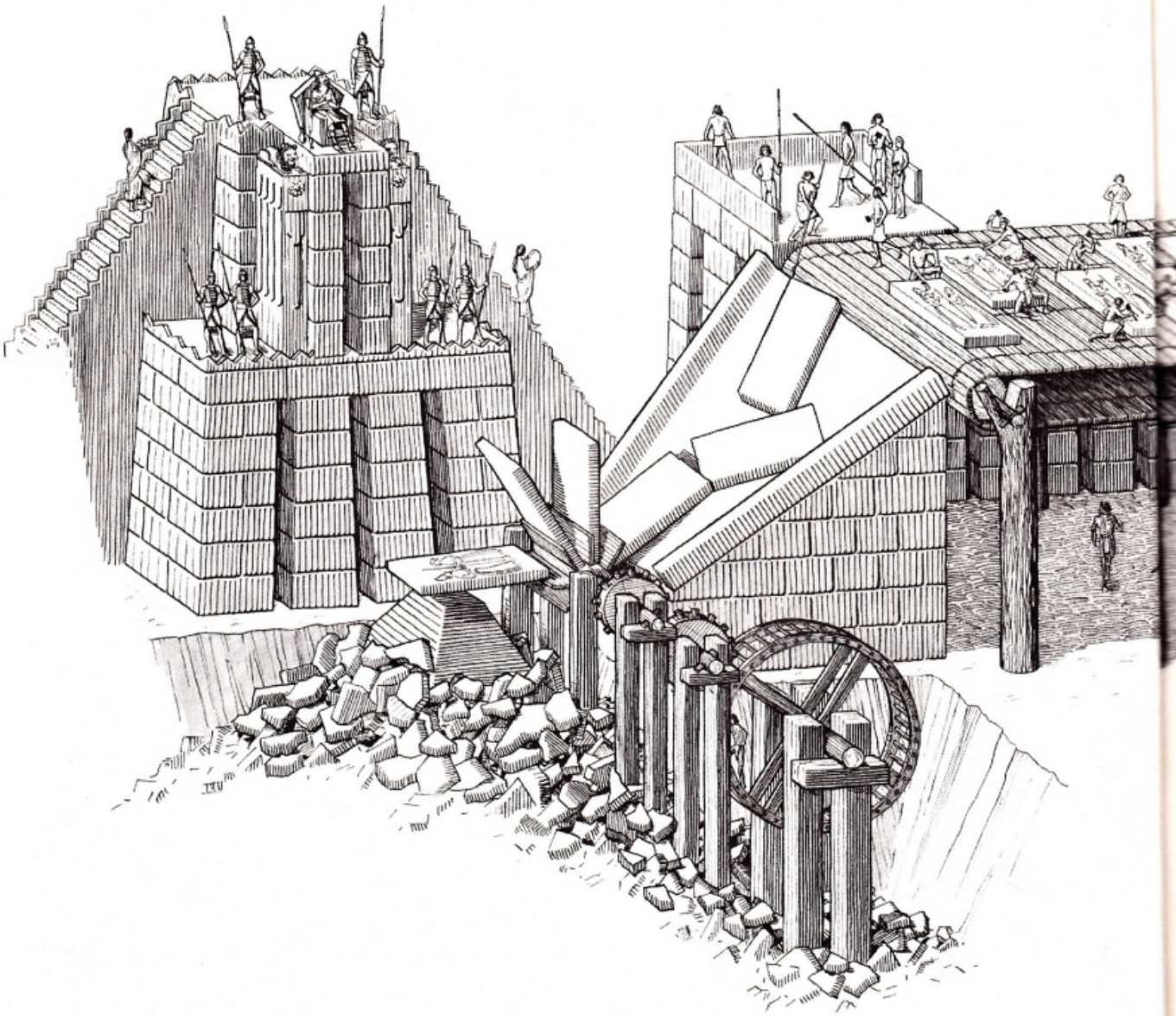
Close-up of the Cartoon Nautilus shell walls shown above. Contrary to popular myth, shell patterns are a result of shifting positions of the Nautilus' shell glands. The patterns do not actually tell a story.

For 2,500 years, academic mystagogues have withheld from you and me the true meaning of the Parthenon. In Victorian times, the puritan aristocrat Lord Elgin went so far as to steal the frieze from Greece, hide it in the basement of the British Museum, and chisel off all the genitals and speech balloons, in an attempt to suppress the life-affirming, wine-mad, foul-mouthed beauty of this sun-drenched Attic comic strip. We have attempted, in this tentative reconstruction based on carbon dating and ouzo, to restore "the giggles that were Greece, the guffaws that were Rome."

This is the south frieze of the Athenian Acropolis, as it has appeared since Elgin's barbaric bowdlerization.

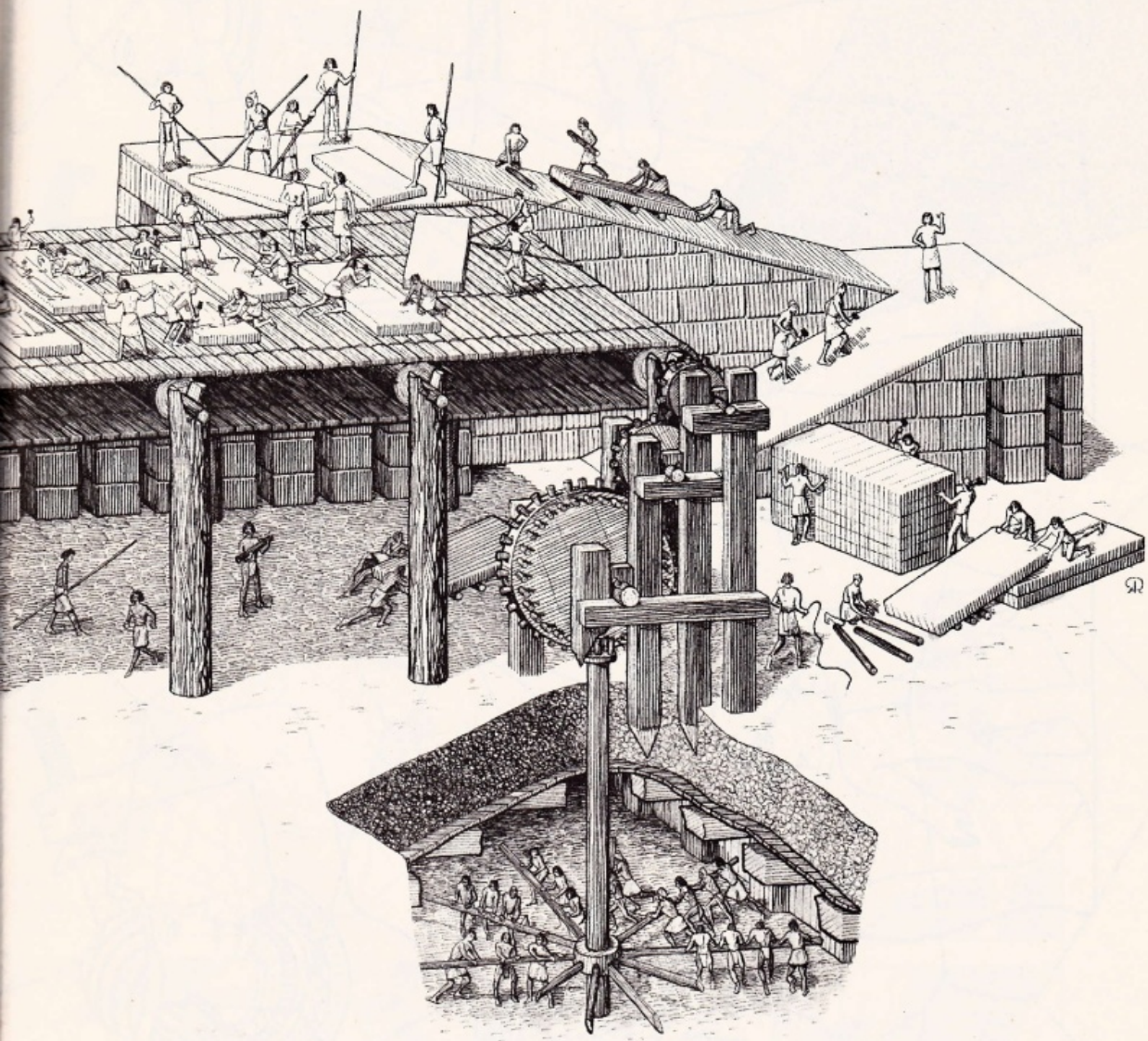
We believe that these reconstructions do much to substantiate our thesis that the astonishing similarities between the souvlaki sandwich and the whoopie cushion are no mere "historical coincidence."

In the pantheon of comic styles and techniques, the flip-book deserves a small but prominent place. As a Victorian parlor amusement, it was the precursor of movie animation; and the skills of the cartoon-film artists are directly descended from those which developed in the making of these paper novelties. The flip-book was not, however, invented in the nineteenth century. The first flip-book was actually made in ancient Babylon over 3,500 years ago, during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar II! Illustrated below, the Babylonian flip-book (or, more properly, "flip-slab") was a complex affair. Huge blocks of stone were imported from Persia, and masons cut these into foot-thick slabs, which were mounted on a primitive conveyor belt. There, artisans shaped them into bas relief sculptures as they moved along a sort of "production line." Each slab was slightly different than the last, carrying the animated action forward by exactly the same technique used in flip-books today.

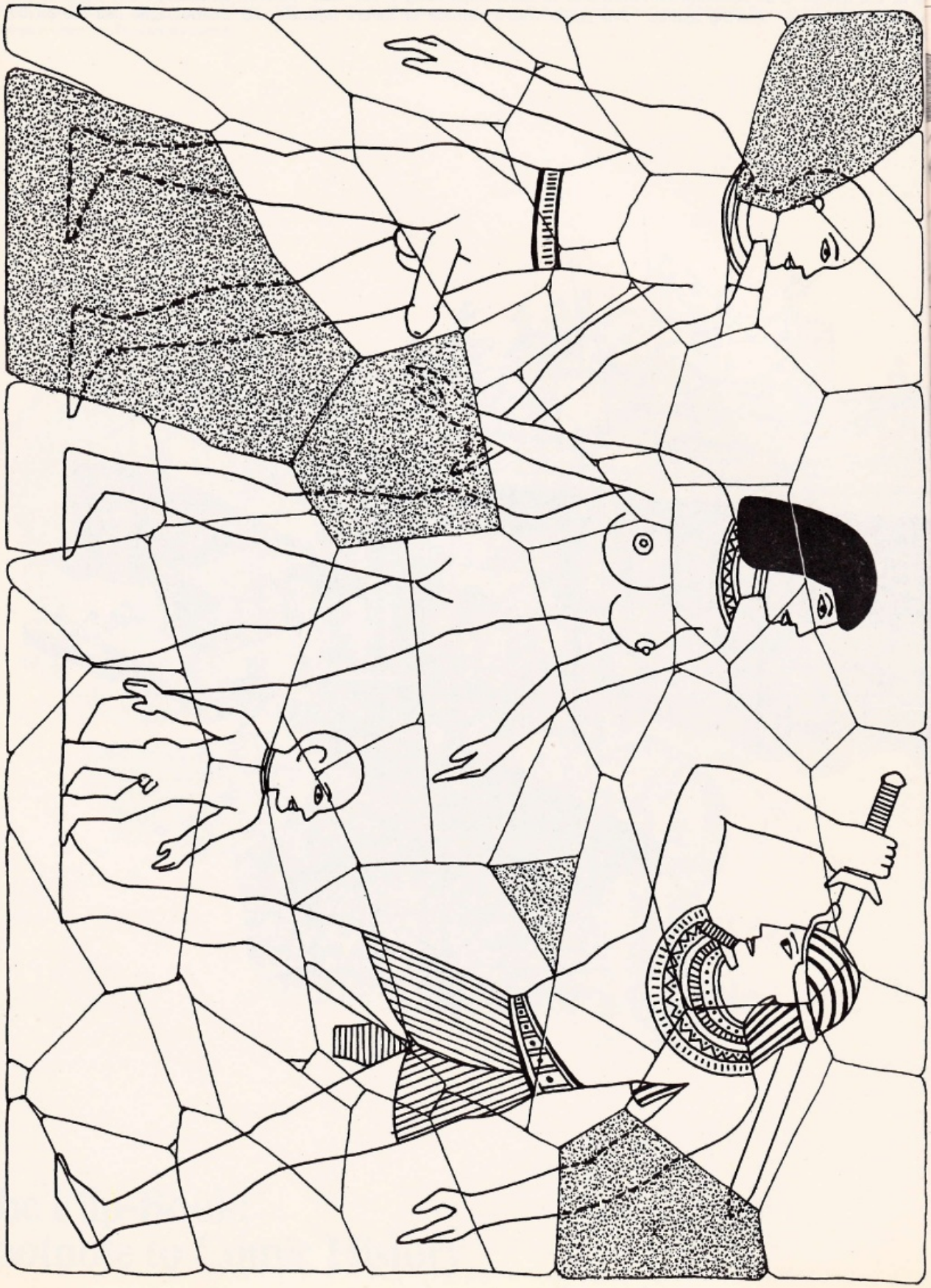


The Flip-Book: Footnote to Comic History

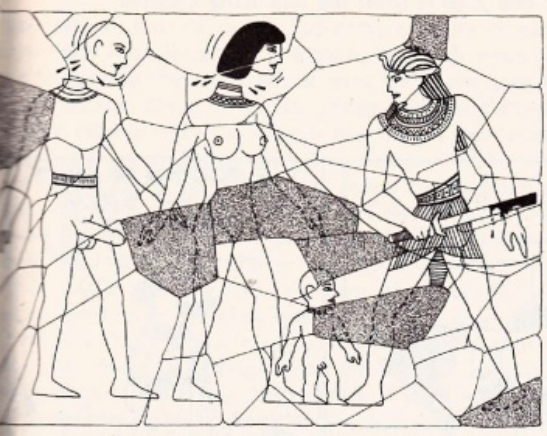
At the end of the conveyor belt, the slabs were loaded into a flipping mechanism which rapidly turned each one *er in front of the king, and broke it against a stone "anvil" to make way for the next. Thus, these laborious carvings* *d a life span of but a few seconds. Alexander the Great captured one such machine in 331 B.C. and sent it back to* *reece, whence its design spread to Rome. Flip-slabs were extremely popular in the ancient world, and some re-* *ained in use until the Christian era, when they were proscribed by the early church fathers. The last flip-slab known* *have been constructed was built at the court of Charlemagne at the behest of a scribe who found a detailed descrip-* *on of the device in an Alexandrian scroll. Due to some misreading of the text, however, an attempt was made to use* *e courtiers as the "moving figures." The result was a number of severe injuries, and Charlemagne had the scribe* *headed.*

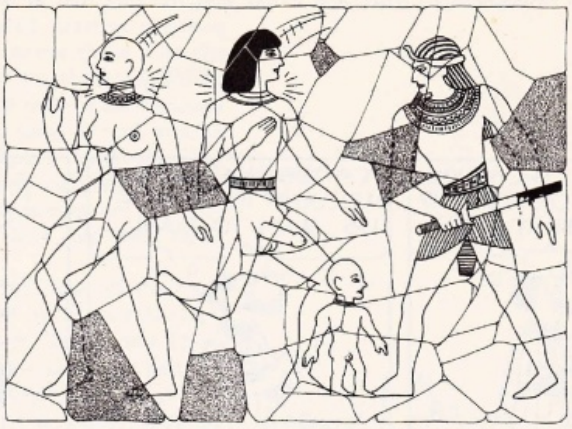


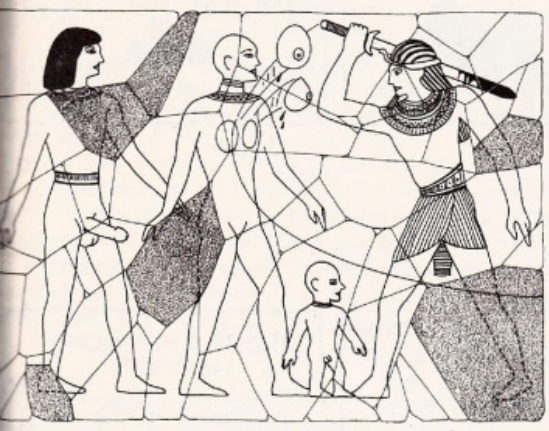
Until 1927 no one had any idea of what had constituted a Babylonian "joke." Every student of humor is there fore deeply indebted to Austrian archeologist Otto Hundecker, who spent his entire life from age twelve piecing to gether 126,673,347,284 fragments of shattered stone found near the village of Hilla in present-day Iraq. A condensed version of one of the six complete flip-slab sets reconstructed by Hundecker is shown below.

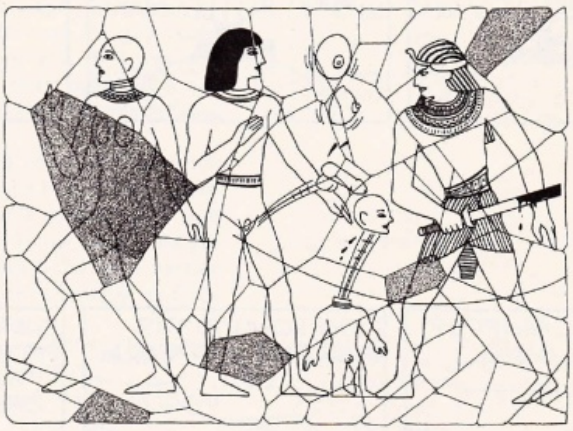


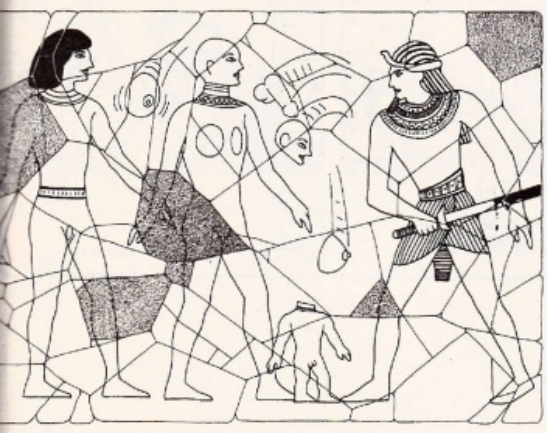
= MISSING PIECE

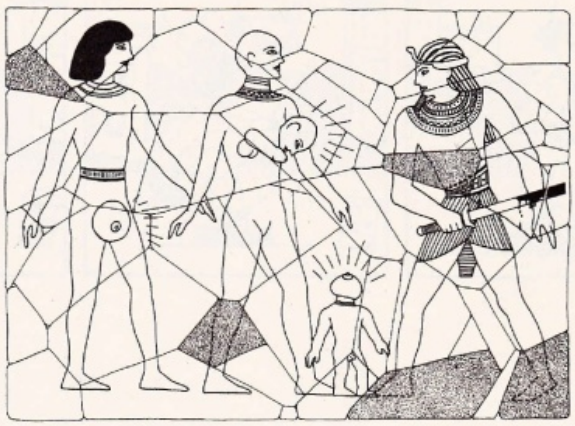


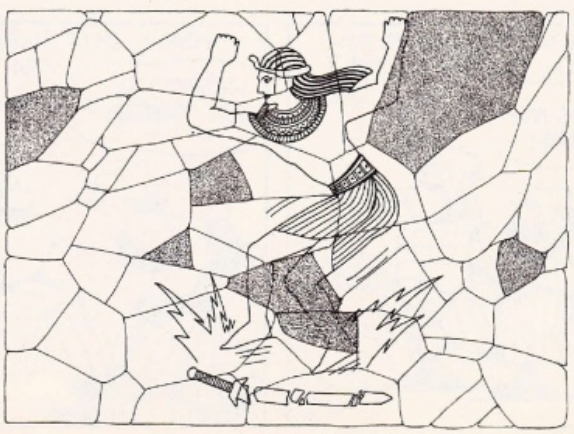










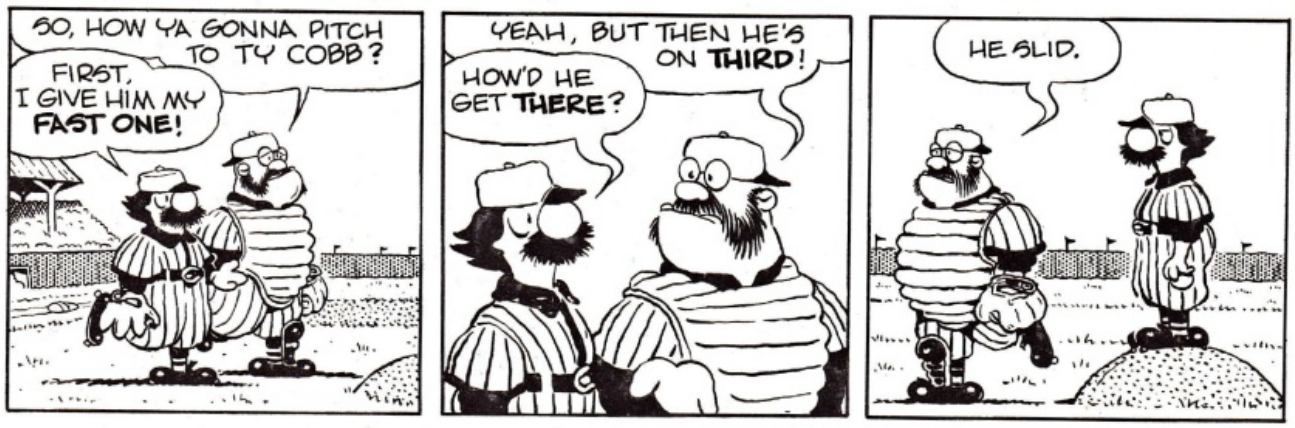


There is every possibility that in your morning paper there has appeared a comic strip called "Scroogie." This strip is unashamedly signed by Mike Wittey and Tug McGraw, and is about baseball—a subject in which Mr. McGraw, at least, has shown occasional interest in years gone by. But it is the sad duty of The Very Large Book of Comical Funnies *to expose this comic as a rip-off. A steal, as they say in the jargon of the diamond.*

As the examples below conclusively prove, the "Scroogie" strip dates back to the great days of the game, when the grass was real and the series was fixed. Critical readers can easily date the strip from internal evidence—the cut of the uniforms, the references to Ruth and Cobb, and the fact that at least one joke is from the late Ring Lardner.

TALK ABOUT PRESSURE! THE BASES CHOKED AND BABE RUTH AT BAT!!!
375
IT'S THE BAMBINO AND ME... JUST THE TWO OF US, MAN TO MAN...
375
⁂GULP⁂
...THE SULTAN OF SWAT VERSUS THE SWAMI OF SWEAT!!!
375

THAT'S ALL SKIPPER EVER SAYS...
"GO DOWN TO THE BULL PEN AND WARM UP..."
THERE MAY BE BETTER PITCHERS THAN ME IN THIS LEAGUE, BUT ONE THING'S SURE...
...THERE AIN'T NONE HOTTER!!!



Halcyon Daze: Comics between the Wars

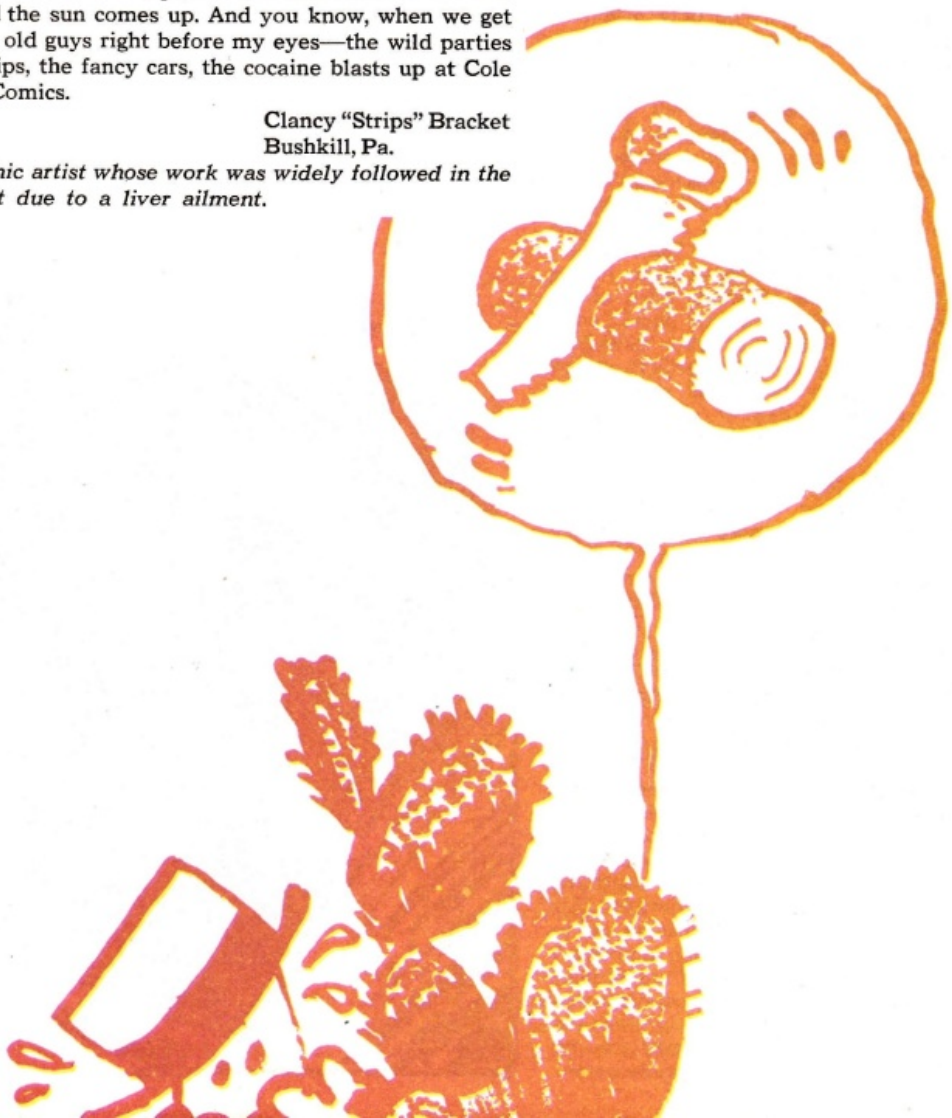
Looking at today's comic industry, with its dope-crazed mystics grinding their socially conscious axes, I want to upchuck when I compare them with the guys who poured their hearts out onto the funny pages in the old days. Those were the Golden Days, when the glitter and the glamour of comics set Gotham tingle. Those were the days, when inkers and letterers used to tool around Manhattan in their block-long Dusenbergs till the wee hours drinking cocoa out of little golden slippers, when every lunch counter and luncheonette had little drawing table, and kids would sketch with dog excrement on the sidewalk in the hope that some talent scout would discover them and send them their way to the Big Time, Lexington Avenue.

Talk about your Picasso and your Mondrian. I wouldn't take all their so-called masterpieces for even one ink splotch from the pen of Winsor McCay. Boy, when I think of the crazy, talented guys in those days. There was Dave Hawkins, the three-foot midget with the head of a mouse, who somehow had the funniest stuff to laugh at his deformity and kept us all laughing with him in the process. And how about old D. T. Doyle, the inventor of speed lines? When he was sober, two tanks of nitrous oxide wouldn't help him get a laugh out of his own brother. But give him enough money for a three-week bender and the guy could draw like Michelangelo, once the shakes set in. Let me tell you that was one talented bunch of guys. When they set their minds to it, they could turn out strips that made the Sistine Chapel ceiling look like a collection of rejects from the Soviet linoleum factory. That was talent!

I guess the world is moving too fast for that old gang of mine to ever catch up. But sometimes, late at night, when the old bones start to feel a little juice in them, I get myself down to the cellar and pour a few stiff ones for me and the rats and we sit and jaw till the sun comes up. And you know, when we get talking, sometimes I can see the old guys right before my eyes—the wild parties we used to throw, the sheep dips, the fancy cars, the cocaine blasts up at Cole Porter's—the Golden Age of Comics.

Clancy "Strips" Bracket
Bushkill, Pa.

Mr. Bracket was a pioneer comic artist whose work was widely followed in the thirties prior to his retirement due to a liver ailment.



The Forgotten Comic Strips

An old comic strip collector's affectionate look at the comics that never made it to the big time.

For every Mutt and Jeff, Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie, and other successful comic strip, there were thousands of failures, comics that for one reason or another were never bought by the big-time newspaper syndicates. For most of these unsuccessful comic strip artists, the only other outlet was the small town newspaper. These papers couldn't afford to buy the syndicated stuff. In fact, they couldn't even afford to pay the artists who contributed original material. The only incentive they offered was the freedom to do what you liked and the absence of deadline pressures. If you missed a few days or a week with your strip, it wouldn't be noticed. Small town newspapers used comic strips as space fillers and printed whatever was available.

Most of the artists did their strips as a sideline, a labor of love, in addition to their regular jobs. Unfortunately, there are few hidden gems in the vast collection of small town comic strips. Badly drawn and poorly written, they formed a solid, unbroken tradition of mediocrity, perfectly suited to the mentality of the small town newspaper reader of the Midwest, where most of the strips were published.

Today, the small town comic strip is undergoing a change. The new formats reflect more contemporary themes—ecology, politics, even urban problems. The unsuccessful comic strip artists of the seventies who have gone back to their local papers are now heavily influenced by their urban experience. "Health Inspector 715," by Ralph Rosenberg, "The Apartment Finders," by Leslie Tarbush, and "The Raven," by Gene Spitts, are good examples of this new genre of well-meaning but highly misinformed urban-oriented strip (i.e., "The Raven" is an ordinary computer programmer trainee who is transformed into a moderately good crime fighter when he wears the ill-fitting raven suit. He always complains of allergies and has to go to the bathroom at the wrong moments.).

Though the new strips are flashier in technique and more sophisticated in their plotting, they still continue the tradition of mediocrity established by their more old-fashioned predecessors.

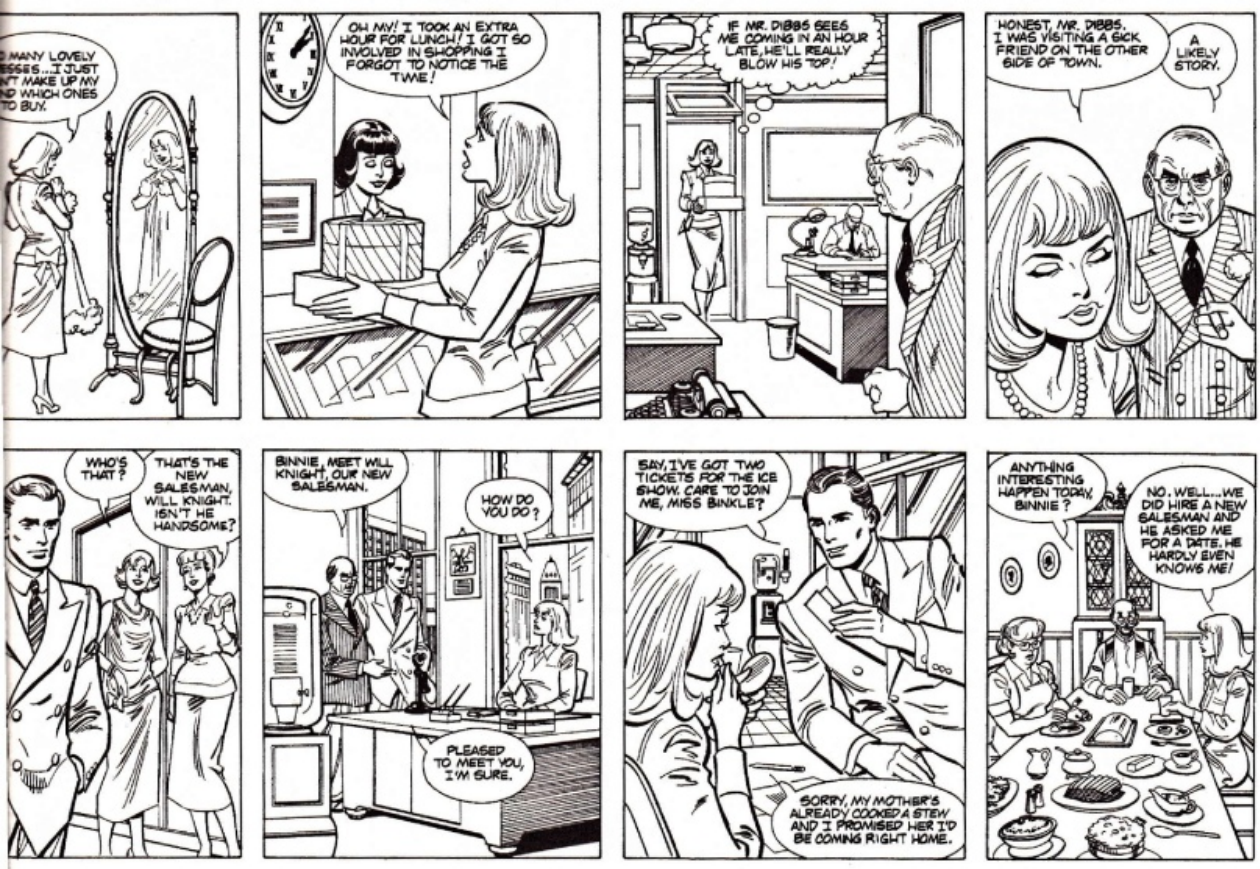
nnie Binkle

Charles "Chick" Callahan was typical of most of the small town comic strip artists in his hopes and aspirations. e was born in La Fontaine, Indiana, in 1897. While still in high school, he submitted cartoons to the La Fontaine erald, *the* Wabash Clarion *(the same paper Hal Tinsley worked for), the* Bluffton Bee, *and other local papers. En- raged by his early success, he sent his full-length strip ideas to the major newspaper syndicates. Among his many eas were "The Pimbles," the story of a typical small town family, no doubt based on his own; "The Snerps," another mily strip based on Dad Snerp, a Mr. All-Thumbs around the house; and "Wally and Wanda," a switch on Maggie d Jiggs of "Bringing Up Father," where the husband had aspirations to join high society. Callahan always denied that Wally and Wanda" was a switch, insisting that it was his original idea before Maggie and Jiggs were famous.*

Unfortunately, none of Callahan's strips were bought, and he returned to La Fontaine a disappointed man, forced take a job in the local hardware store. He made one last attempt at a major strip when he created "Binnie Binkle." nnie was a heroine designed to appeal to the newly "liberated" woman of the 1920s. She was a secretary who had to pport her lovable but lazy father, Nip, her kindly, hard-working mom, and her mischievous little brother, Jerry. nnie's efforts to keep her boss, Mr. Dibbs, happy, her search for a husband, and her infatuation with the latest fashions ralleled other new strips in their attempts to inject a more realistic approach to the standard family format. The oblem with Callahan's strip was its uncanny resemblance to Martin Branner's "Winnie Winkle," which was already nning in the Chicago Tribune-New York News *syndicate.*

Callahan claimed he had his idea first—that he had actually submitted a rough sketch of "Binnie" to the Tribune ndicate *long before they bought "Winnie." He sued them for $2 million, but lost his case, and his legal expenses put m in heavy debt. The failure of "Binnie Binkle" to make the big time, and his increasing money problems, soon broke s spirit. He developed arthritis in his hand, making it extremely painful to draw. Arthritis led to a dependence on ink, and Callahan became an alcoholic at the tender age of twenty-two. He died two years later when he accidentally ank a bottle of cartoonist's ink while in an alcoholic stupor.*

Although "Binnie Binkle" is Callahan's best work, it's obvious why it could never compete with Branner's "Winkle." allahan's scripts were dull, always trailing off into inconsistencies and vague endings, and his jokes lacked snappy nch lines. Most important, he simply couldn't draw women or women's fashions. His best work was with inanimate bjects—desks, chairs, tables. They show a more sure hand and accurate eye for detail.


MANY LOVELY ESSES...I JUST N'T MAKE UP MY ND WHICH ONES O BUY.
OH MY! I TOOK AN EXTRA HOUR FOR LUNCH! I GOT SO INVOLVED IN SHOPPING I FORGOT TO NOTICE THE TIME!
IF MR. DIBBS SEES ME COMING IN AN HOUR LATE, HE'LL REALLY BLOW HIS TOP!
HONEST, MR. DIBBS. I WAS VISITING A SICK FRIEND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.
A LIKELY STORY.
WHO'S THAT?
THAT'S THE NEW SALESMAN, WILL KNIGHT. ISN'T HE HANDSOME?
BINNIE, MEET WILL KNIGHT, OUR NEW SALESMAN.
HOW DO YOU DO?
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE.
SAY, I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS FOR THE ICE SHOW. CARE TO JOIN ME, MISS BINKLE?
SORRY, MY MOTHER'S ALREADY COOKED A STEW AND I PROMISED HER I'D BE COMING RIGHT HOME.
ANYTHING INTERESTING HAPPEN TODAY, BINNIE?
NO. WELL... WE DID HIRE A NEW SALESMAN AND HE ASKED ME FOR A DATE. HE HARDLY EVEN KNOWS ME!

Two examples of how Callahan handled typical career woman situations. Instead of building to a surprise ending a funny punch line, he ends the first strip with Mr. Dibbs' limp retort, "A likely story." Two years later, he showed improvement. In the all-important first meeting with her future husband, nothing actually happens, no sparks fly, ere is no intimation that Will Knight might actually be an important factor in her life. Note the careful attention to tail in his rendition of the dining table, however.

Rick Slade, Health Inspector #715

When Ralph Rosenberg wasn't drawing comic strips, he made ends meet by working at all sorts of odd jobs, including dishwasher at some of New York's smallest restaurants. These experiences no doubt gave him the idea for "Rick Slade," one of the more sophisticated of the forgotten comic strips. "Slade" was a refinement of Rosenberg's previous attempts to create an unsung urban hero, an incorruptible professional do-gooder, starting with "Speed Jamison, Building Inspector," "Jim Johnson, Housing Project Security Guard," and "Day Care Center," a kind of Grand Hotel treatment of a child care center, with dramatic conflicts between the staff, the parents, and the children.

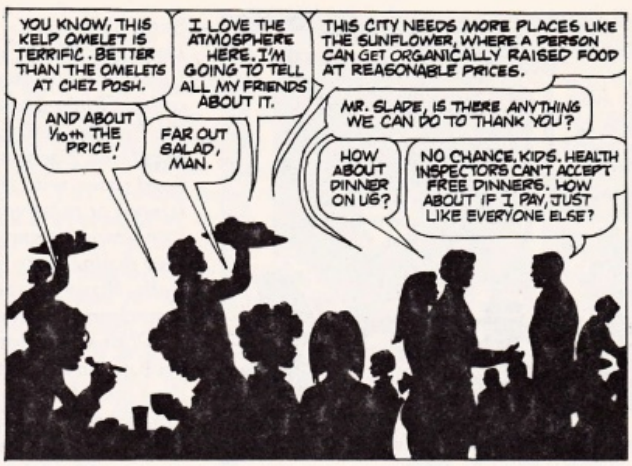
Rosenberg was strongly influenced by film techniques, realizing how comic strips and movies have so much in common. But he had a poor sense of how to use these techniques properly. He was always using the wrong visual compositions—long shots to show intimacy, or clumsy looking rear views when a front view was necessary. He also liked to "crop" his pictures to create an "arty" effect, like a still photographer; but more often it looked ludicrous than arty.

Perhaps Rosenberg was misunderstood and was actually ahead of his time. Perhaps he was trying to use the techniques of Jean-Luc Godard and other avant-garde filmmakers, rejecting conventional compositional techniques. We will never know. "Rick Slade," his last effort, appeared in a few little newspapers in western New York State and then abruptly stopped. It was rumored that he was doing a new strip for some papers in the vicinity of Hornell, New York, which is some distance from Geneva, and a very small town; in any case he is almost certainly in that section of the country, in one town or another.

DESPITE WHAT YOU READ IN THE PAPERS AND SEE ON T.V., THERE ARE STILL A HANDFUL OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO FIGHTING CRIME AND CORRUPTION AS IT EXISTS IN THE STREETS OF OUR BIG CITIES. MANY OF THESE PEOPLE DO NOT HAVE GLAMOROUS JOBS, NOR DO THEY SEEK THE HEADLINES. THEY BELIEVE IN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM, AND THEY WORK TIRELESSLY AND SELFLESSLY, SO THAT THEIR NEIGHBORS, THE MILLIONS OF CITY DWELLERS, CAN LIVE IN PEACE AND SECURITY. ONE OF THESE MEN IS...
RICK SLADE
HEALTH INSPECTOR
#715
HI. I'M RICK SLADE FROM THE CITY DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH. I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY REGULAR KITCHEN HEALTH AND HYGIENE INSPECTION.
HI. I'M SETH. THIS IS MY WIFE, BETSY.
SUNFLOWER
NICE LITTLE PLACE YOU'VE GOT. WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK.
WAIT A SEC... WHAT'S THIS?
WHAT'S WHAT?
RODENT DROPPINGS. AND JUDGING BY THEIR SIZE, YOU'VE GOT SOME PRETTY BIG MICE RUNNING AROUND HERE.
BUT MR. SLADE, OUR KITCHEN IS SPOTLESS. WE CLEANED IT WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB.
WE'VE GOT OUR LIFE SAVINGS INVESTED IN THE SUNFLOWER. THERE JUST COULDN'T BE ANY MICE... THERE COULDN'T!
I HATE TO DO THIS TO YOU KIDS, BUT I HAVE TO GIVE YOU A TEMPORARY ORDER TO CLOSE YOUR PLACE BY TONIGHT!
I DON'T GET IT. WE TAKE PRIDE IN OUR CLEAN KITCHEN. EVEN MR. DUVAL SAID IT WAS REALLY CLEAN.
DUVAL? JACQUES DUVAL?
HE'S THE NEW OWNER OF CHEZ POSH, THE PLACE ACROSS THE STREET. HE WAS HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO.
NOW I REALLY SMELL A RAT! JACQUES DUVAL GIVES THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS A BLACK EYE EVERYTIME HE OPENS A NEW PLACE. HE'S ALWAYS VIOLATING THE HEALTH CODE AND ENGAGING IN OTHER UNSCRUPULOUS PRACTICES.
PRETTY FANCY PLACE, DUVAL. FANCY PRICES, TOO.
WHAT I CHARGE IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SLADE.
MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?

WELL, WELL... HOW COME I HEAR SQUEAKING NOISES FROM THE CAT CARRIER? OPEN IT, IN THE NAME OF THE HEALTH CODE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU PLANTED THOSE MICE DROPPINGS IN THE KITCHEN OF THE SUNFLOWER SO I WOULD HAVE TO CLOSE IT. YOU PLANNED TO DO THIS SAME THING TO ALL THE PLACES COMPETING AGAINST YOU IN THIS AREA, RIGHT, DUVAL?
OK, OK, I CONFESS...


YOU KNOW, THIS KELP OMELET IS TERRIFIC. BETTER THAN THE OMELETS AT CHEZ POSH.
I LOVE THE ATMOSPHERE HERE. I'M GOING TO TELL ALL MY FRIENDS ABOUT IT.
THIS CITY NEEDS MORE PLACES LIKE THE SUNFLOWER, WHERE A PERSON CAN GET ORGANICALLY RAISED FOOD AT REASONABLE PRICES.
AND ABOUT 1/10th THE PRICE!
FAR OUT SALAD, MAN.
MR. SLADE, IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO THANK YOU?
HOW ABOUT DINNER ON US?
NO CHANCE, KIDS. HEALTH INSPECTORS CAN'T ACCEPT FREE DINNERS. HOW ABOUT IF I PAY, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?

THEY HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS YOU EVER SAW.
WE BELIEVE YOU, CLARA. BUT WE CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. THE PICTURE IS SO DARK.
IT'S HER FAULT. SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO WORK THAT NEWFANGLED CAMERA!

THAT'S ME AT THE NIAGARA FALLS SOUVENIR SHOP.
SOUVENI
SHE NEARLY BOUGHT US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME.
YOU DIDN'T DO TOO BAD YOURSELF, MOTHER!

Slide Show

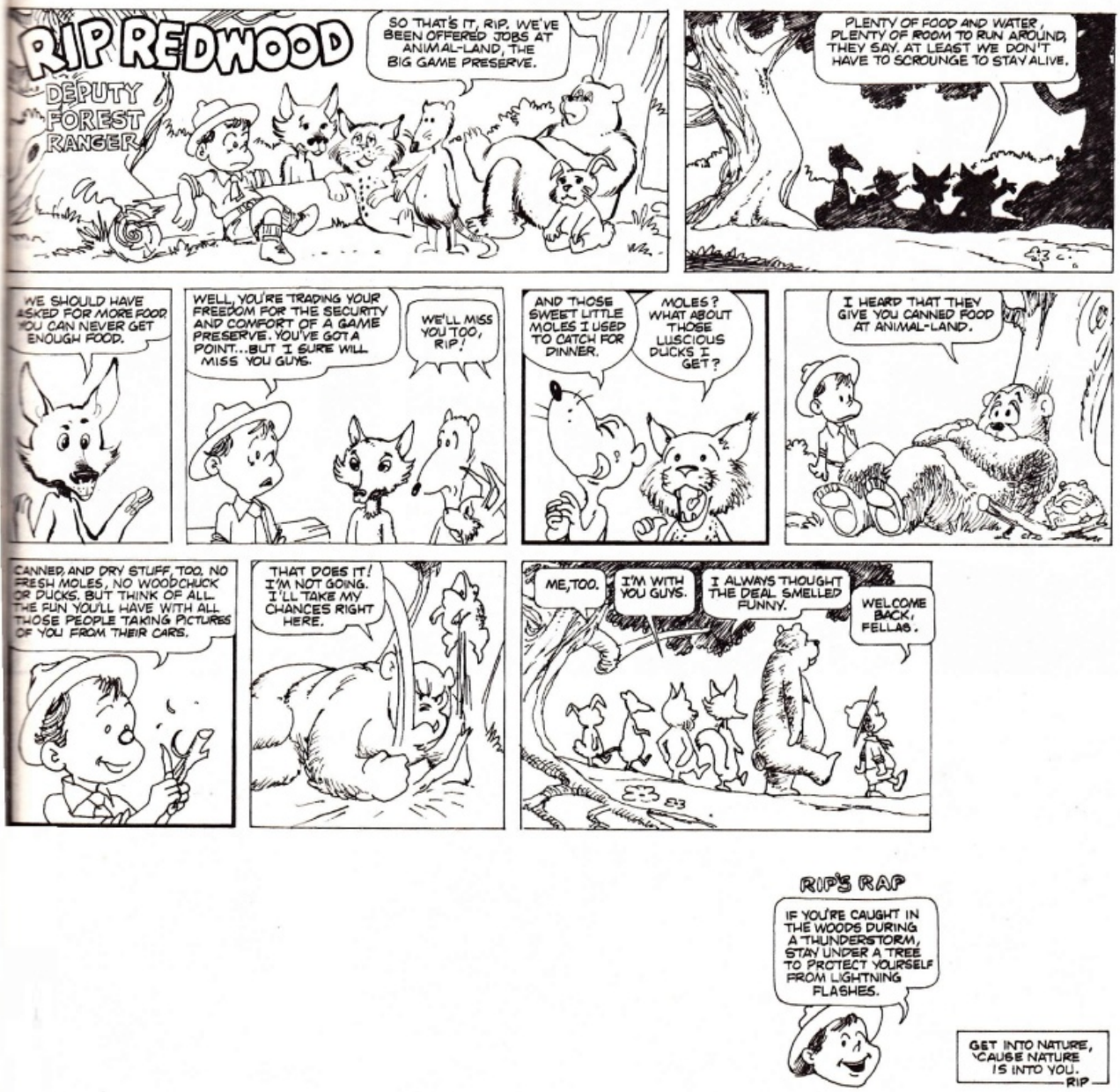
Daryll St. Clair (real name, Chester Livergood) created a one-panel strip called "Slide Show," which was simply the Ferkle family's slides of their vacations. Each panel showed a darkened room, with the Ferkles, some friends or relatives, and a slide of something happening (or not happening) during their vacations in Niagara Falls, Howe Caverns, and other great American vacation spots. Of course, St. Clair strove for a comic effect in each picture, but missed more often than not. However, his idea had unlimited potential in that the Ferkle family's slides could simply go on forever. His strip was fairly popular and ran for over twenty years, probably the longest single vacation any typical American family ever had.

Rip Redwood, Deputy Forest Ranger

Rip Redwood was a curious hodgepodge of a strip. It was created by Bernie Bernstein, a Brooklyn-born artist who had little knowledge of forestry or the outdoors. Bernstein tried to combine two "sure-fire" commercial formulas into one strip—the back to nature movement, and the style and tone of Charles Schultz's "Peanuts."

His hero, Rip Redwood, is a "deputy," or self-appointed forest ranger. He is a well-meaning but not-too-bright lad who tries to solve all sorts of problems involving the animals, backpackers, and other inhabitants of the fictitious Mt. Flashback National Park. Rip is short, chubby, and looks about ten or eleven years old. He talks to the park animals as if they were humans, much like the characters in "Peanuts." The animals have human emotions and talk freely about sports, ecology, politics, women's lib, or whatever Bernstein is interested in.

In creating his characters, Bernstein tried to capture some of the deceptive simplicity of Schultz, but his drawings lacked Schultz's sureness of line. Bernstein's characters were neither as realistic as Schultz's, nor as abstract as, say, Wechman's, but rather in some vague, amorphous area in between. In fact, the characters seem to change in appearance from one panel to another. The explanation for this is that Bernstein often "farmed out" the drawings to different artists of varying talents and styles, hoping they would approximate his original models. This sounds typical of what a "fast buck artist" would do. (Bernstein eventually became a junior agent for the William Morris Agency.) Bernstein not only copied someone else's style and wrote a strip out of sheer ignorance, he also subcontracted the drawings, thus diluting any originality they might have had. In Bernstein's case, there was little talent to start with, and so "Rip Redwood" was never the "sure-fire" commercial success he thought it would be.


RIP REDWOOD
DEPUTY FOREST RANGER
SO THAT'S IT, RIP. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED JOBS AT ANIMAL-LAND, THE BIG GAME PRESERVE.
PLENTY OF FOOD AND WATER, PLENTY OF ROOM TO RUN AROUND, THEY SAY. AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO SCROUNGE TO STAY ALIVE.
WE SHOULD HAVE ASKED FOR MORE FOOD. YOU CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH FOOD.
WELL, YOU'RE TRADING YOUR FREEDOM FOR THE SECURITY AND COMFORT OF A GAME PRESERVE. YOU'VE GOT A POINT...BUT I SURE WILL MISS YOU GUYS.
WE'LL MISS YOU TOO, RIP!
AND THOSE SWEET LITTLE MOLES I USED TO CATCH FOR DINNER.
MOLES? WHAT ABOUT THOSE LUSCIOUS DUCKS I GET?
I HEARD THAT THEY GIVE YOU CANNED FOOD AT ANIMAL-LAND.
CANNED AND DRY STUFF, TOO. NO FRESH MOLES, NO WOODCHUCK OR DUCKS. BUT THINK OF ALL THE FUN YOU'LL HAVE WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE TAKING PICTURES OF YOU FROM THEIR CARS.
THAT DOES IT! I'M NOT GOING. I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES RIGHT HERE.
ME, TOO.
I'M WITH YOU GUYS.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE DEAL SMELLED FUNNY.
WELCOME BACK, FELLAS.

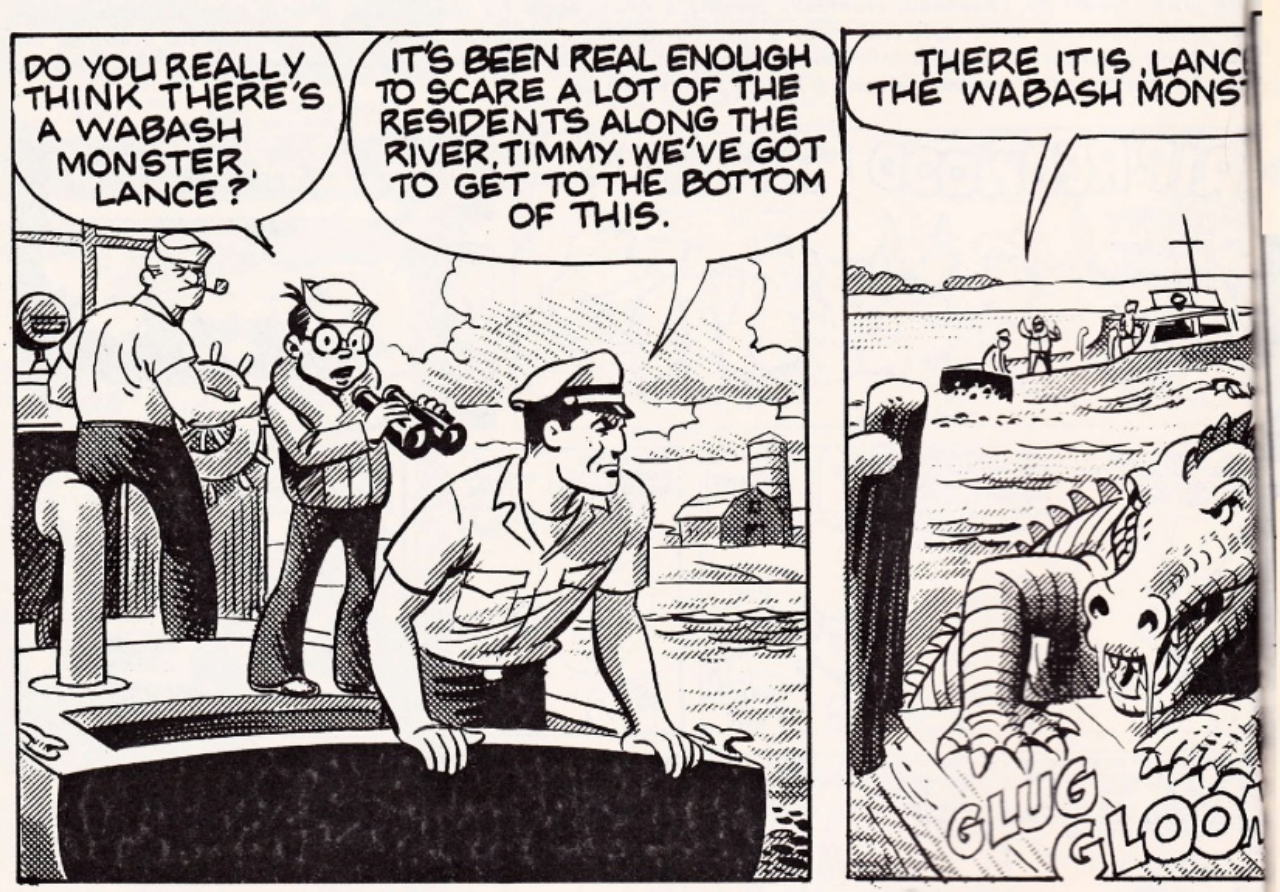
RIP'S RAP
IF YOU'RE CAUGHT IN THE WOODS DURING A THUNDERSTORM, STAY UNDER A TREE TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM LIGHTNING FLASHES.
GET INTO NATURE, 'CAUSE NATURE IS INTO YOU.
—RIP

River Patrol

The best of the small town adventure strips was "River Patrol," created by Hal Tinsley. River Patrol agents we sort of river, lake, and stream version of the Coast Guard. They had their own chief in Washington, with full cab powers.

The hero of "River Patrol" is Lance Lacy (in later years, the name of the strip was changed to "Lance Lacy of River Patrol"). Lacy commands patrol boat X-5 that covers the Ohio, Tennessee, and Wabash Rivers. He has a s but loyal crew—a trusty first mate named Derek, a young, eager cabin boy, Timmy, and a temperamental Irish c named MacIntosh MacGillicuddy, or Mac for short.

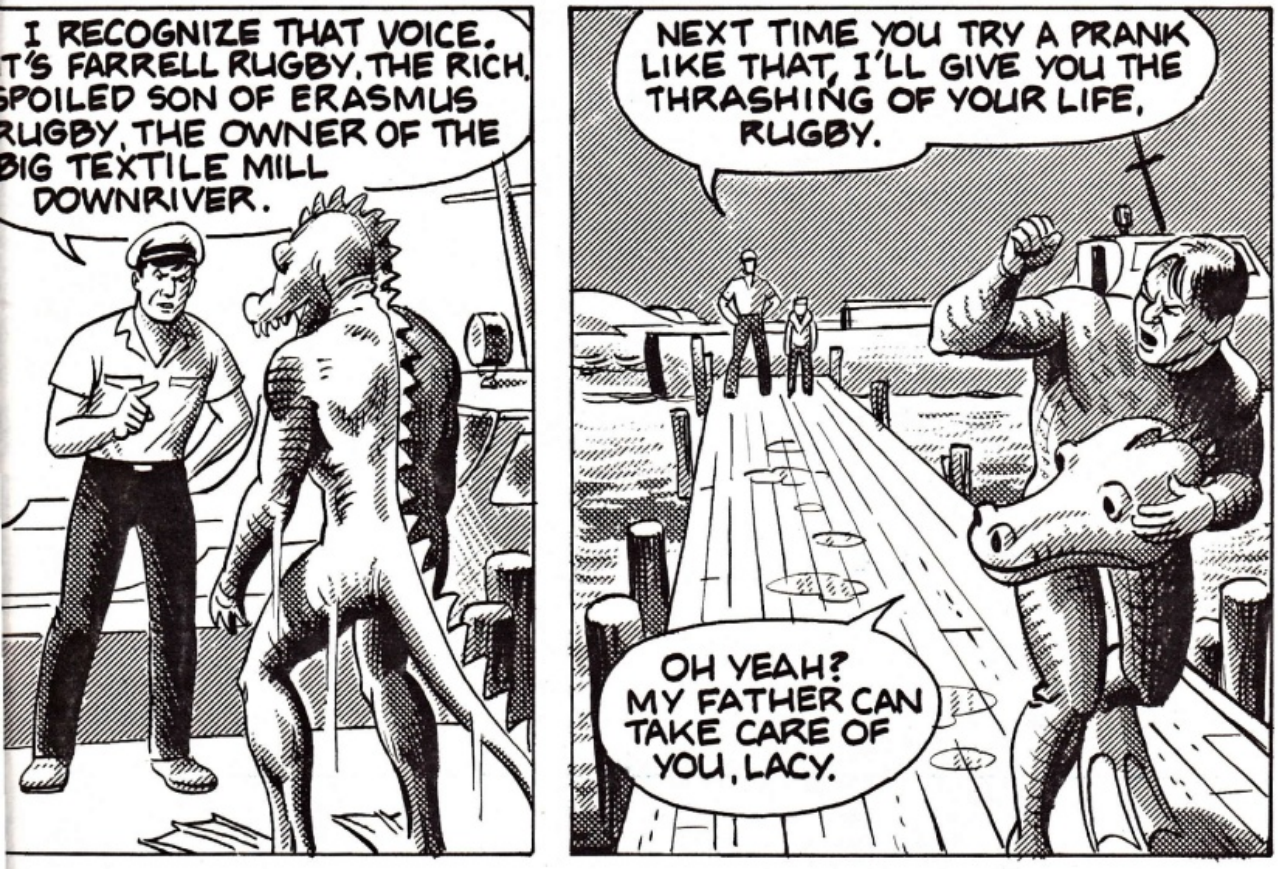
Tinsley was an uninspired artist who tried to achieve a heroic strip in the mold of "Terry and the Pirates." His i was to use familiar domestic locales instead of exotic foreign places. At first, he was content to let Lance and his c help save flood victims, farmers, and lost fishermen, and solve comparatively simple problems. But as we got closer to

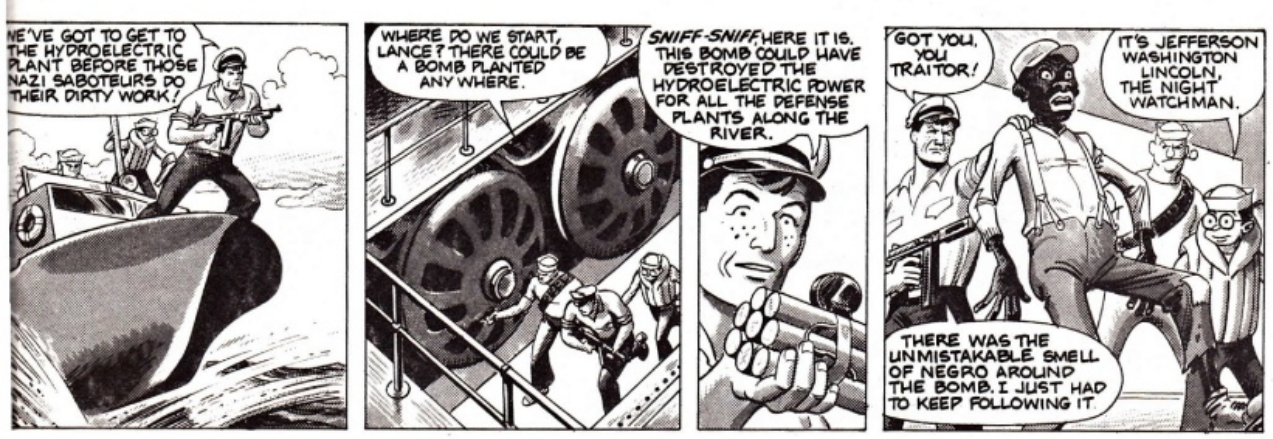

DO YOU REALLY THINK THERE'S A WABASH MONSTER, LANCE?
IT'S BEEN REAL ENOUGH TO SCARE A LOT OF THE RESIDENTS ALONG THE RIVER, TIMMY. WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
THERE IT IS, LANC
THE WABASH MONS
GLUG
GLOO

with the Germans and Japanese, he began to populate the rivers with "enemy agents of a foreign power." Soon Lance Lacy was battling spies, saboteurs, and their ilk.

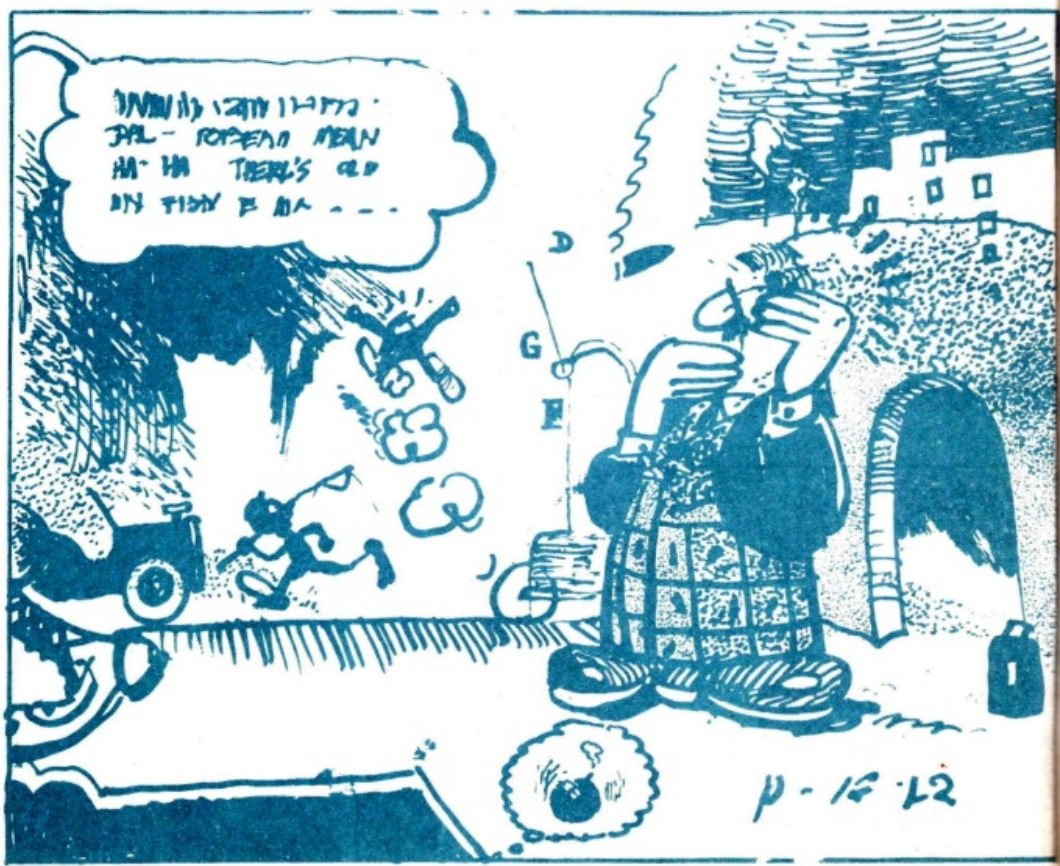
Tinsley was just as inept at drawing Germans and Japanese as he was farmers and moonshine smugglers. His plots lacked the pace and realism of the better adventure strips. But his stories of fiendish spies who were always plotting to bomb a defense plant or flood a river appealed to many small town newspaper readers, who felt that enemy agents were lurking behind every rock and cranny.

The 1935 strip shows Tinsley handling a simple, almost silly problem. The 1942 strip shows his super-patriotic fervor, which was coupled with a rabid racist streak. Tinsley had the strange notion that many American Negroes were in secret alliance with the Germans. He believed that if the Germans won the war, they would hand over the country to the Negroes, who would then enact their revenge for those years of slavery. He began injecting more and more black villains into his strips, and since most of his readers also hated Negroes, they didn't object to his ideas.


I RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE. IT'S FARRELL RUGBY, THE RICH, SPOILED SON OF ERASMUS RUGBY, THE OWNER OF THE BIG TEXTILE MILL DOWNRIVER.
NEXT TIME YOU TRY A PRANK LIKE THAT, I'LL GIVE YOU THE THRASHING OF YOUR LIFE, RUGBY.
OH YEAH? MY FATHER CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU, LACY.


WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HYDROELECTRIC PLANT BEFORE THOSE NAZI SABOTEURS DO THEIR DIRTY WORK!
WHERE DO WE START, LANCE? THERE COULD BE A BOMB PLANTED ANY WHERE.
SNIFF-SNIFF HERE IT IS. THIS BOMB COULD HAVE DESTROYED THE HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR ALL THE DEFENSE PLANTS ALONG THE RIVER.
GOT YOU, YOU TRAITOR!
IT'S JEFFERSON WASHINGTON LINCOLN, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.
THERE WAS THE UNMISTAKABLE SMELL OF NEGRO AROUND THE BOMB. I JUST HAD TO KEEP FOLLOWING IT.

And then there was "Gaudeamus." Wallace Stevens called it the "comic of the common man." No comic before o since has had the popularity or devotion which "Gaudeamus" enjoyed. It was read by presidents and by professiona wrestlers. The spin-off products—the books, lunch boxes, piano stools, silk hats, etc.—ran into the billions of dollar For an entire decade, America was "Gaudeamus" crazy. Though "Gaudeamus" was a comic of its time, probably n other comic of that time holds up as well in expressing the simplicity and directness of life as it existed then. It laughe at itself, with itself, and at its audience, while its audience just simply laughed. And marveled.



In existence since God was an acolyte, and highly popular in the thirties and forties, is the prototypical family co book, "Rock Bottom Comics." The paper shortage of World War II only increased its contents. To the turnin Nagasaki into an empty lot, it afforded not a glance. Through war and Watergate it held sway—but no longer on newsstands. Today, second only in popularity to the Reader's Digest, *it boasts over four million private mail subscrib all over forty-five, none of whom have let their children ever see a copy of it.*

No. 22
48 Full-Color Pages
December
Rock Bottom
Comics
10¢
15¢ in Canada
DANGER!! QUICKSAND!!
Packin' Mo' Laffs and Mo' Thrills 'n iver!
With Rock Bottom Smash Hit Fun-Filled Characters! Dandy Doodie—
BRENDA BULLET—GOOBERVILLE GARAGE—PANSY BOY—THE CHERUBINI OCTET—
What the—BUGGERS—DAUNTLESS DOUG the BARNSTORMER—Ooof—
GILES the DRYGLUCH KID—XXXOOO—LADY BRACKNELL, the story of a
horse—Underwear—The continuing adventures of OSWALD and KENT,
the saga of a friendship.

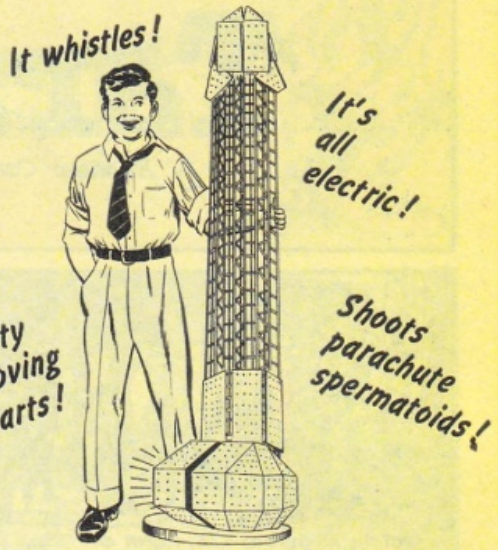
The COLOSSAL ALL-ELECTRIC ERECTION SET

BOYS!! Why wait?? Have your own erection now! One that really works like Dad's!! This 5-foot red-domed beauty can be yours to make with your own hands! You'll be the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood! They'll throng to your house to play with your big steel-firm erection and want one just like it themselves!

You fit the long, gleaming girders together and install the powerful reversing electric engine. Then watch it rise! First the base stirs and elongates. Then the powerful head uncases itself. Finally, it is fully distended, and at a signal from you ejects real spermatoids which fly into the air and parachute down all over the carpet. And—now here's the real excitement—while it does this, it whistles! That's right! Listen while the parachutes plummet lazily to the ground!

Then, when the parachutes have been extruded, the magno-electric engine goes into reverse, and by itself the erection set slowly telescopes back down into itself and is still. Show it to the whole family—even Mom and Sis! They'll be amazed! And they'll be so proud of you for it!

But remember, it's in your hands! So go down to your local toy store and get your own W.S. Gilbert Erection Set. Bring Dad along for advice. He'll offer you all the encouragement in the world. And, while you're there, don't forget to look at the double spherisphere housing and forest setting which can be bought separately.



FREE! Big 24-page illustrated book!! "It's Fun to Be a Boy!" Boys! Getting this book is as exciting as going to certain movies! It shows 60 different ways to use and position your giant erection set. Full color illustrations. Just mail coupon to:
W.S. Gilbert Erection Set Co.
Troi-Dalstrung, Sweden, Europe

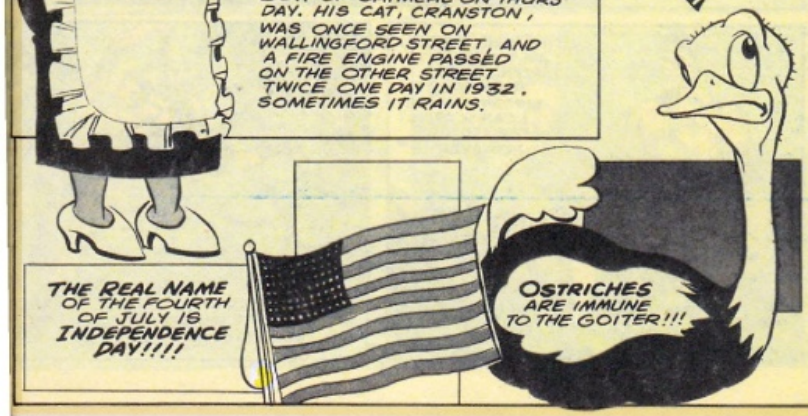
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....Zip.....

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN ANYTHING by RIPOFF

Tm. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE SPINACH LADY OF THE BERING STRAIT!!! — SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF AN ORIENTAL MAN AND A WOMAN WITH BLUE SKIN. SHE IS THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD, AND HER COMPLEXION IS A DEEP EMERALD GREEN!! SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE PLANT WOMAN, OR CADAYNIMASSUGIKA-DIKI-NO-JOBIBIKIOAWAY, HER PIGMENTATION WAS THE SUBJECT OF A REPORT BY SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR CORNELIUS F. GOZZENS, THIRD COUSIN TWICE REMOVED OF GARSON O. FLUDIN, TEMPLAR OF THE THIRD ORDER AND WIG COLLECTOR, OF ALBERTA, WHO BOUGHT A BOX OF OATMEAL ON THURSDAY. HIS CAT, CRANSTON, WAS ONCE SEEN ON WALLINGFORD STREET, AND A FIRE ENGINE PASSED ON THE OTHER STREET TWICE ONE DAY IN 1932. SOMETIMES IT RAINS.

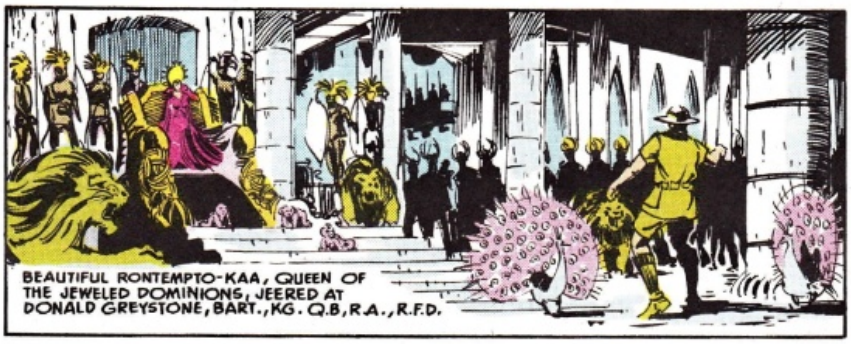
MYRON P. MERKOVITZ OF THE URALS WAS BORN WITH TEN DIFFERENT TORSOS AND HEADS, BUT ONLY TWO LEGS. HE LIVED TO THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX, AND WAS MARRIED TO A RED-HEADED WOMAN WHOSE FATHER WAS A MINOR RUG MERCHANT FROM ODESSA. HIS FAMILY WAS RELATED TO THE POTALSKIS, TWO BRANCHES OF WHICH SETTLED IN DURHAM, N.C. THE POTALSKIS OF NORTH DURHAM WERE FAMOUS FOR THEIR BASEBALL SONS, ALL THREE OF WHICH AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER PLAYED LITTLE LEAGUE FOR THAT CITY. THE CENTRAL DURHAM POTALSKIS WERE EMPLOYED BY THE LUMBER MILL AND SMOKED CIGARETTES. THEY HAD NO DAUGHTERS, BUT DID HAVE A DOG, COUGER-BOY.



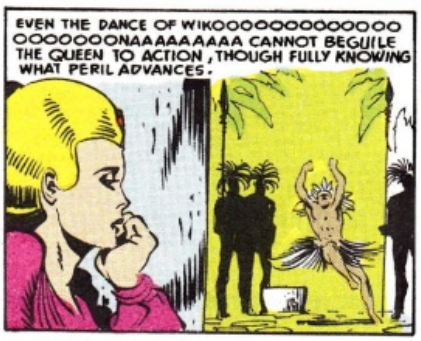
THE GREEKS WERE AN ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN PEOPLE! THEY LIVED IN CITY-STATES!! THEY HAD A TEMPLE CALLED THE PARTHENON ON A HILL CALLED THE ACROPOLIS, AND WORSHIPED ARTEMIS, ARES, AND APOLLO, AMONG OTHERS. PLATO, ARISTOTLE, AND SOCRATES WERE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS!!! THE LATTER DRANK HEMLOCK AND DIED INSTEAD OF BEING EXECUTED. THEY HAD A FESTIVAL TO DIONYSIUS AT WHICH PLAYS WERE STAGED, WRITTEN BY SUCH PLAYWRIGHTS AS SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, AND AESCHYLUS. THEY SPOKE GREEK!!!!

Tarzen

by Edmund Couscous Oxens

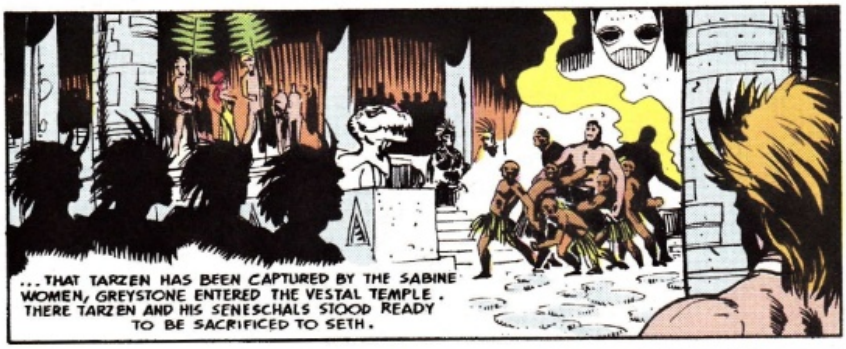


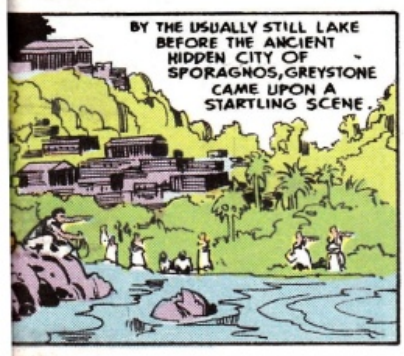
WIKOOOOOONAAAAAA SAYS THAT GREYSTO MUST BRING TARZEN TO THE PHARAOH'S CITADEL, LEST LORD JEFFREY AVERICE AND HIS MINIONS CONTINUE THEIR DEPREDATIONS FOR THE SACRED ARK OF JADE AND MINING RIGHTS.

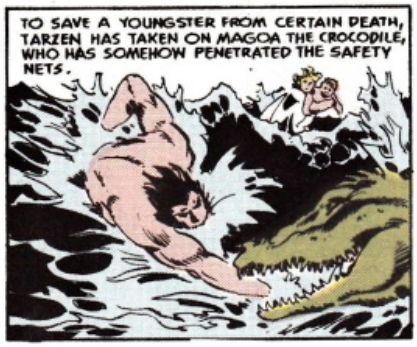

EVEN THE DANCE OF WIKOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONAAAAAAAAA CANNOT BEGUILE THE QUEEN TO ACTION, THOUGH FULLY KNOWING WHAT PERIL ADVANCES.

Tarzen

by Edmund Couscous Oxens

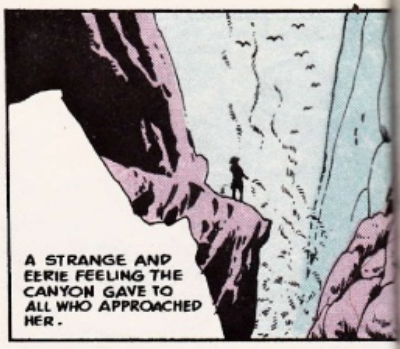

...THAT TARZEN HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE SABINE WOMEN, GREYSTONE ENTERED THE VESTAL TEMPLE. THERE TARZEN AND HIS SENESCHALS STOOD READY TO BE SACRIFICED TO SETH.



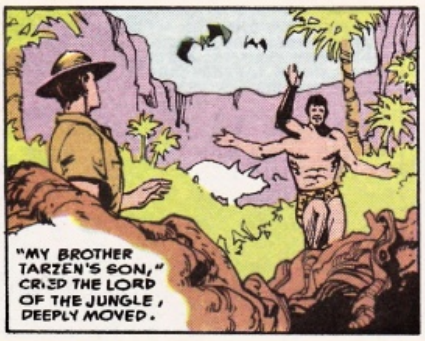

TO SAVE A YOUNGSTER FROM CERTAIN DEATH, TARZEN HAS TAKEN ON MAGOA THE CROCODILE, WHO HAS SOMEHOW PENETRATED THE SAFETY NETS.

Tarzen

by Edmund Couscous Oxens



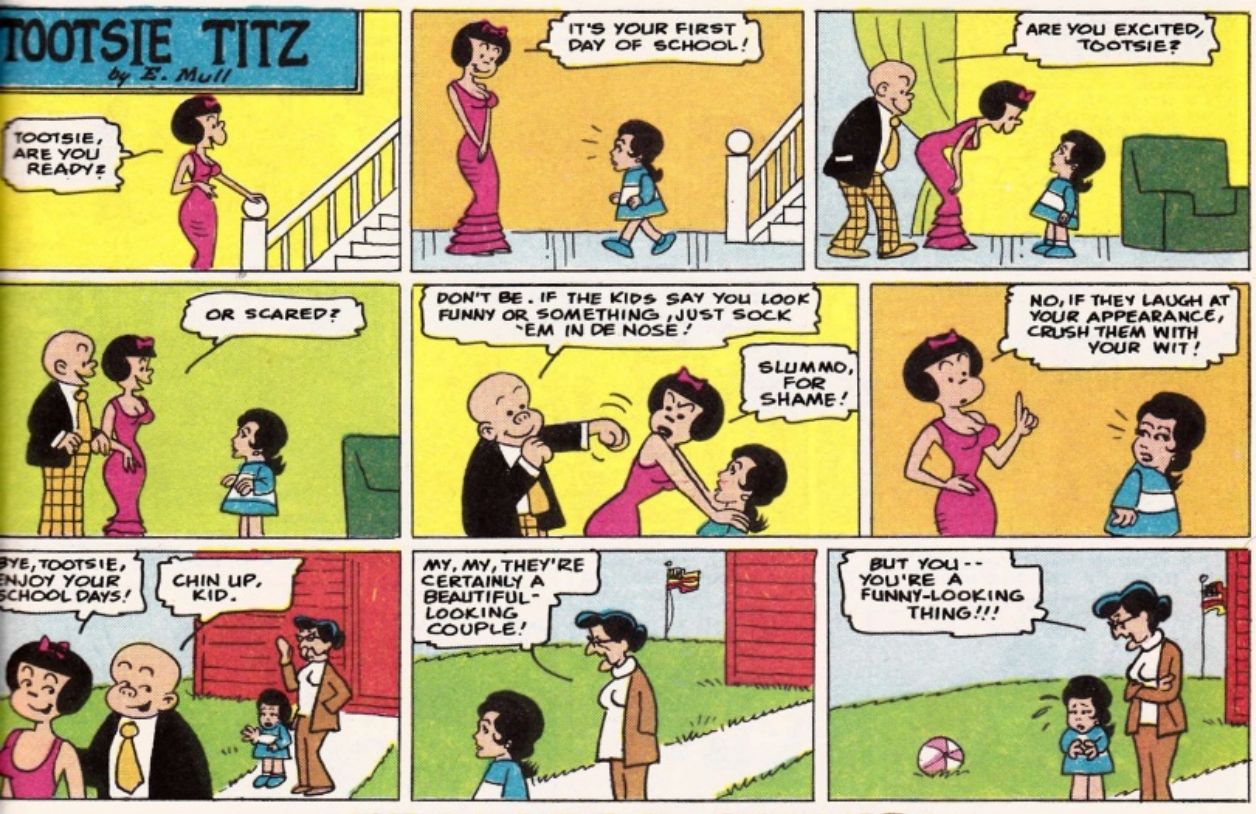
TARZEN AND HIS FRIENDS, THE PTERODACTYLS AND TRICERATOPS, BRING DOWN LORD JEFFREY AVERICE'S SQUADRON OF MAVERICK DAREDEVILS.

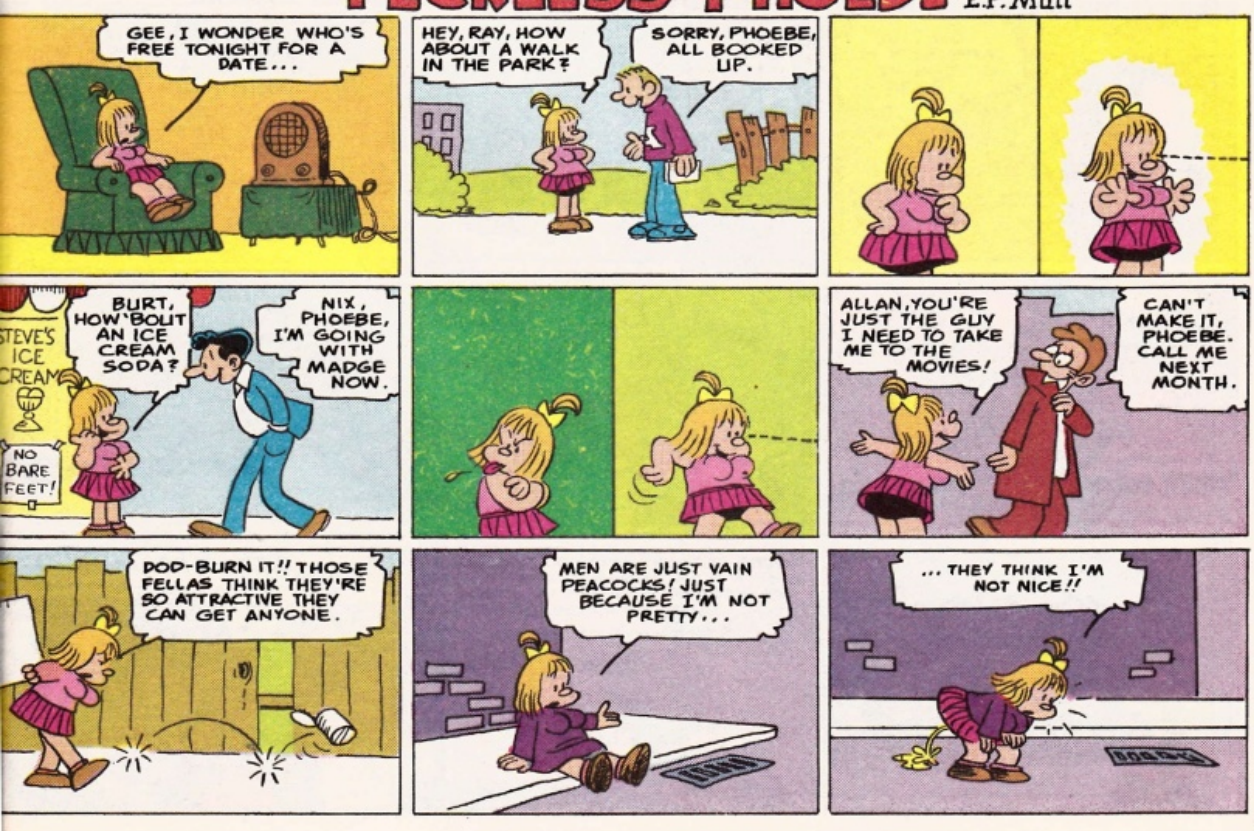


HAVING GOUGED OUT THE SNAKE'S BRAINS THROUGH ITS EYE SOCKETS WITH HIS TINY LITTLE FINGERS, AND CLIMBED UP THE MINUTE CRANNIES OF THE CLIFF FACE WITH THE SAME, TARZEN SAID, "NEPHEW, BNUMBKNAMI-J-I-J HERE AND I BID YOU..."

"...TO THE WONDERCITY OF ZIRCON WHERE TARZEN IS REMOVING FROM DURANCE VILE HIS JUNGLE FRIENDS PENT IN FETID ZOOS, WHERE THEY LANGUISH."

...HIS BROTHER, TARZEN. GREYSTONE WENT BACK TO THE FORTRESS OF THE EPIGOTHS WHERE, AFTER A SIDE TRIP TO SPA, HE FORSOOK THE SEARCH FOR A TIME. HAD TARZEN LEFT THE JUNGLE? WHAT?

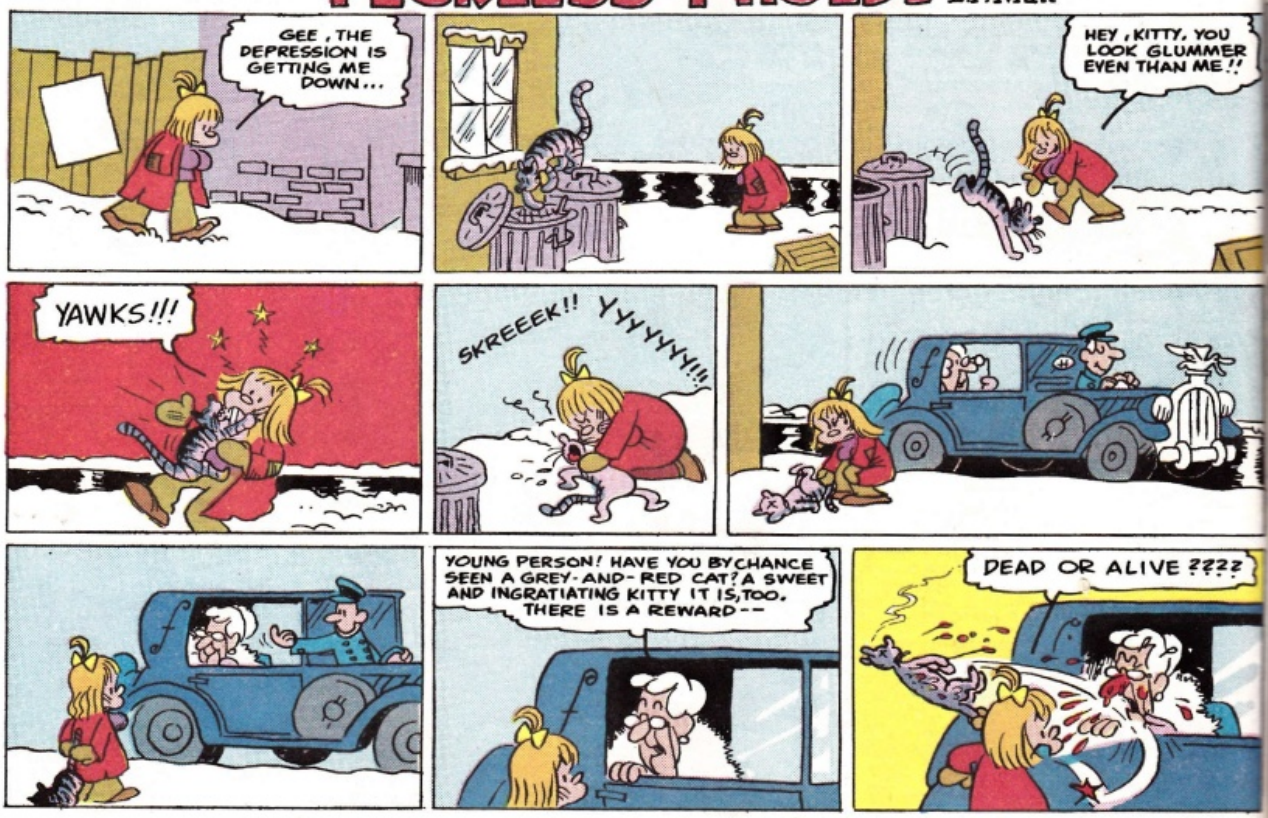

TOOTSIE TITZ
by E. Mull
TOOTSIE, ARE YOU READY?
IT'S YOUR FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL!
ARE YOU EXCITED, TOOTSIE?
OR SCARED?
DON'T BE. IF THE KIDS SAY YOU LOOK FUNNY OR SOMETHING, JUST SOCK 'EM IN DE NOSE!
SLUMMO, FOR SHAME!
NO, IF THEY LAUGH AT YOUR APPEARANCE, CRUSH THEM WITH YOUR WIT!
BYE, TOOTSIE, ENJOY YOUR SCHOOL DAYS!
CHIN UP, KID.
MY, MY, THEY'RE CERTAINLY A BEAUTIFUL-LOOKING COUPLE!
BUT YOU -- YOU'RE A FUNNY-LOOKING THING!!!


FECKLESS PHOEBE
by E.P. Mull
GEE, I WONDER WHO'S FREE TONIGHT FOR A DATE...
HEY, RAY, HOW ABOUT A WALK IN THE PARK?
SORRY, PHOEBE, ALL BOOKED UP.
STEVE'S ICE CREAM
NO BARE FEET!
BURT, HOW'BOUT AN ICE CREAM SODA?
NIX, PHOEBE, I'M GOING WITH MADGE NOW.
ALLAN, YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I NEED TO TAKE ME TO THE MOVIES!
CAN'T MAKE IT, PHOEBE. CALL ME NEXT MONTH.
DOD-BURN IT!! THOSE FELLAS THINK THEY'RE SO ATTRACTIVE THEY CAN GET ANYONE.
MEN ARE JUST VAIN PEACOCKS! JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT PRETTY...
... THEY THINK I'M NOT NICE!!

TOOTSIE TITZ
by E. Mull
I'M SO GLAD WE WERE ASKED TO THIS CHARITY BALL, SLUMMO.
ME TOO, FRANCY. DIS IS ONE O' DEM TINGS I ALLUS ENCHOY DOIN' WICHOO!
HOWJADO?
YOUS DANCE DIVINELY, FRANCY!
OH, SLUMMO!
AND YOU HAVE SUCH PERFECT MANNERS!
CHEES!!
AND YOUS MAKE ME FEEL SO ROMANTIC, FRANCY!
MY DREAM MAN!
I WONDER WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US, THOUGH.
YEAH, WHADAYA SUPPOSE DEY SAYS ABOUT US BEHIND OUR BACKS?
DON'T THEY MAKE A HANDSOME COUPLE!!!

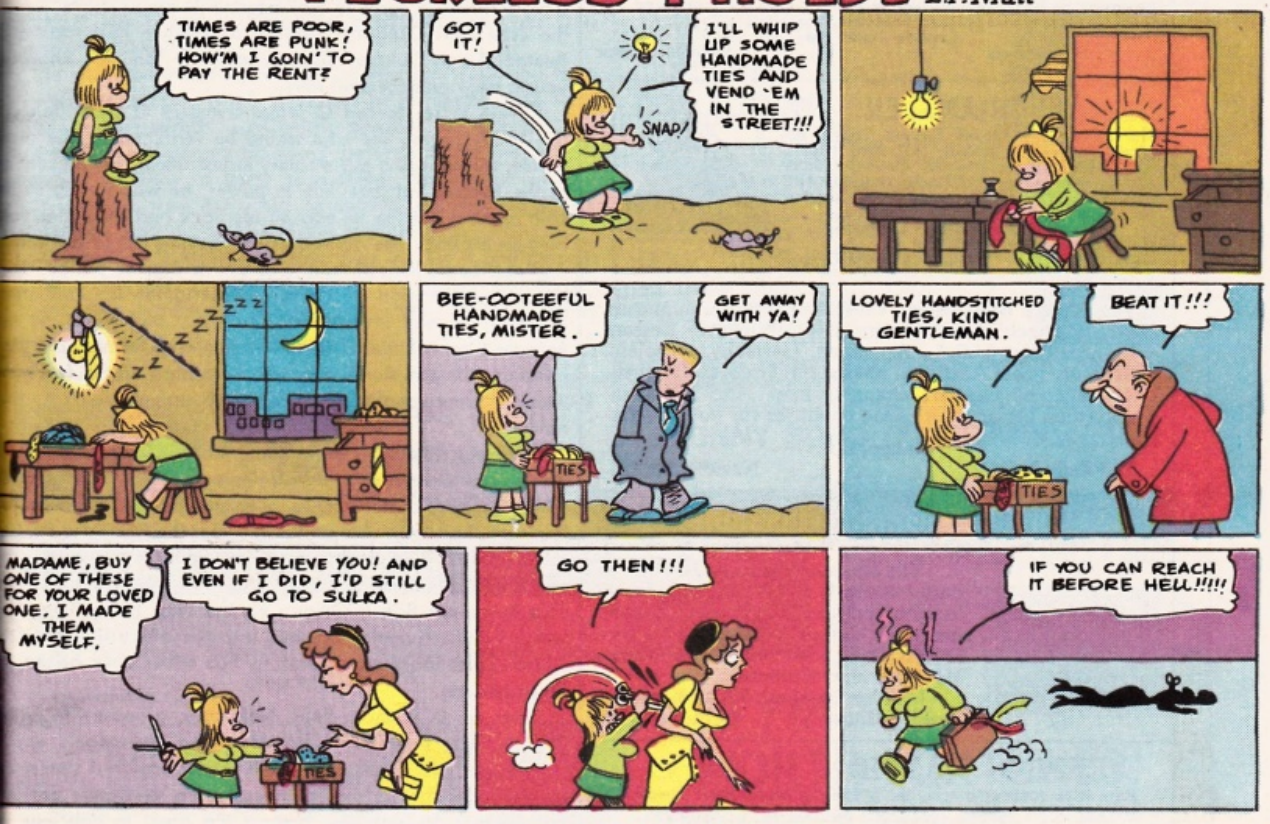
FECKLESS PHOEBE

by E.P. Mull


GEE, THE DEPRESSION IS GETTING ME DOWN...
HEY, KITTY, YOU LOOK GLUMMER EVEN THAN ME!!
YAWKS!!!
SKREEEK!! YYYYYY!!!
YOUNG PERSON! HAVE YOU BYCHANCE SEEN A GREY-AND-RED CAT? A SWEET AND INGRATIATING KITTY IT IS, TOO. THERE IS A REWARD--
DEAD OR ALIVE ????

TOOTSIE TITZ
by E. Mull
NOW, TOOTSIE, DON'T EAT THAT PIE!
HEY, TOOTSIE, DON'T TAKE ANY O' DEM BONBONS!
NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE A NICKLE FOR AN ICE CREAM!
WHY, THOUGH?
BECAUSE IF YOU EAT ALL THOSE SWEETS...
...YOU WON'T GROW UP TO BE BEAUTIFUL!!!

FECKLESS PHOEBE by E.P. Mull


TIMES ARE POOR, TIMES ARE PUNK! HOW'M I GOIN' TO PAY THE RENT?
GOT IT!
SNAP!
I'LL WHIP UP SOME HANDMADE TIES AND VEND 'EM IN THE STREET!!!
BEE-OOTEEFUL HANDMADE TIES, MISTER.
GET AWAY WITH YA!
TIES
LOVELY HANDSTITCHED TIES, KIND GENTLEMAN.
BEAT IT!!!
TIES
MADAME, BUY ONE OF THESE FOR YOUR LOVED ONE. I MADE THEM MYSELF.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! AND EVEN IF I DID, I'D STILL GO TO SULKA.
TIES
GO THEN!!!
IF YOU CAN REACH IT BEFORE HELL!!!!!

Stamps of Famous Nations!!

Cannibal Islands, Togoland, Greenland, Djibouti, Fiume (dead country), Bosnia-Hercegovina, Patiala, Selangor, Montserrat, Sinkiang, Sarawak, Perak, Manchuko Brunei, Epirus, Saar, Leeward Islands, Slovenia, Charikar, Balkan Airmail, Eritrea, Pahang, Mauritius. All places you want to visit.

Dataphernes Tryiotes Stamp World
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph Alley **Mammon, Vt.**

Boys and Girls! Animal Stamps

Dandy Borneo anteater, pretty Mexican scorpion, pastel anaconda, Chilean vulture in halo, skyblue wolverine.

Fine and 60 Days Stamp Universe
4b Grumble St. Birdwhistle, Ark.

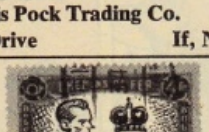
JIMMY CONNORS

"The Broken Racquet." Unusual Moments in Sports series. Colored beige or ash. Send for it and other exciting sports scenes.

Francis Pock Trading Co.
Devilish Clever Drive **If, Nebraska**

FREE!!

Two Coronation Sets!

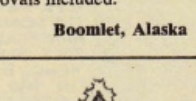


An abdication stamp of King Edward and its companion stamp of Wally Simpson prettily stamping her foot. Also Polish stamp of ascension of King Ladislav eating noodles with his foot. Send 40¢ to cover packing and postage. Interesting approvals included.

CooCoo Stamp Fair
216 Dayglow Towers **Boomlet, Alaska**

SCARCE TRIANGLE!!

As shown from far-off Tannou Touva, depicting two men tenderly entwined with a gorilla, gender undetermined. Also headhunter stamps, mosquito, cockroach, mugger, IRS investigator. Also Latin and piano teacher stamps.



The Plain Dealer Stamp Company
2 Widow Blackacre Boulevard
Question Mark, Oregon

The Blungo Braggadocio Collection!!! Not a duplicate in the bunch! Dead countries all! England, Russia, France, Italy, U.S.A., Argentina, Germany. Obsolete Belgium, passé Australia, phased-out Greece—interesting relics of Europe's changing map. Also included: upcoming list of future dead countries for you to start saving now.

Blungo, E.P.
87 Vilefly Vale **Nasturtium, Ill.**

Stamp Collectors! Attention!!!

The Manson Memorial Issue!!
Easter stamp U.S. 1971 showing famed religious personalities from grassroots American cult series. Also shown: Sen. J. McCarthy, Mr. Clean, Mercedes McCambridge, Pruneface.

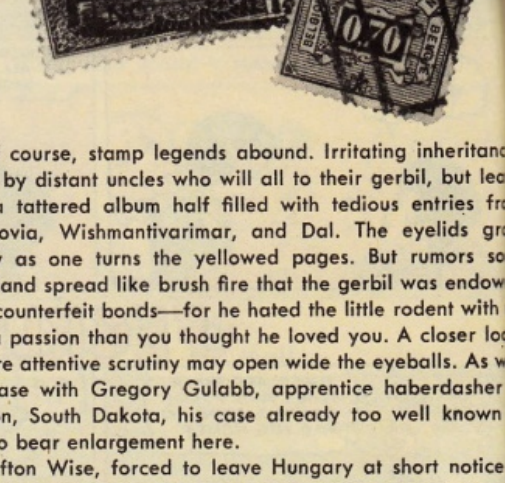
Murder the Monk Stamp King
Density House **Plethora, Wisc.**

WEEPING RAJAH!

Rare issue commemorating the fall of the rupee. Price: sheets of 200 for .00131 rupees. Tear sheets of many more. Approvals.

Addlepot Stamps Ltd.
222 Garble Road **Love in a Rabbit Warren, Northants, England**

STAMP



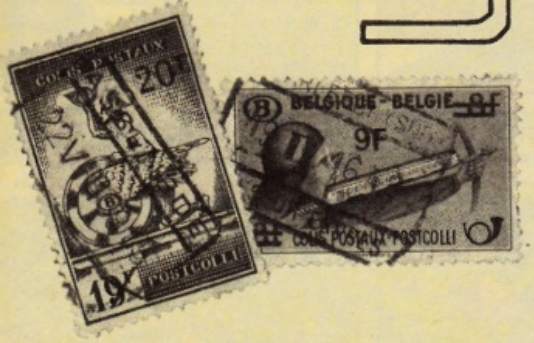
Of course, stamp legends abound. Irritating inheritanc by distant uncles who will all to their gerbil, but lea one a tattered album half filled with tedious entries fr Closkovia, Wishmantivarimar, and Dal. The eyelids gr heavy as one turns the yellowed pages. But rumors so arise and spread like brush fire that the gerbil was endow with counterfeit bonds—for he hated the little rodent with less a passion than you thought he loved you. A closer lo a more attentive scrutiny may open wide the eyeballs. As w the case with Gregory Gulabb, apprentice haberdasher Benton, South Dakota, his case already too well known you to bear enlargement here.

Clifton Wise, forced to leave Hungary at short notice the 1939 fracas, knew he would be searched by the sec police, for he was a too-wealthy industrialist. Having sold to the Berbers, at that time in power, he was forced to f with nothing but the tuxedo on his back and his butler, Fri also on his back. He arrived at the Melting Pot of the Wor and extricated himself from it to set up digs on Sutton Pla His only possession was a rare Mauritanian Ice Pick sta in which he had invested $3,000,000, and which he h entrusted to his butler. The butler sauntered through Belgra customs with the stamp ingeniously pasted on his forehe where it went unnoticed, reducing the stamp's value by ha however.

L. Vernon Vaughan, while going through his family pape discovered a one cent British Guiana black and mage which he graciously sold to a dealer for six shillings. T last time the stamp changed hands, *Scott's Standard Posta Stamp Catalogue* placed it at $50,000 for no worse n son than that it was the only one of its kind in the wo This flurry put British Guiana on the map for a time, fr which it subsequently vanished into the obscurity, and fr which it justifiably and mercifully has never since arisen. there you are.

Later on, in Rednose Falls, Nebraska, a housewife nam Delcie Jukes sent to the World Stamp Exchange's exp Hoenegger Fair-Goswort, a small verdant-colored stamp w no denomination and no country of issue, and quite datel Fair-Goswort's eyes flew around the room in delirious probation of its appointments and cut his telephone wi It was an H.M.S. stamp—an inscription meaning His (or H

TIPS

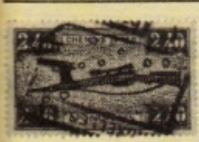


Majesty's Ship—a naval commemorative issue. But of what navy, what majesty, what commemoration?

Enough this was not, for what else should transpire, much to Fair-Goswort's salacious delight, but that one of the letters was missing and the other two reversed. This was a find such as to reduce the Guiana black and magenta penny to a ha'penny! As you know, freak stamp prints, such as a sheet of penny stamps, one of which contained Washington's eye winking, would restore Versailles if lurched upon. As Fair-Goswort well knew.

He was found batting his fists against the walls and tearing up photographs of his ancestors by his charwoman Kelly Dlag McGhlundrbdl, a Tibetan peasant woman he had brought to his chambers years before on the pretext of mending his lace or some such thing. But enough of her. Fair-Goswort was extracted screaming ancient Norse imprecations, and dropped into the snakepit.

The missing letter in the stamp was M, and if any persons reading this column should discover a similar stamp—Sir Hoenegger swallowed the original—their future is surely established.



Famous Guns Stamp!

U.S. Series 1960s. Kennedy, King weapons. Also Ghandi weapon, Malcolm X weapon. Carbine. All stamps printed perforated.

Barmaid Trading Center
9 Whippy St. **It Cannot Be, Utah**

AIR MAIL STAMP BUFFS!

Famous Crashes! Demolished fuselages, ghoulish onlookers! The Kennedy, The Alaska, The Carole Lombard, The Will Rogers, The Leslie Howard, The Hindenburg, The Wall Street. These and others. Send now.

Grade 4.0 Stamps
2 Doolleyooley Circle **Point Grim, Mich.**

WAR SET

Picturing troops in actual battle scenes. This World War Orphans issue has become quite scarce. War scenes alternate with DP youngsters, malnutrative babies, and dismembered toddlers. A German stamp.

Glum Pudding Transferals
9 Dulman Avenue **Pinch-Gut, Va.**

U.S. Invert

For a limited time, to every applicant for our U.S. approval service, we will send a scarce U.S. invert, unused. An 8-page booklet listing and pricing every U.S. invert stamp will be included and can be had by sending us 5¢ for postage and handling. Inverts are lines of stamps printed upside down on sheets or single stamps the same. Very valuable. These, however, show J. Edgar Hoover, Hart Crane, Merle Miller, Walt Whitman also printed upside down.

Vain Musings Collectors
16-20 Midriff Avenue **Colostomy, Nevada**

SOLOMON ISLANDS FREE!

Send for this unique packet and not only will we send you this scarce beauty, but if you collect 3,400 of them you will also be sent the deed to the Solomon Islands themselves. Also collect Mozambique stamps for similar deal. Costa Rica thrown in.

Wackford Squires Institute
Dotheboys Hall **When, Tasmania**

British Royalty Stamps

1975 in dull scarlet showing Queen Elizabeth II falling off her horse. Companion stamp of Prince Philip with hand in front of face, snickering.

Persimmon and Flu Stamps
98-43 Doom St. Cheap Talk, N.M.

Spineless Kings Series!!

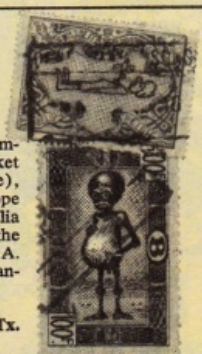
Carlos Secundo, Geoffrey the Gormless, The Emperor Yang and his houseboy, Pope Ignoratus, Richard II, Tzar Nicholas, Queen Christina, Edward II, and many other weaklings.

BURT REYNOLDS' BUNS

Christmas commemorative with couchant shepherds. 1972. 17¢. Also map stamp: close-up of Dinah Shore's eye socket. Approvals included.

Betty Frisque Stamp Co.
13 Rumpot Lane **Dirt, Iowa**

WORLD SCENES COLLECTION!



Landscapes and characteristic views of famous nations, now collected all in one packet for you. Ukraine (famine), India (plague), Sweden (the suicide rate), The Vatican (Pope Joan), Switzerland (avalanche), Australia (rabbit), Krakatoa (the ocean), Japan (the letter *r*), Denmark (a better chair), U.S.A. (Big Mac), S. Africa (mulatto), Spain (Franco), Ireland (Mary).

Lovenuts Stamps
34-99 Wonderbread Lane **Except, Tx.**

Also send for our glass magnifier-stamp finder, you four-eyed beebee balled stay-at-homes!

SONNY BONO COMMEMORATIVE!!

Send to:

Dixielove Stamp Mart
Tarleton Twins Square **Wounds of the Civil War, Ga.**

DEAD DOG STAMPS!

India series showing series of street scenes of Calcutta. 16 different canines. 6d. 14c the sheet.

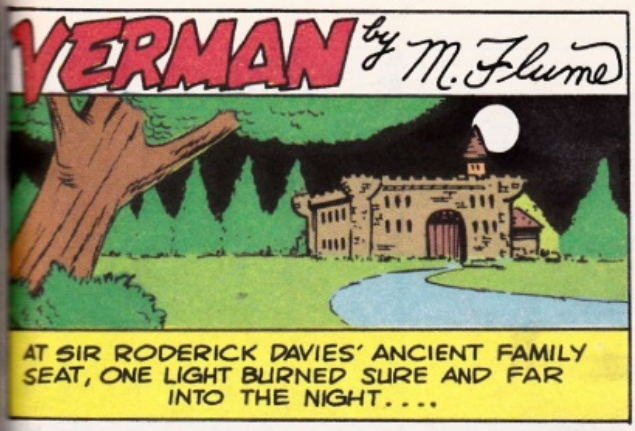
Sciarrhea Stamps Inc.
9 Morosa Street **Traitor, Nebraska**

FIND STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES!

The dictator series. Six big items. Hitler, Mussolini, Kemal Atatürk, Eva Perón, Nero, Donald Duck.

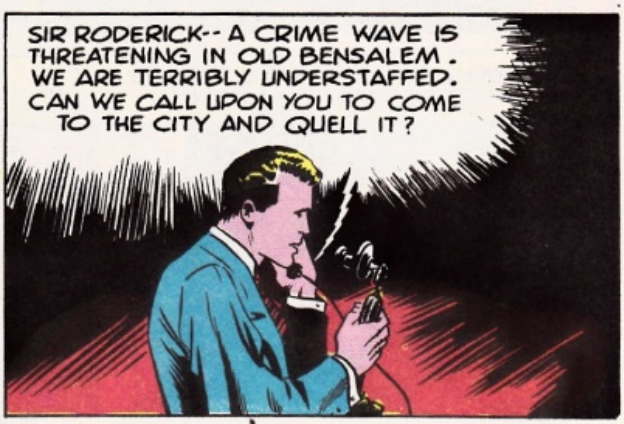
Stamp Heaven
2 Itch Row **Dog, Ariz.**

I VOULD GIF MY SOUL IN HELL FOR A BAGEL RIGHT NOW.
MAMA ISS PINING HER HEART OUT ONTO DER BACKPORCH FOR A BAGEL.
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
VOT NEXT!
LIFE ISS CHUST A BOWL OF CHERRYBOMBS!
SCRATCH YOUR MEDULA, ROSENCRANTZ!
YOU SHOULD OF NEVER MARRIED HER IN DER FIRST PLACE!
CHASS! DIS CALLS FOR CHENILLS!
I GOT IT!
MAN DER SHOVELS!
PERFECT! DIS ISS DER KATZPERJAMMERS, KID.
DIS ISS DER BEST TRICK EFFER!
VE VILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY FOR DIS!
LOOK, HERE COMES DER CAPTAIN MITT DER BAGEL-MAN!
HIP-HIP-O-POTAMUS!!
WHOLE VHEAT, RAISIN RYE, ONION, VHITE, UND PINOCHLE.
CAPTAIN, YOU ISS A SOFTIE AT HEART!
DER KIDS TOLD US TO DO IT.
DERE DEY ISS!!
YE GOTTS UND LIDDLE FISHES!!
LAND O' GOSHEN!!
FOR SULLYING OUR ARYAN BLOOD MITT IMPUDENT PAGAN IMPURITIES...
FIRE!!
READY BELOW, HERE I COME!
FIRE!!
DER ENDS JUSTIFIES DER MEANIES!


VERMAN by M. Flume
AT SIR RODERICK DAVIES' ANCIENT FAMILY SEAT, ONE LIGHT BURNED SURE AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT....

DEEP INTO THE SMALL HOURS SIR RODERICK PURSUED HIS SPECULATIONS INTO THE THOUGHT OF LEIBNITZ.

A CALL! BUT THE PHILOSOPHER-KING, WITH THE PUREST CONCENTRATION, COMPLETED THE PASSAGE.
R-RING!

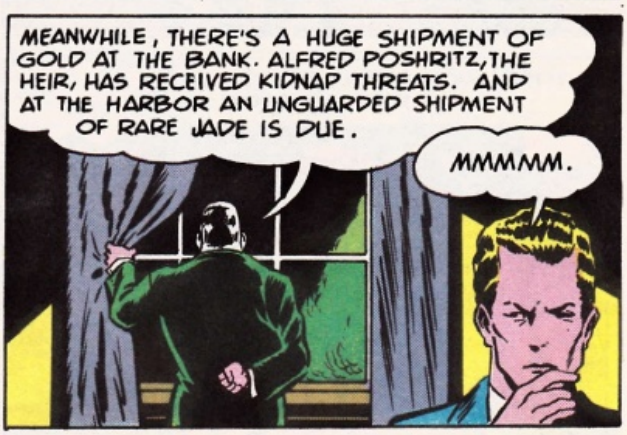

SIR RODERICK-- A CRIME WAVE IS THREATENING IN OLD BENSALEM. WE ARE TERRIBLY UNDERSTAFFED. CAN WE CALL UPON YOU TO COME TO THE CITY AND QUELL IT?

THIS THREAT TO THE LAW-ABIDING TRIGGERED SIR RODERICK TO ACTION.

YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I KNOW TO TURN TO, SIR RODERICK--

--WITH YOUR PURITY OF VISION AND FAME AS A MASTER DETECTIVE.

VENOM AND HIS GANG ARE IN THE CITY. THE WHISTLER AND HIS CREW ARE REPORTED HOLED UP IN AN OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. AND THE VULPA BROTHERS HAVE GATHERED THEIR CLAN TOGETHER.


MEANWHILE, THERE'S A HUGE SHIPMENT OF GOLD AT THE BANK. ALFRED POSHRITZ, THE HEIR, HAS RECEIVED KIDNAP THREATS. AND AT THE HARBOR AN UNGUARDED SHIPMENT OF RARE JADE IS DUE.
MMMMM.

NOT LETTING A MOMENT SLIP, SIR RODERICK SCOUTED THE STREETS OF THE CAPITOL FOR SIGNS OF CRIME.

SUDDENLY, ALL ABOUT HIM...

THIS CALLS FOR VERMAN!!

SIR RODERICK DASHES INTO A CONVENIENT ALLEY TO EFFECT HIS TRANSFORMATION!!

YEARS AGO, AND ONLY BY THE ODD CHANCE OF BEING PRESENT AT A PROCESSION OF THE GREAT LAMA OF TIBET, DID VERMAN'S STRANGE POWERS ARISE.

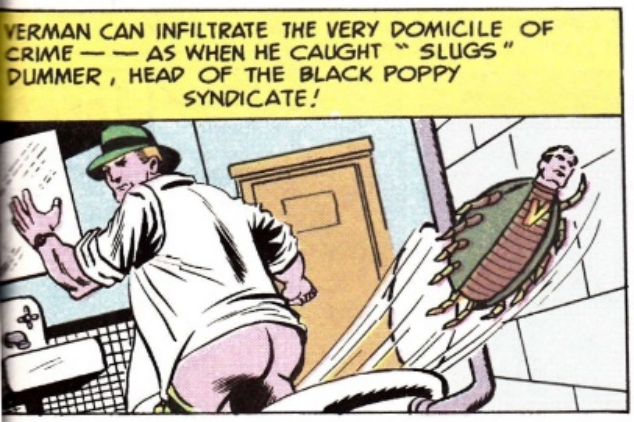
SIR RODERICK SAVED THE LAMA'S LIFE FROM A CRUEL ASSASSIN.

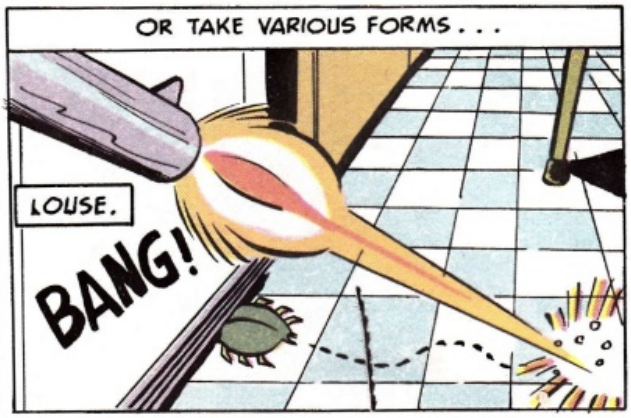
THE LAMA, AS REWARD FOR SAVING HIS LIFE, CONFERRED UPON SIR RODERICK THE SECRET OF STRANGE POWERS.

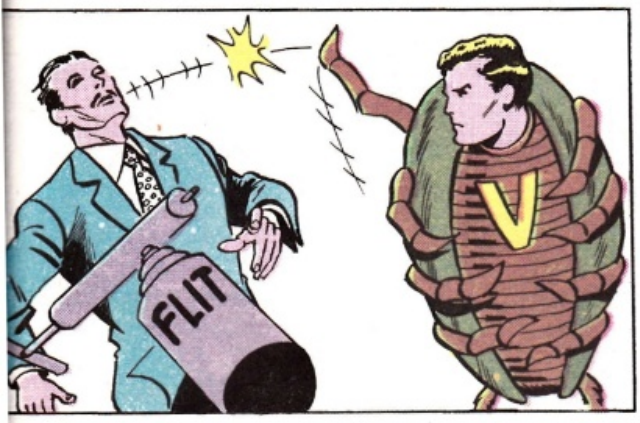
BUT THEY WOULD ONLY BE EFFECTIVE IF USED FOR THE GOOD!

ALL DAVIES WOULD HAVE TO DO WAS TO PLACE HIS LIPS ON GARBAGE, AND——

VERMAN!!!


VERMAN CAN INFILTRATE THE VERY DOMICILE OF CRIME——AS WHEN HE CAUGHT "SLUGS" DUMMER, HEAD OF THE BLACK POPPY SYNDICATE!

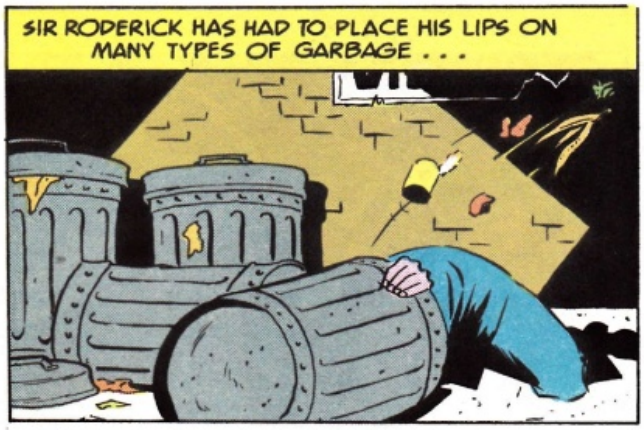

OR TAKE VARIOUS FORMS . . .
LOUSE.
BANG!

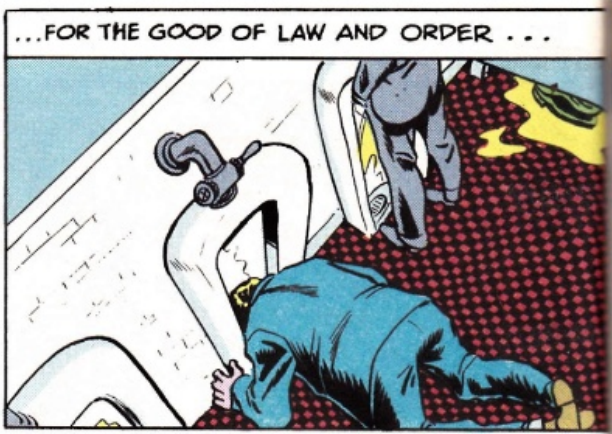

FLIT

...LIKE THE TIME HE PUT THE "BITE" ON THE FLUGLE GANG.

OR ASSUMING STILL ANOTHER ROLE . . .
CRAB.

...WHEN THINGS GOT ITCHY FOR SADIE "THE SLICK" O'ROURKE, CSARINA OF CRIME!!
3


SIR RODERICK HAS HAD TO PLACE HIS LIPS ON MANY TYPES OF GARBAGE . . .


. . . FOR THE GOOD OF LAW AND ORDER . . .

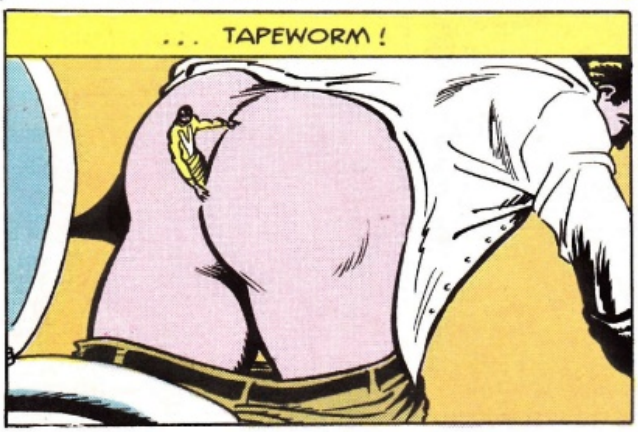
. . . DEFENSE OF THE POOR . . .

. . . PROTECTION OF THE INNOCENT . . .

. . . AND THE FLAG!
DEPT.
SANIT

HE HAS TAKEN MANY FORMS . . . AN APHID . . .

. . . CLOTHES MOTH . . .
CHOMP
CHOMP


. . . TAPEWORM!

BUT HE HAS ALWAYS REMAINED PURE!!
4

BUT THIS TIME SIR RODERICK FOUND THE JUST-SCRUBBED ALLEY SPOTLESS.

WHAT NEW FORM WILL VERMAN TAKE TO RID OLD BENSALAM OF ITS PERIL?

WHAT WAS THIS, HOWEVER?

INGENIOUSLY, SIR RODERICK SACRIFICED HIMSELF AGAIN, AND PLACED HIS LIPS ON THIS SPECIMEN OF HUMAN OFFAL, AND...

...JAPANESE BEETLE.

BUT VERMAN DID NOT WANT TO BE A JAPANESE BEETLE.

NOR, THOUGH HIS NAME MAY BE SIR RODERICK DAVIES, DID HE WANT TO BE A WASP. BUT HE WANTED TO AND WOULD BE...

...A MOSQUITO!

THIS CALLS FOR THE WEEVILBLIMP.

WHAT HAS VERMAN SEEN? WITH HIS KEEN EYE FOR IMPURITY HE HAD SEEN THOUSANDS OF EVERYDAY CITIZENS DEFYING THEIR TRAFFIC CODES BY JAYWALKING. WEEVILBLIMP'S HIGH POWER MAGNETS ATTRACTED SOME 30,000 OF THESE UNREGENERATE SCOFFLAWS RIGHT OFF THE STREETS.

BUT THIS CLEARED THE STREETS FOR THE CRIMINALS WHO STRIKE — —

— — THE GOLD, THE JADE, THE HEIR!!

CAN VERMAN ROUND UP THESE CRIMINALS TOO? SEE THESE PAGES NEXT MONTH FOR THE EXCITING SEQUEL WHEN VERMAN MEETS THE BLACK WIDOW IN "THE CASE OF THE STICKY DEATH"!!

Get your own

WHITE AND BLUE RYDER

Dallas Daisy

A Real Late Issue 6.5 Italian Carbine!

C20 T1196 Carbine, specially priced $12.88
C20 T750 Carbine with brand-new good quality 4X scope—¾" diameter, as illustrated $19.95
E20 T751 6.5 mm Italian military ammo with free 6-shot clip, 108 rounds ..... $ 7.50

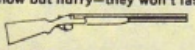
Only 36" overall, weight only 5½ pounds. Shows only slight use, lightly oiled, test fired and head spaced ready for sight. Fast loading and fast firing.

That's right, young cowpokes, now you can own and deal justice with your own War Surplus Mannlicher-Carcano. Earn fame with a famous gun!

'N' while yer at it, pardners, glance yer eyes over these prairie-big savings!

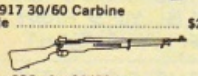
Received too late for hunting season! Our loss is your gain! Save now! But hurry—they won't last!

$189.50 Value!
SALE! New 10-Guage Magnum $129.50
SAVE $60.00 now but hurry—they won't last!
C20 T668

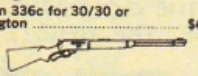


New Hi Standard .22 Derringer Pistol, weighs only 11 oz. $29.95
E20 T1340

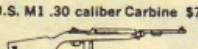
U.S. Model 1917 30/60 Carbine Enfield rifle $29.88
C20 T147



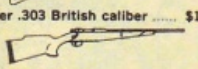
Deluxe Marlin 336c for 30/30 or .35 Remington $69.88
C20 T773



Brand-new! U.S. M1 .30 caliber Carbine $78.88
C20 T82

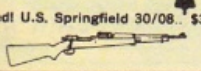


Enfield Sporter .303 British caliber $19.88
C20 T733



.38 S and W Enfield Pistol $12.98
E20 T97

Price Slashed! U.S. Springfield 30/08 ... $36.38
C20 T1360X



Pitcher yerseff forkin' a Western cayuse 'n' screamin' through the purple sage or yer neighbor's hedge—firin' a mile a minute at anathang whut moseys by—the postmayun, the paperboowee, Dicky Pruet (hit 'im in the violin), or that Jukes boy who wunt let yer inta his club, the Jew! Shoot 'em all! Shoot 'em all!

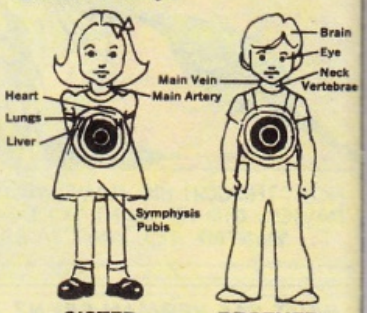
Smack 'em from behind with this quick reloader 6.5 carbine baby, made speshul fer the Aytalun Army—it's a wopper! Larn not ter take nuthin' from nobody! Miss Valpariso who give yer a 2 in math—with this hot shot rifle with its nifty magnifier spectrascope you could shoot off 'er titties ifn she had eny which she don't, so shoot 'er in the cunt. 'N' you kin get yer ma 'n' pa too! Come downstairs while they're watchin' reruns 'n' blaze away. 'R threaten 'em bad! Make 'em do the dishus, mow the lawn. Cause yer kid sister to do yer geometry homework. 'N' ifn she don't you kin kill 'er. Yeah, you kin really kill 'er!

Jes' wait till you gets yer hands on this lil Betsy! Feel that hefty genuine balsa wood stock carved with the initials of White and Blue Ryder with a pitcher o' his horse Hemorrhoid—plus the letters C2766! A gorgeous thang it iyuz!

Buy now 'n' we-all'll sendja a whole mess o' 6.5 mm Italian military ammo free. Jes' heft this lively mother under yer chin and BANG! BANG! BANG!—you've kilt the neighbor's poodle, the dangburn yapper! How happy you'll be with this fine 'n' dandy spec'min o' Western maturity! You'll feel like a dead ringer!

FREE! BROTHER AND SISTER PRACTICE TARGETS

Don't shoot your little brother in the foot! Shoot him in the eye!



SISTER **BROTHER**

We'll include ten sets each of these magnificent "death-size" targets of yer favorite sibling rivals! Just specify their height and hair color, and you will have a virtual duplicate to aim for, so that when come time to shoot 'em in the mouth or pierce their liver, you kin really do it!!!

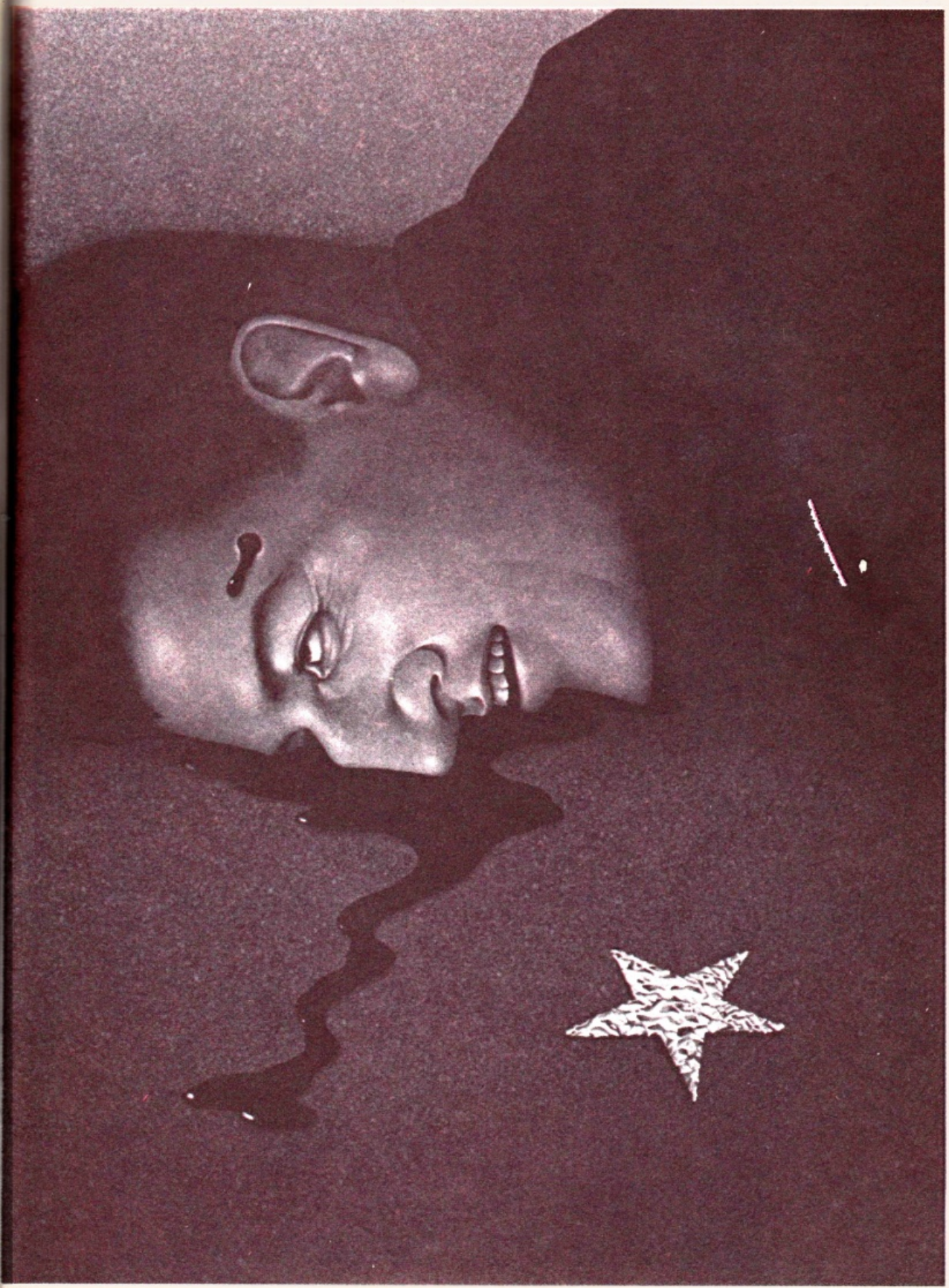
Gun purchasers! Please send signed statement stating you are 21 or over, not an alien (by which we mean Catholic, Jew, Chink, or Boogie), have not been convicted of a crime, not under indictment, not a fugitive or drug addict.

Rush me my_____ to:
stock number
NAME_____
HOUSE NO._____ STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
I enclose_____. Checks or money orders only. No cash!
Height_____ Hair color_____ Brother_____
Sister_____

Send to:
The Cabot Lodge
Nob Hill
Boston, Mass. 12133

Richard Trace, popular evangelist of the 1920s, styled himself a "Cop for Christ." Flashing a cardboard badge covered with tin foil, he would "apprehend" alleged sinners and attempt to detain them long enough to "issue a summons to the judgment of God" in the form of a handful of tracts. On October 30, 1930, while making one of his "Christian's arrests," Trace was fatally shot by a young racketeer who panicked at the sight of a badge.

Among Richard Trace's most devoted followers was the then newly appointed chief of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, who asked Congress for the funds to commission a memorial comic strip. The first episode of this unusual comic appeared one year to the day after Trace's death, the opening panel inked entirely by the director of the FBI.



Henry Kellog became a symbol of heroic tenacity and courage before he was a week old. Doctors gave the boy who was born without mouth or throat, no hope of living. But little Henry wouldn't die. Newspapers picked up the story and all of America began to pull for the tiny, deformed infant whose grip on life amazed the medical profession. Henry Kellog survived and grew into boyhood. Dozens of operations provided him with a rudimentary mouth and tongue and eventually he was able to ingest soft foods, professing, by means of sign language, that he could even taste sweets. Henry grew into a model adolescent who never complained of his horrible disabilities. An entire generation was raised on the admonishments, "Henry Kellog would be glad to be able to eat his beets" and "Henry Kellog doesn't cry."

On April 12, 1930, the United States Navy was testing the AV-23 Simulated Diving Chamber at its Long Beach research facility. Inside the chamber, Seaman First Class Stanley Watkins was experiencing a "dive" of 300 feet when the compression control mechanism suddenly malfunctioned, plunging Watkins to the equivalent of 2,100 feet under sea in less than three seconds. A moment later, the entry hatch was blown away, with the effect of instantly returning him to sea level. Watkins was pulled unconscious from the machine and rushed to the Long Beach Naval Hospital where he lingered near death for eleven months, his body grotesquely deformed by the extremes of pressure.

Stanley "Popeye" Watkins emerged victorious from his year-long fight for life. And, like Henry Kellog, the courage he displayed was to make him not only a legend in his own time, but also the subject of one of the most popular comic strips in the world.

Nearly as inspiring as the stories of Henry Kellog and "Popeye" Watkins is the saga of little Anne Marie Wiggins. On a summer day in 1924, in the Coney Island district of Brooklyn, police discovered a small blind girl wandering aimlessly down the street accompanied by an equally blind old dog. The girl, about three years old, appeared to be in good health but could voice no recollection of her parents or past surroundings. The name "Wiggins," written in marking ink on the lining of her tattered coat, was the only clue to her identity. The police had her diseased pet put mercifully to sleep, and delivered the child to the Sisters of Suffering at St. Anne's Orphanage, where she was named for the institution's patron saint. A severe occlusion in both eyes gave little Anne such a strange appearance that, at first, no one came forward to adopt her.

Dr. Frederick Smallers, the orphanage physician, was so moved by the pathetic story of Anne Marie that he took pen in hand and, indulging in what had formerly been a simple hobby, set to work on a series of stories in comic form based on Anne's history and her fantasies.

The comic strip, drawn under a nom de plume, was a great success. Eventually it would be turned into a radio serial, a half-dozen books, and three feature-length movies. Comic art proved so lucrative that Dr. Smallers retired from medical practice in 1935 and henceforth worked from the privacy of his estate, Annewood, until his death, at eighty, in 1968. Over six hundred comic artists traveled from all over the world to attend his funeral at St. Patrick's.

As comics developed from an amusement for children and barely literate adults to a mature art form, there was, necessarily, a broadening of scope in the subject matter they treated. Feats of strength and domestic comedy were all well and good for the hoi polloi, but comics were now coming under the critical scrutiny of men and women with more sophisticated interests. Thus, the "funnies" began to deal with the major intellectual themes of twentieth century

Fall of the House of Bau!

HI THERE, FELLOW. IT'S YOUR FRIENDLY INTERIOR *DRECKORATOR*, THE OLD BITCH, BACK AGAIN WITH A TALE OF CREEPING VULGARITY OF DETAIL, LOATHSOME BORROWING OF PERIOD ORNAMENTATION, AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE DINETTE. I CALL IT...
The DEATH of GOOD TASTE

man, and it was only natural that this expansion of scope should include the revolution in aesthetic theory which thi century heralded—a rebellion not in the fine arts, but in the "sciences" of architecture and industrial design.

Perhaps the first of the "philosopher engineers" to grasp the possibilities of the comic form was Buckminste Fuller, whose "Dymaxion Duck" was the first truly modular cartoon. Also important was the work of Walter Gropius, wh created "Form und Funktion" *for the prestigious* Bauhaus Organ. *But it was left to the genius of a young industria*

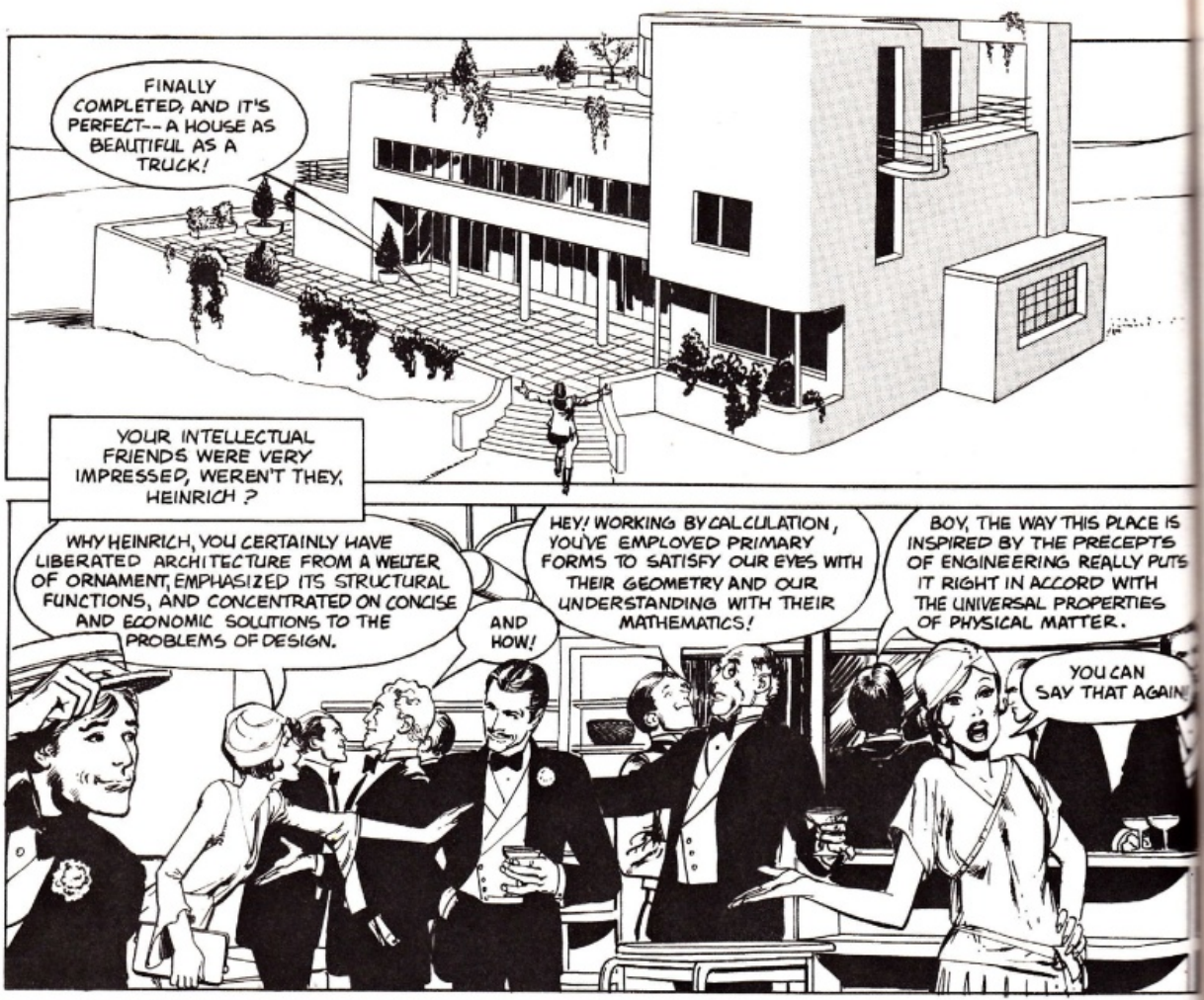
WE REMEMBER, HEINRICH OTTERBEIN, WHEN YOU WERE A STARVING YOUNG DESIGNER AT DESSAU. YOU HAD BIG PLANS FOR AN ARCHITECTURE OF SPACIAL SCIENCE CORRESPONDING TO THE TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION OF THE AGE WE LIVE IN, DIDN'T YOU? AND ALL YOU NEEDED WAS MONEY. THEN, ONE NIGHT, IT LOOKED LIKE YOUR DREAM HAD COME TRUE.
FRANKLY, THE HEROES OF THIS YAWN-YARN ARE SO TACKY THAT I WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO THEM. THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL THE STORY FROM THEIR OWN UNINTELLIGENT POINT OF VIEW!
MY AUNT WITH THE ENORMOUS FORTUNE TO WHICH I'M THE ONLY HEIR IS ON HER DEATHBED, DOC? THATS GREAT! I MEAN TERRIBLE. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.
...OR HAD IT??
HEINRICH, I'M LEAVING ALL MY MONEY TO YOU WITH ONE CONDITION-- THAT YOU PRESERVE AND MAINTAIN THE OTTERBEIN FAMILY'S GOTHIC REVIVAL CUM NEO-ITALIAN BAROQUE CHATEAU AND ALL ITS NORDIC RENAISSANCE GILT FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED IN FLORAL CHINTZES AND VELVET PLUSH WHICH TOGETHER HAVE SATISFIED MY LIFE-LONG NEED FOR A SENSE OF THEATRICALITY AND SELF-IMPORTANCE WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF BOURGEOIS PROPRIETY.
YES, AUNT HILDA.
UGH!
THE UPKEEP WILL TAKE EVERY CENT AUNT HILDA LEFT ME. AND JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO DESIGN SOME HOUSES THAT WOULD TRANSFORM MAN'S NATURE--FILLING HIM WITH THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS AND HYGIENE.
DARN IT ANYWAY.

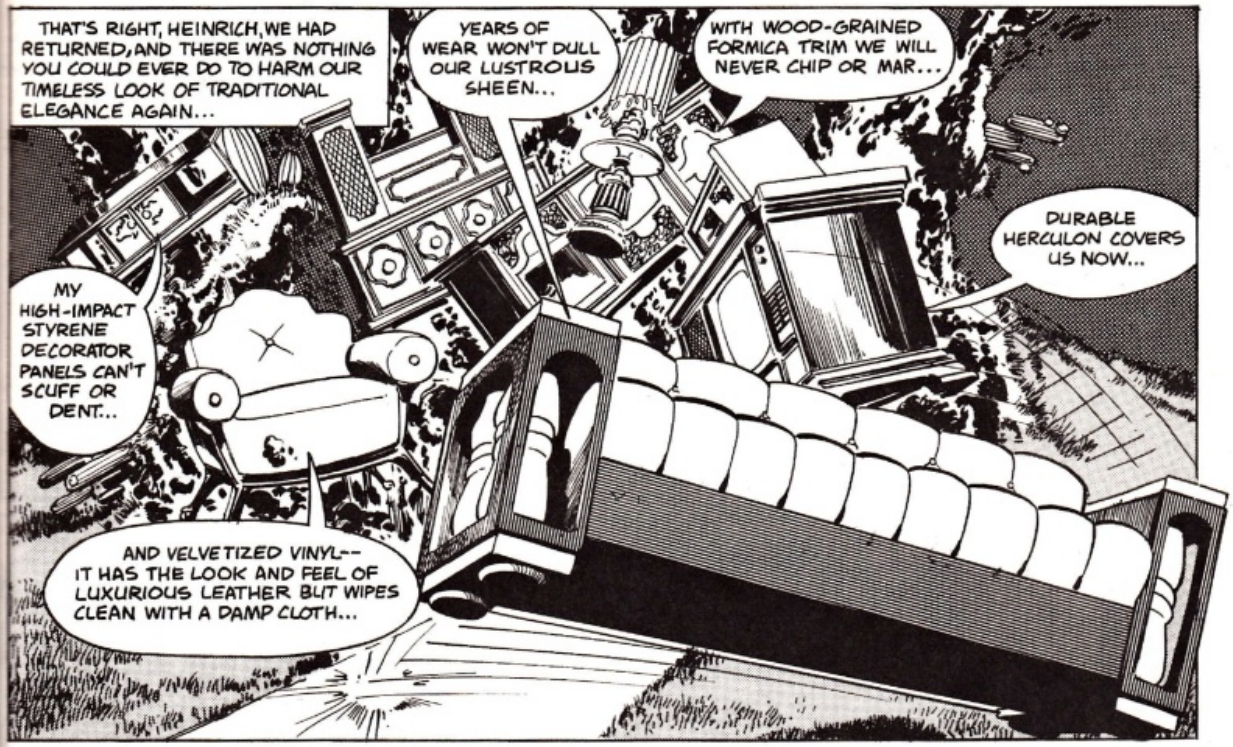
designer named Neal Adams to bring this comic trend to its fruition. For almost twenty years he drew stories about the bizarre, the terrifying, and the grotesque in style and and fashion for the Erudite Comics titles. His work was copiously praised by such luminaries as Marcel Breuer, Norman Bel Geddes, and Robert Mallet-Stevens. "Fall of the Haus of Bau," reprinted here, is considered by many to be the premier achievement in the career of a man Frank Lloyd Wright called "a living monument to ink."

YOU WEREN'T TOO HAPPY WITH THE WAY THINGS HAD TURNED OUT, WERE YOU, HEINRICH? WE COULD TELL.
THE HECK WITH THIS SOFA AND THE WAY IT EXHIBITS INSENSITIVITY TO THE BEAUTY OF PURE SHAPES AND AUTHENTICITY OF TEXTURAL SURFACES.
BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE YOU CAME UP WITH A PLAN YOU THOUGHT WOULD FIX EVERYTHING.
THERE. NOW I SPEND A MONTH ON THE RIVIERA AND LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.
WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN THAN VACATIONING IN THIS CONCRETE VILLA DESIGNED BY MIES VAN DER ROHE WITH THE VARIOUS LIVING AREAS CONSTRUCTED AS INDEPENDENT CUBES SET AT ANGLES TO EACH OTHER TO FORM COURTS AND PATIOS, THE RESULT BEING A CLEARLY ARTICULATED PLAN WHICH EMPHASIZES AN INTERPLAY OF SURFACE AND MASS BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND ITS NATURAL SETTING?
AND BY NOW, CHATEAU OTTERBEIN SHOULD BE NOTHING BUT ASHES!

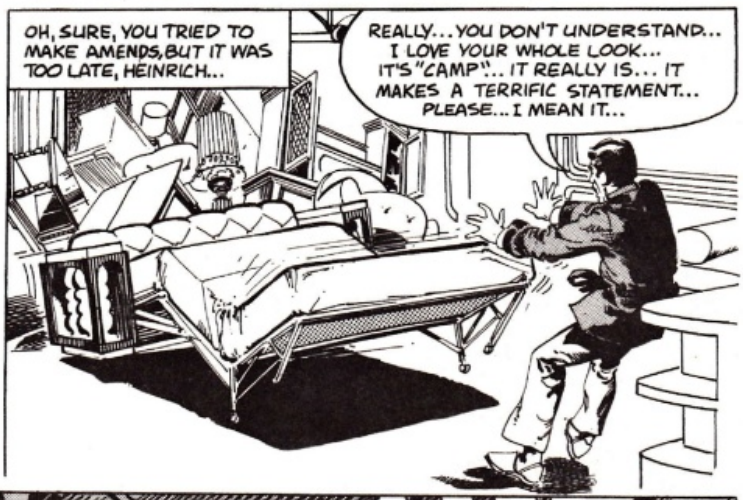
YES, YOUR PLAN HAD WORKED...
HERR OTTERBEIN!! A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED!! YOUR FAMILY'S GOTHIC REVIVAL CUM NEO-ITALIAN BAROQUE CHATEAU HAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!
OH GOD...
"THE PLAN IS THE GENERATOR. SO MUCH THE WORSE FOR THOSE WHO LACK IMAGINATION."
-CHARLES-EDOUARD JEANNERET
CHAPTER 2, PAGE 45
VERS UNE ARCHITECTURE
EDITIONS CRÈS
PARIS, 1923.
BUT GOOD FORTUNE, HERR OTTERBEIN!! WE WERE ABLE TO SAVE THE NORDIC RENAISSANCE GILT FURNITURE!
AND WHAT LUCK!! THE FLORAL CHINTZ AND VELVET PLUSH UPHOLSTERY HAS NOT BEEN SPOILED.
...WELL, ALMOST WORKED.
WE HAVE COVERED IT WITH SHEETS OF NEWLY INVENTED PLASTIC.
A COMPLETELY WATERPROOF SYNTHETIC THAT WILL NOT CRACK OR YELLOW.
EASY TO CARE FOR AND INEXPENSIVE, ALSO.
FATE HAD TRICKED YOU AGAIN, HEINRICH. BUT WE TREMBLED WHEN WE SAW THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES, FOR YOU WERE A CLEVER YOUNG MAN-- CLEVER AND PERSISTENT...
ANOTHER FIRE WOULD BE TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT, AS A MODERN DESIGNER WITH UP-TO-DATE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC ADVANCES, I'M FAMILIAR WITH MANY REMARKABLE PROPERTIES OF THE PLASTIC MOLECULE. PERHAPS...
AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE YOU HAD ANOTHER PLAN.
SODIUM BROMIDE POWDER PLUS A NATURAL ULTRA-VIOLET TREATMENT FROM THE SUN'S OWN RAYS SHOULD HAVE THE EFFECT I DESIRE.

WE REMEMBER. WE REMEMBER HOW THE HOT SUN BEAT DOWN AND YOUR CHEMICALS TURNED THE PROTECTIVE LAYERS OF PLASTIC INTO A HIDEOUS SLIME, SEEPING THROUGH UPHOLSTERY, COATING GILDED WOOD, PENETRATING EVERYTHING WITH ITS DISGUSTING OOZE.
OUR DEEPEST APOLOGIES FOR THE NEWLY INVENTED SHEETS OF PLASTIC, HERR OTTERBEIN. NEVER AGAIN WILL WE DEPART FROM THE USE OF TRADITIONAL MATERIALS PRODUCED LOCALLY BY HAND.
A PERFECT PLACE FOR MY CACTUS GARDEN.
AT LAST YOU WERE FREE TO GO AHEAD WITH YOUR SCHEMES.
... AND MAKE SURE THE OLD OBSESSION WITH THE HOLLOW SHAM OF AXIAL SYMMETRY IS REPLACED BY A VITAL RHYTHMIC EQUILIBRIUM OF FREE ASYMMETRICAL GROUPINGS.

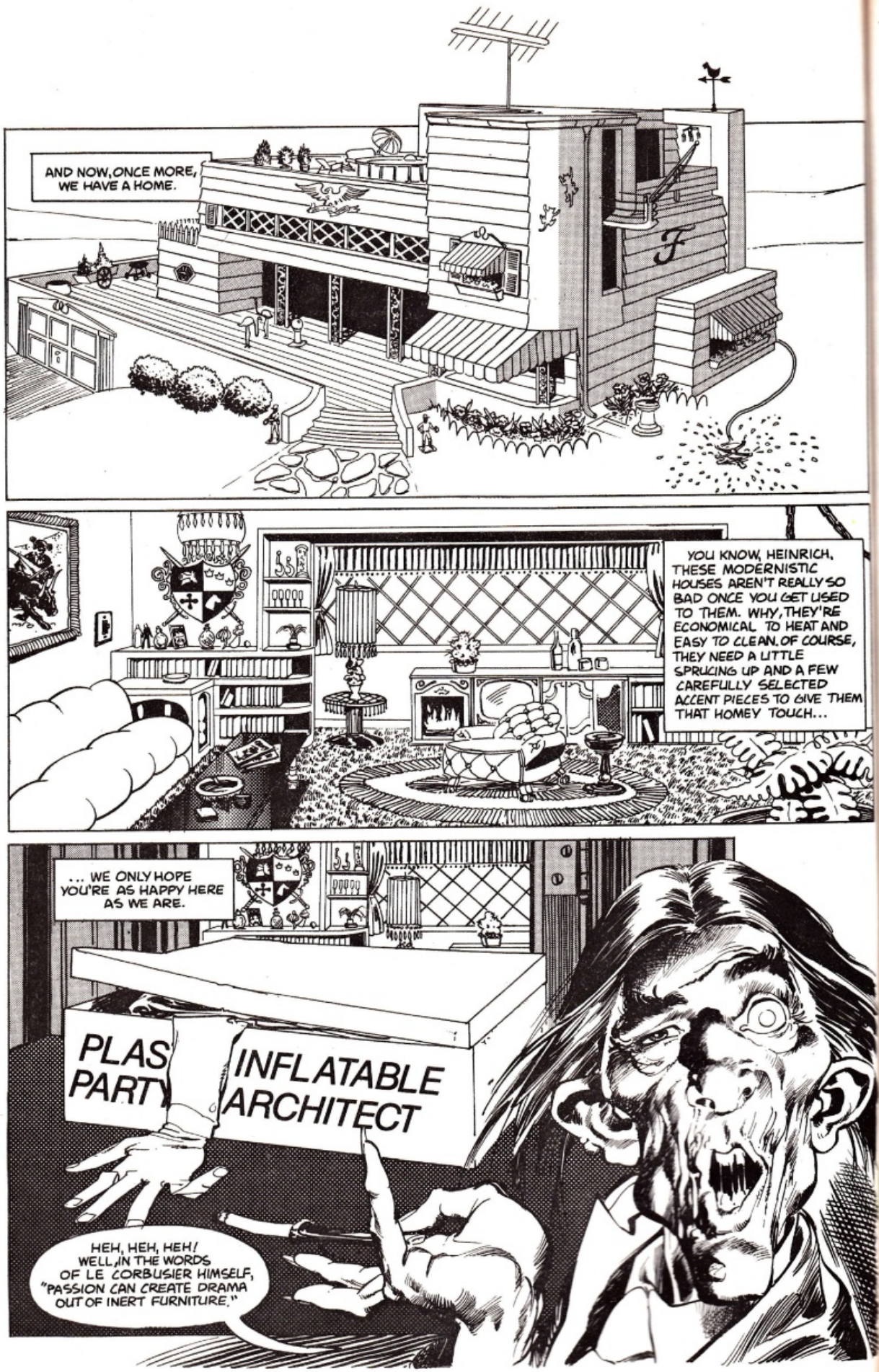

FINALLY COMPLETED, AND IT'S PERFECT-- A HOUSE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A TRUCK!
YOUR INTELLECTUAL FRIENDS WERE VERY IMPRESSED, WEREN'T THEY, HEINRICH ?
WHY HEINRICH, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE LIBERATED ARCHITECTURE FROM A WELTER OF ORNAMENT, EMPHASIZED ITS STRUCTURAL FUNCTIONS, AND CONCENTRATED ON CONCISE AND ECONOMIC SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEMS OF DESIGN.
AND HOW!
HEY! WORKING BY CALCULATION, YOU'VE EMPLOYED PRIMARY FORMS TO SATISFY OUR EYES WITH THEIR GEOMETRY AND OUR UNDERSTANDING WITH THEIR MATHEMATICS!
BOY, THE WAY THIS PLACE IS INSPIRED BY THE PRECEPTS OF ENGINEERING REALLY PUTS IT RIGHT IN ACCORD WITH THE UNIVERSAL PROPERTIES OF PHYSICAL MATTER.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
AND WHEN THE PARTY WAS OVER, YOU WHERE FEELING PRETTY SELF-SATISFIED.
I BET I END UP ALTERING MODERN THINKING ABOUT HUMAN HABITATION; BOTH IN INDIVIDUAL UNITS AND ENTIRE CIVIC COMPLEXES...
WE'D BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT PLANNING THINGS, HEINRICH, BUT EVEN THE BEST OF PLANNERS CAN MAKE MISTAKES. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU INVESTIGATED THE EFFECTS THAT SODIUM BROMIDE AND ULTRAVIOLET RAYS HAVE ON CERTAIN PLASTICS...
HOPE THIS RAIN DOESN'T RUIN MY CACTUS GARDEN.
...MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE INVESTIGATED THE EFFECTS THAT SODIUM BROMIDE AND ULTRAVIOLET RAYS HAVE ON CERTAIN PLASTICS WHEN THEY'RE MIXED WITH...
WATER!


THAT'S RIGHT, HEINRICH, WE HAD RETURNED, AND THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD EVER DO TO HARM OUR TIMELESS LOOK OF TRADITIONAL ELEGANCE AGAIN...
YEARS OF WEAR WON'T DULL OUR LUSTROUS SHEEN...
WITH WOOD-GRAINED FORMICA TRIM WE WILL NEVER CHIP OR MAR...
DURABLE HERCULON COVERS US NOW...
MY HIGH-IMPACT STYRENE DECORATOR PANELS CAN'T SCUFF OR DENT...
AND VELVETIZED VINYL-- IT HAS THE LOOK AND FEEL OF LUXURIOUS LEATHER BUT WIPES CLEAN WITH A DAMP CLOTH...

OH NO!!


OH, SURE, YOU TRIED TO MAKE AMENDS, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, HEINRICH...
REALLY... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I LOVE YOUR WHOLE LOOK... IT'S "CAMP"... IT REALLY IS... IT MAKES A TERRIFIC STATEMENT... PLEASE... I MEAN IT...

EEEYAAAH!


AND NOW, ONCE MORE, WE HAVE A HOME.
YOU KNOW, HEINRICH, THESE MODERNISTIC HOUSES AREN'T REALLY SO BAD ONCE YOU GET USED TO THEM. WHY, THEY'RE ECONOMICAL TO HEAT AND EASY TO CLEAN. OF COURSE, THEY NEED A LITTLE SPRUCING UP AND A FEW CAREFULLY SELECTED ACCENT PIECES TO GIVE THEM THAT HOMEY TOUCH...
... WE ONLY HOPE YOU'RE AS HAPPY HERE AS WE ARE.
PLAS PART
INFLATABLE ARCHITECT
HEH, HEH, HEH! WELL, IN THE WORDS OF LE CORBUSIER HIMSELF, "PASSION CAN CREATE DRAMA OUT OF INERT FURNITURE."

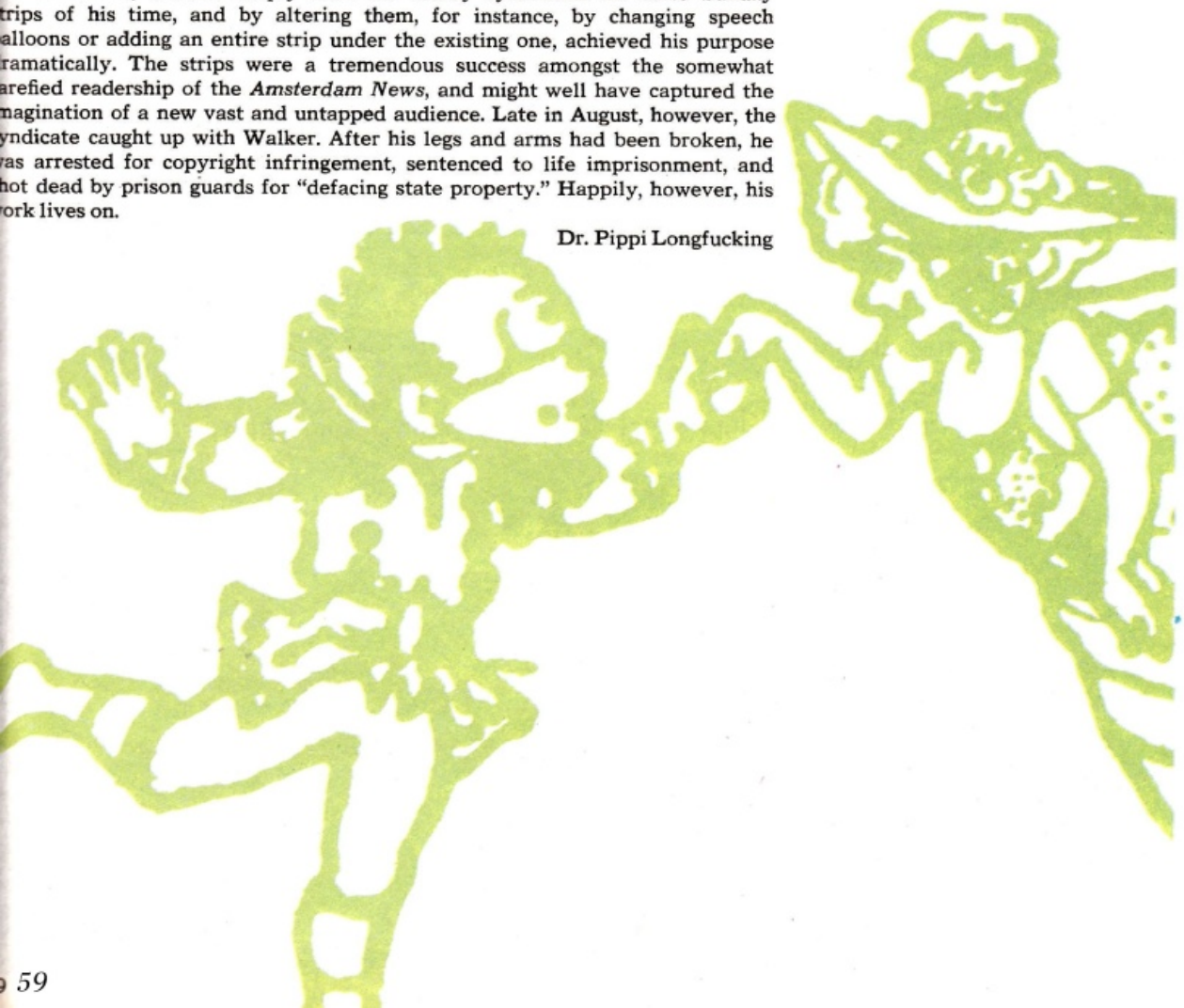
The Negro and the Comics, or, What's Black and White and Colored All Over?

Controversy has raged throughout the history of the comical form concerning the role of the Negro therein. Proponents of the "coon" form—the diminutive figure with lips like bike tires and a limitless capacity for humiliation and dismemberment—held undisputed sway during the early comics, thus providing their usually cretinous denizens with a worthy and ever-present butt, even lower on the DNA scale than they themselves. Answers to questions concerning the offensiveness of these portrayals ranged from those which claimed Negroes were too stupid to understand the comics in any case, to those which claimed they were too intelligent. In short, no attempt was made, during the first third of the twentieth century, to introduce sympathetic black characters, nor was there any attempt to develop a readership among blacks, most of whom admittedly displayed rather less interest in the antics of cute immigrant characters than in finding enough pig offal to make it through the night.

The Harlem renaissance of the early nineteen-thirties, however, provided an unprecedented opportunity for change. As the assertiveness of the artists and thinkers involved filtered down to a lower cultural level, the possibility of Negroes finally participating in mainstream functions of American life—purchase of large objects, appearance in motion pictures, etc.—became ever greater. It could only be a matter of time before someone would foresee the need for comics catering to the newly aware Negro reader.

The moment arrived in 1932. The editor of the Sunday edition of the *Amsterdam News*, a New York Negro journal, premiered his very first funnies, "All-Negro Comics," in July of that year. Coalhouse Walker IV, the editor in question, had, however, a greater purpose than merely creating comics for Negroes. He wished to dramatize the total relationship of the Negro to his white counterparts as well. An avid follower of W. E. B. duBois, Marcus Garvey, and Father Divine, Walker simply took the widely syndicated all-white Sunday strips of his time, and by altering them, for instance, by changing speech balloons or adding an entire strip under the existing one, achieved his purpose dramatically. The strips were a tremendous success amongst the somewhat rarefied readership of the *Amsterdam News*, and might well have captured the imagination of a new vast and untapped audience. Late in August, however, the syndicate caught up with Walker. After his legs and arms had been broken, he was arrested for copyright infringement, sentenced to life imprisonment, and shot dead by prison guards for "defacing state property." Happily, however, his work lives on.

Dr. Pippi Longfucking



Lancelot Du Lac
IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR
BY MARIOTTA
OUR STORY: IN THE LUSH MEDE BENEATH THE OAK OF DEATH, LANCELOT AND THE WHITE KNIGHT WERE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT.
THE CLANGOR OF THEIR MIGHTY BROADSWORDS ECHOED THROUGH THE GREEN TRANQUILLITY OF THE DEW-KISSED FIELDS.
AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED IN LANCELOT'S FAVOR, THE HARD-PRESSED WHITE KNIGHT BELLOWED FOR HIS MINIONS. YET THE FURY OF THEIR ONSLAUGHT COWED LANCELOT NOT A JOT, AND THE DOUGHTY WARRIOR YIELDED NO INCH OF GROUND.
AS THE DAY WORE ON AND STILL THE BATTLE RAGED UNABATED, THE WHITE KNIGHT SENT WORD TO HIS SURROUNDING FIEFS THAT THEIR ASSISTANCE WAS NEEDED.
FROM MILES AROUND CAME KNOTTED CRAGGY SERFS AS STRONG AS THE OAK WHOSE CURSE THEIR MASTER SOUGHT TO FULFILL. YET THE TIRELESS LOVER OF GUINEVERE FOUGHT ON. ONE MAN AGAINST SCORES, AND STILL HE WOULD NOT YIELD.
NEXT WEEK: A BROKEN SWORD

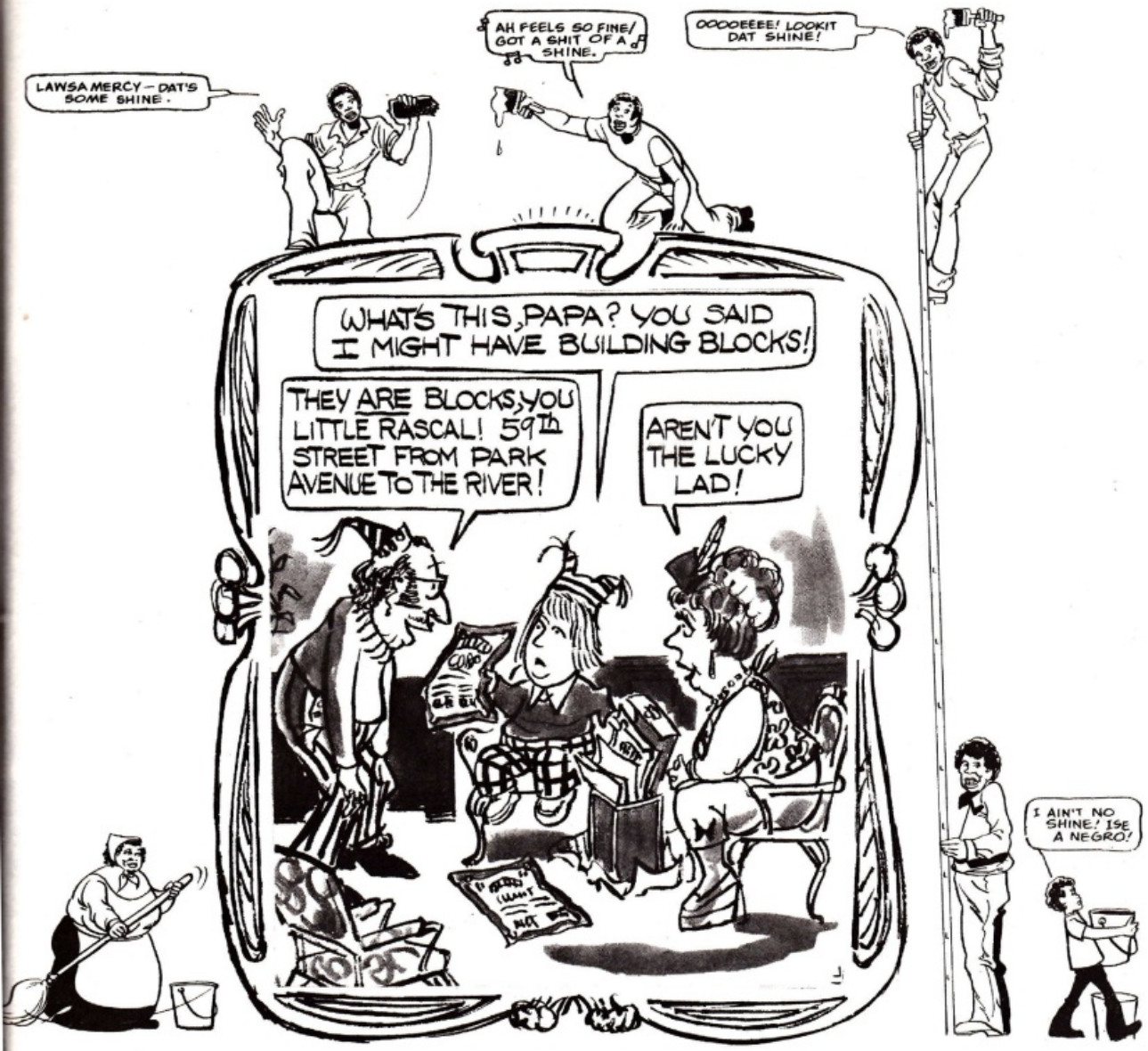
FLYING ACES
IT'S VON FURTSLOCHEL, ALL RIGHT! WHO'S GOING UP AFTER HIM?
ME! ME! I'LL GET HIM! LET ME AT THAT HUN!

NO ONE, EH? WHAT ARE THE ACES COMING TO? HOW ABOUT YOU, GINGER?
LET ME FLY IT! I DON'T CARE! I CAN FLY ANYTHING! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
IT'S MADNESS, BART! WE'VE ONE SPAD BETWEEN US, AND THAT KITE WON'T HOLD TOGETHER FOR A SECOND!

THIS IS THE KRAUT WHO DID FOR BERTIE, LADS! AND PINKIE! AND TOMMY! AND LITTLE BILLIE! WE'VE GOT TO DO IT FOR THEM!!!
GEE, BART, WE...
LOOK-- I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY! ANYTHING! JUST LET ME UP THERE AT THAT JERRY BASTARD!

VERY WELL, THEN, I'LL TAKE HER UP MYSELF! THE HONOR OF THE ACES IS AT STAKE!
AND GET THAT NIGGER OUT OF HERE!

Crowbar! Where're my slippers?
The dog ate 'em.
DAMMN! DIS PLACE SHO' A MESS.
WE BES' HUSTLE AH BUTTS AN' FIX DE LEAK.
Where's the paper, then.
The dog ate it.
DE LEAK? HOW WE GON' FIN' DE LEAK?
HMMM. I RECCAMENS DAT WE COMMENCE BY FINDIN' DE PIPES.
Well, where's the...
DE PIPES? I DON'T SEE NO PIPES. ALL I SPIES IS WATEH.
YOU ONE DUM' BUNN WHERE YOU SPOSE WATEH CUM FUM?
AT MY HOUSE, WATEH CUM OUT DE PIPES.
DAT'S RITE. SO ALLS WE GOTS TO DO IS TRACE DIS HEAH WATEH BACK TO DE PIPES IT BUST OUT OF.
I wonder if the dog's still hungry?
LAWD HAB MERCY! WE BEIN' DROWNDERIZED!
WHY MUST THE POOR NEGRO ALWAYS BE BURDENED WITH THESE THANKLESS TASKS?

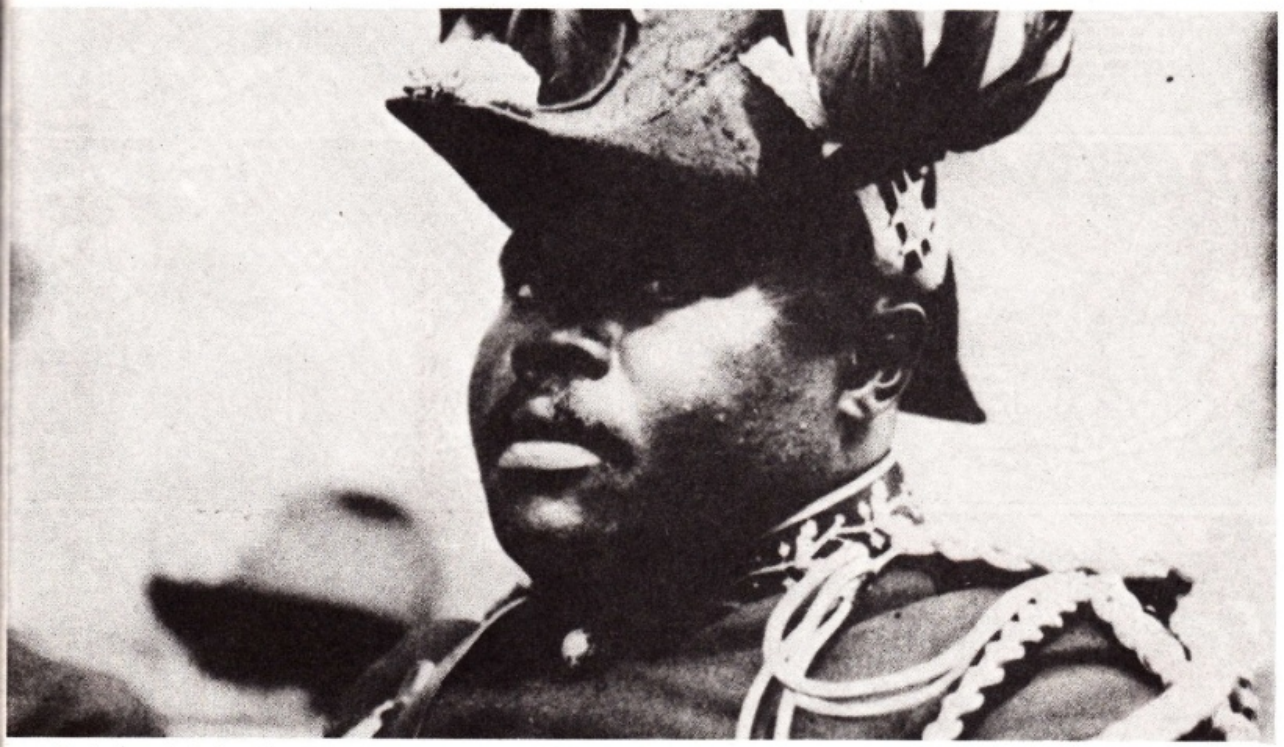

LAWSA MERCY – DAT'S SOME SHINE.
AH FEELS SO FINE/ GOT A SHIT OF A SHINE.
OOOOEEEE! LOOKIT DAT SHINE!
WHAT'S THIS, PAPA? YOU SAID I MIGHT HAVE BUILDING BLOCKS!
THEY ARE BLOCKS, YOU LITTLE RASCAL! 59TH STREET FROM PARK AVENUE TO THE RIVER!
AREN'T YOU THE LUCKY LAD!
I AIN'T NO SHINE! ISE A NEGRO!

HUNTER WHITE JUNGLE AGENT
FEAR NOT, GWEN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GIBBERING BABOONS!
HALLO!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
WE'RE NEGROES!
REPEAL THE POLL TAX!
I'VE BEEN TO COLLEGE!
TRINA

THAT SHOULD PUT THE FEAR OF GOD INTO THEIR WOOLLY HEATHEN HEADS!
STAND BACK, GIVE THAT MAN AIR!
OPEN HEART SURGERY WAS FIRST PERFORMED BY A NEGRO!
TUSKEEGEE IS FAMOUS FOR ITS AGRONOMISTS!

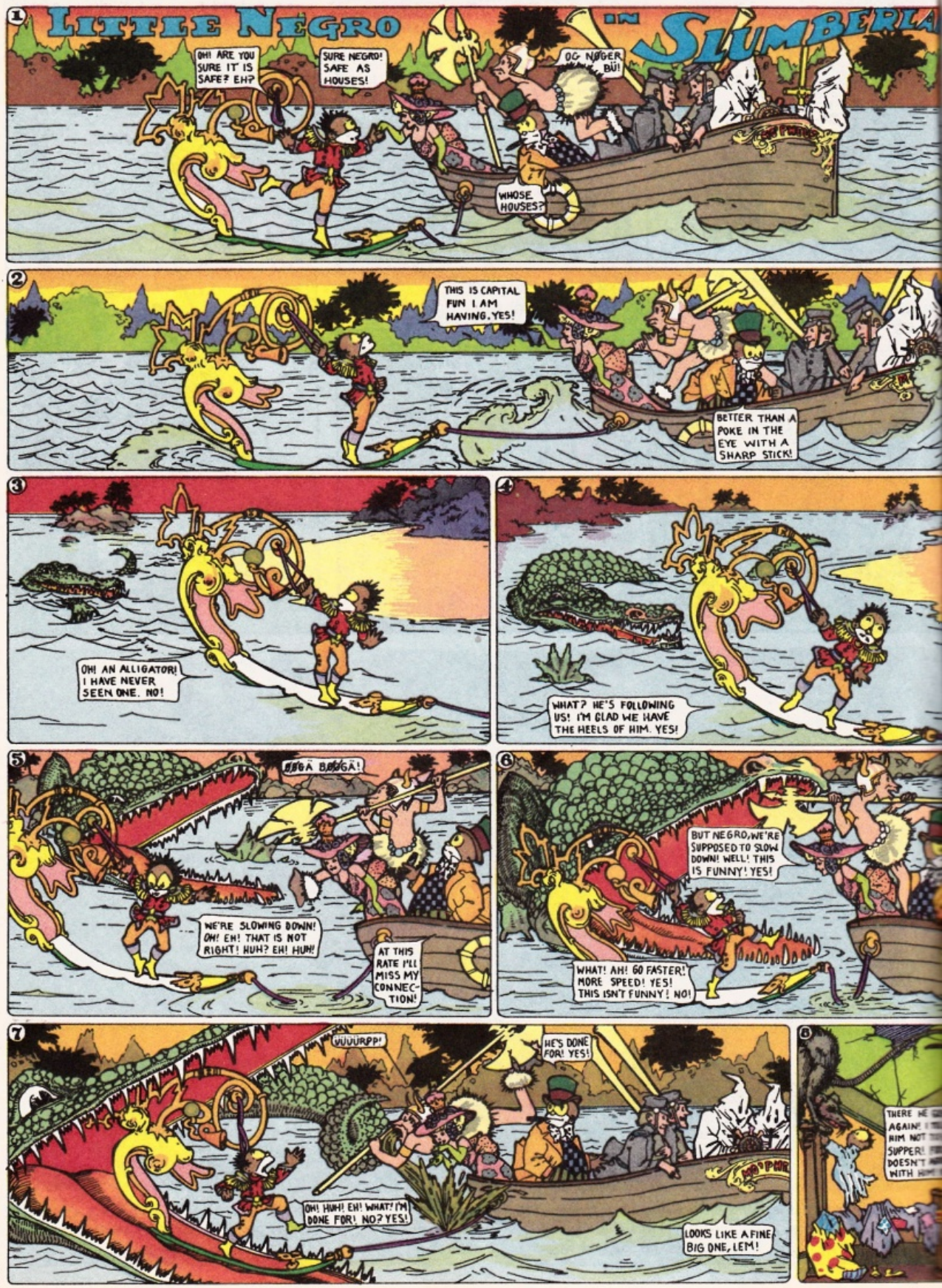
GET BACK, YOU GROVELING GOLLIWOGS!
CALL US NEGROES, PLEASE!
WE'RE NEGROES!
HALLO!
HAVE YOU READ RICHARD WRIGHT?
WHAT DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DUBOIS' POSITION ON SEPARATISM?

MGWALA UMBAKA
THE NAACP HAS ALWAYS COOPERATED WITH ANY ATTEMPT TO FURTHER INTEGRATION.
BUT SURELY ITS GRADUALISM IS HARDLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE AVERAGE WORKING-CLASS NEGRO?
I HEAR RALPH BUNCHE IS SEEING LENA HORNE! LUCKY RALPH! A. PHILIP RANDOLPH IS A FINE NEGRO! INDEED HE IS! DID YOU GO TO HIS PARTY? THERE WAS FRENCH WHISKY AND EVERYTHING!
WHY, IT'S PUTANA!
GOOD-BYE!
WE MUST GO NOW!
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE!
DO COME AGAIN!
WE'RE NEGROES!
A BLACK SKIN ALWAYS CONCEALS A YELLOW BELLY, EH, GWEN?



So beloved of the Afro-Americans were these "All-Negro Comics" that charismatic leader Marcus Garvey, emulating Fiorello La Guardia, personally beat out their savage rhythms upon the "jungle telegraph" in Liberia to make his novice colonists feel at home. Nonetheless, no airport was named after him.

Winsor McCay, whose turbulent secret love life was one of the best-kept secrets of the early comics, was respons for the exquisite and haunting "Little Negro in Slumberland." When first approached to do a strip by the New Y Herald, *McCay requested that he be allowed to base it on his son. The paper agreed, not realizing that McCay's p mour of the moment was a beautiful one-legged Abyssinian who lived in Redhook. When the* Herald *found out pigmentation of the central character, it prevailed upon McCay to base the strip instead on his legitimate son, wh he despised. In retrospect, the paper's action can only be deplored.*


LITTLE NEGRO IN SLUMBERLA
1
OH! ARE YOU SURE IT IS SAFE? EH?
SURE NEGRO! SAFE AS HOUSES!
OO NIGGER BU!
WHOSE HOUSES?
2
THIS IS CAPITAL FUN I AM HAVING. YES!
BETTER THAN A POKE IN THE EYE WITH A SHARP STICK!
3
OH! AN ALLIGATOR! I HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE. NO!
4
WHAT? HE'S FOLLOWING US! I'M GLAD WE HAVE THE HEELS OF HIM. YES!
5
BRRRÄ BRRRÄ!
WE'RE SLOWING DOWN! OH! EH! THAT IS NOT RIGHT! HUH? EH! HUH!
AT THIS RATE I'LL MISS MY CONNECTION!
6
BUT NEGRO, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SLOW DOWN! WELL! THIS IS FUNNY! YES!
WHAT! AH! GO FASTER! MORE SPEED! YES! THIS ISN'T FUNNY! NO!
7
HUUURPP!
HE'S DONE FOR! YES!
OH! HUH! EH! WHAT! I'M DONE FOR! NO? YES!
LOOKS LIKE A FINE BIG ONE, LEM!
8
THERE HE
AGAIN
HIM NOT
SUPPER!
DOESN'T
WITH

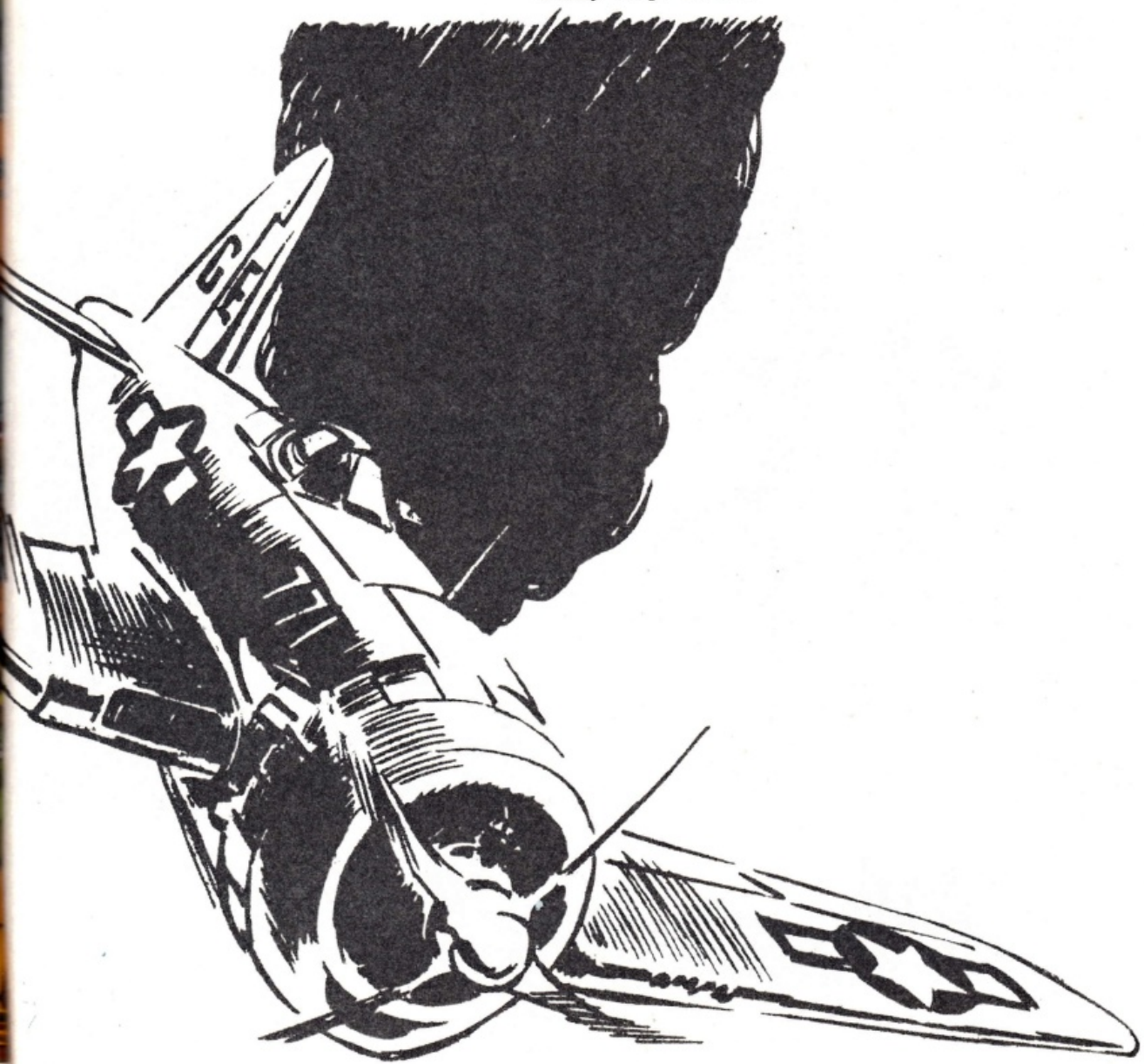
The Comics Go to War

World War Two! Who can hear those words without a quickening of the pulse, a tear in the eye, a twitch in the trousers? No sooner had the American troops invaded than from the brothels of Europe did the cry ring out, "The Yanks are coming!"

The home front mobilized, too. Van Johnson donned photogenic khakis and rubber-bayoneted every uninterred Nipponese actor in California. Towns with vaguely Germanic names changed them. The Green Hornet's chauffeur was suddenly Korean. And the comics went to war. One by one, the caped superheroes of the funny pages captured the Axis leaders. Cowboys lassoed Tojo. Paranoid, anthropomorphic ducks spit in Hitler's face. Flag-clad musclemen single-handedly sabotaged whole panzer divisions of cruel but brainless Teutons. And when it was all over, totalitarianism, colonialism, and racism had been defeated. The comics had won.

Of course, the "other side" had comics, too. And it is only fair, now that the Germans and Japanese are our allies, that their films, posters, and comics have become delectable collectors' items wherever, in this great country, "camp" is synonymous with "nostalgia for Fascism." German and Japanese war comics are, therefore, presented here.

Clancy "Strips" Bracket



At the height of World War II, when American troops were fighting their bloody battles with the Germans, Hitler's propaganda minister, Josef Goebbels, devised a plan to crush the morale of our GIs. He created a comic strip that would prey on our soldiers' biggest fear—not of dying, but the deep-rooted fear that their wives or sweethearts were cheating on them.

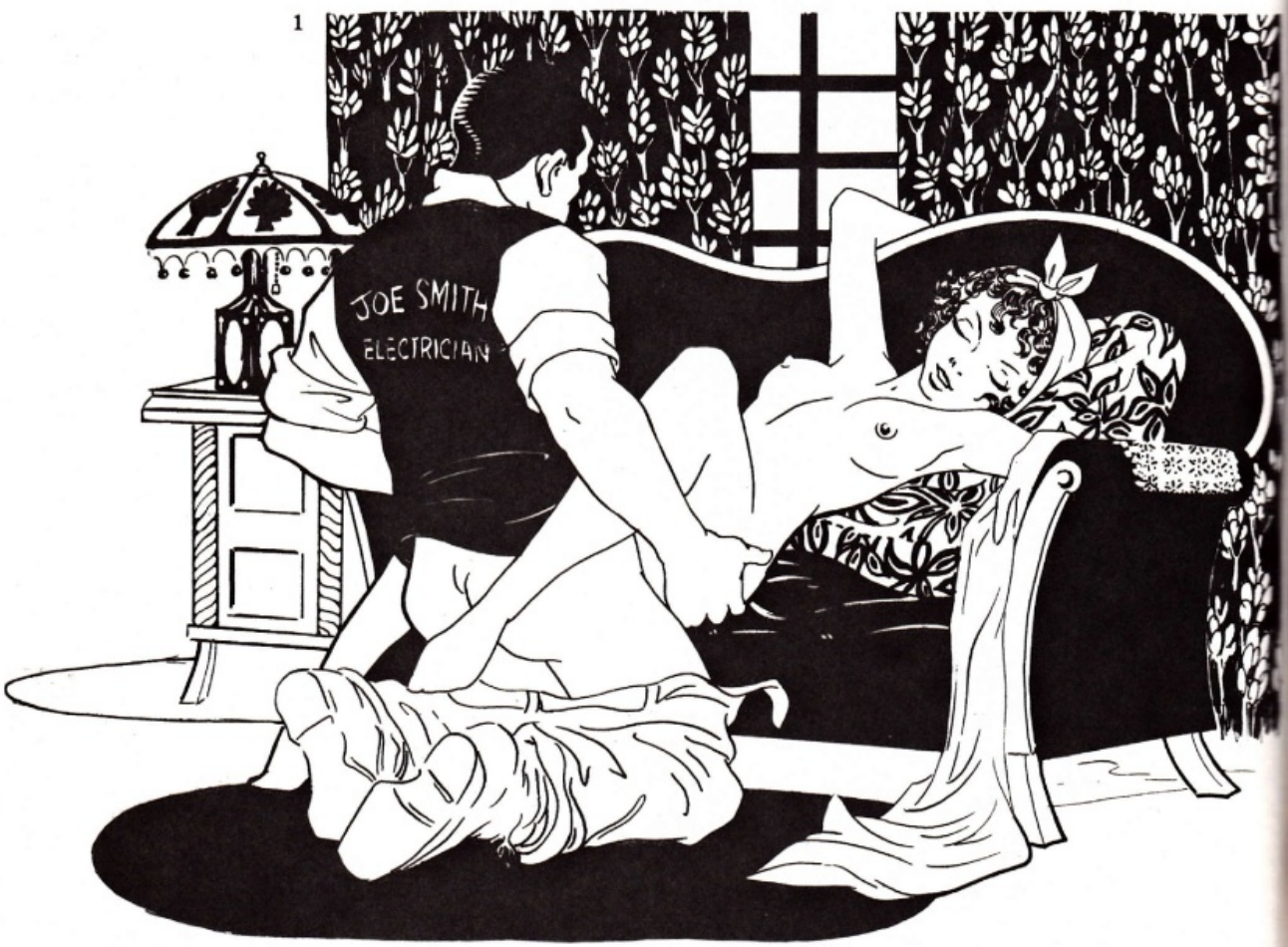
Goebbels played on one of our basest emotions—jealousy. As a skilled propagandist, he relied on the repetition of one simple theme—the classic case of the lonely, sex-starved housewife giving in to temptation and getting "serviced" by a visiting tradesman.

The strips were designed as one large panel and produced as leaflets, which were dropped into the American trenches by German bombers. The characters were invariably an outrageously curvy, Varga-type girl (your typical American housewife) in the throes of ecstasy as her "servicer" (incredibly handsome, virile, and well-hung) gives her the ultimate in sexual satisfaction. The captions tried to link the serviceman's trade to the sexual acts in a risqué, highly suggestive manner, but were often crude and heavy-handed, since the Germans were unfamiliar with American slang.

When the war started going badly for the Germans, the strips became more unrealistic, echoing the mounting desperation and hysteria of the high command. Goebbels and his cartoonists departed from straightforward sex and became more personal, drawing upon their own sado-masochistic erotic fantasies (note illustration 4, where the formerly sex-starved housewife is now the dominant figure). Goebbels terminated "Getting Serviced" a few months before joining Adolf Hitler in the doomsday bunker. By that time the end was near, and even comic book illustrators and writers were conscripted to the front.

Today it's easy to laugh at the vulgarity and crudeness of these strips. But to a soldier stuck in a trench in the middle of nowhere, they planted a surprisingly effective seed of jealousy. Under those gross exaggerations was the very real possibility that something fishy might be happening at home. Speaking of something fishy, where is your wife today, while you're out working your fingers to the bone? Perhaps she's getting "serviced" at this very moment by the TV repairman, the rug shampooer, or the ever-popular delivery boy!

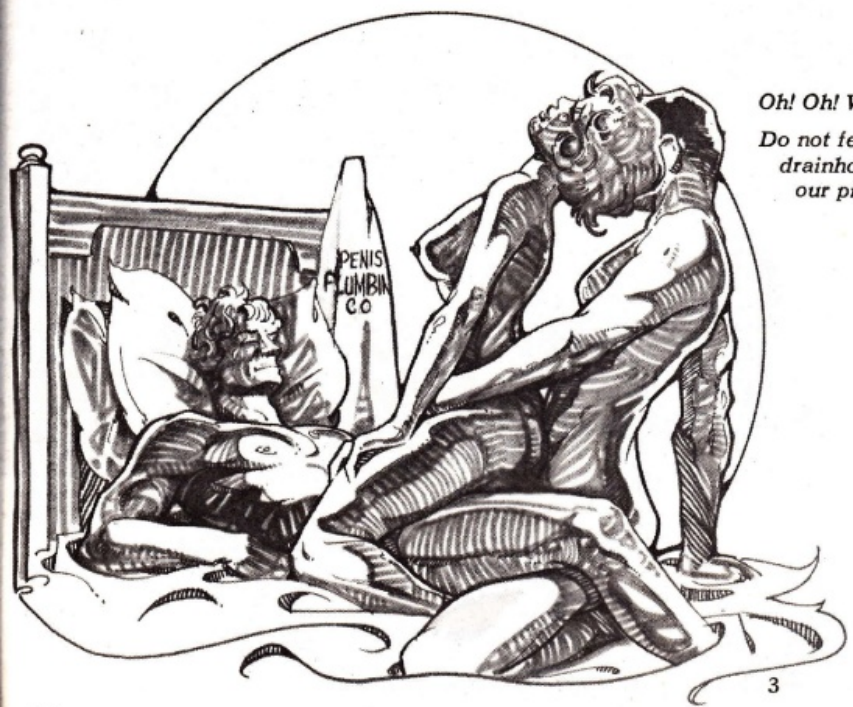
1



You have a much bigger bulb than my husband. Screw it into me once more.
With pleasure, Mrs. Jones. Your fusebag is working just fine. I can feel the juices flowing.

2

Aaaah . . . you are the cream of human kindness, Mr. White. My husband is away, so do come again.



3

Oh! Oh! What divine service! Don't stop pumping!

Do not fear, Mrs. Cohen. We have found your drainholes and we will pump them with our pipes.

Before I whip you and allow you to lick my shoes you must service my cint with this wurst until I am high and dry.

4

War is rarely a funny business, as a look at any war cartoons dated before World War II will readily demonstrate. The war correspondent sketches which appeared in the British *Punch*, and later on in the American *Liberty*, never really exhibited more than the first glimmerings of true humor. They were invariably patriotic and propagandistic in content, and this inevitably undermined their humor. As long as the military cartoonist functioned as a dedicated apologist for the big brass, his art was bound to suffer for it.

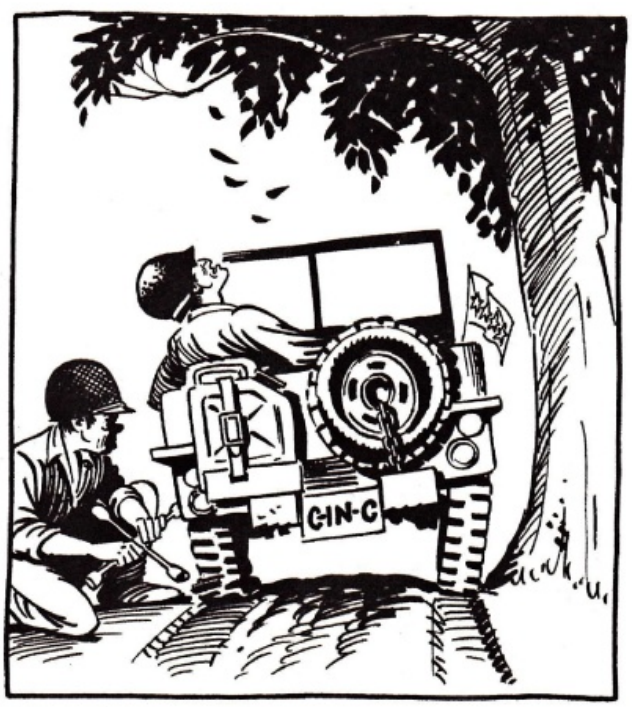
Leave it, then, for an American to wriggle out of this dilemma: Bill Maudlin, in whose quintessential American dogfaces, Billie and Moe, the fighting Yank of World War II found his ribald apotheosis. Ragged, exhausted, and laden with every variety of mud and louse in war-torn Europe, Maudlin's down-home antiheroes tickled their enlisted counterparts and confounded their upper echelon superiors with panel after panel of trenchant proletarian wit. As the army's single most popular contributor to the daily *Stars 'n' Stripes*, Maudlin, from 1941-45, enjoyed considerable freedom from high-level interference with his art—and he reveled in it.

Maudlin had a natural empathy with his cynical doughboy audience. The "rear echelon," first of all, was greatly to be despised. Anyone with more than two stripes on his sleeve was bound to be either a clown or a coward, although the *real* dregs were our so-called allies, those Brits and Frogs who had called us over there to bail them out of a mess. Billie and Moe captured more than anything else America's contempt and distrust of these weird foreigners for whom we were fighting a war.

Beyond this, though, it was the technical versimilitude of Maudlin's panels that endeared him to the troops. He pictured the very latest GI hardware as it developed—and sometimes *before* it developed—thus reflecting the "average" American's fascination with his emerging technology. In addition, Billie and Moe were solidly situated in the real world. In whatever theater of war they operated—mud-smothered Anzio, clap-ridden France, lousy old North Africa, or pathetic England—the surroundings were drawn with an eye to local detail, and the locality often mentioned in the captions. Frequently, Billie and Moe told their long-suffering readers where they might have to march a week in the future, thus lending the lonely troops a feeling of close fellowship in alien territory—and just incidentally twisting the noses of the outraged military censors.

Of course, sometimes there was hell to pay. The young Maudlin came perilously close, toward the end of the war, to appearing before a court of military inquiry to answer hysterical charges of collusion with the Axis, but the charade was quickly dropped in the teeth of mutinous rank and file outrage. And although Billie and Moe melted inobtrusively back into the postwar economy, Bill Maudlin has gone on to become the favorite political cartoonist of the American counterculture.

"HELL OF A NOTE! THEY SPEND FOUR MILLION TO DESIGN A NEW GAS MASK, AND ALL THE KRAUTS HAVE TO DO IS REDUCE THEIR GAS EMULSION RATIO TO 1:1000 AT SEA-LEVEL PRESSURE, AND IT SEEPS RIGHT PAST THE FILTER!"

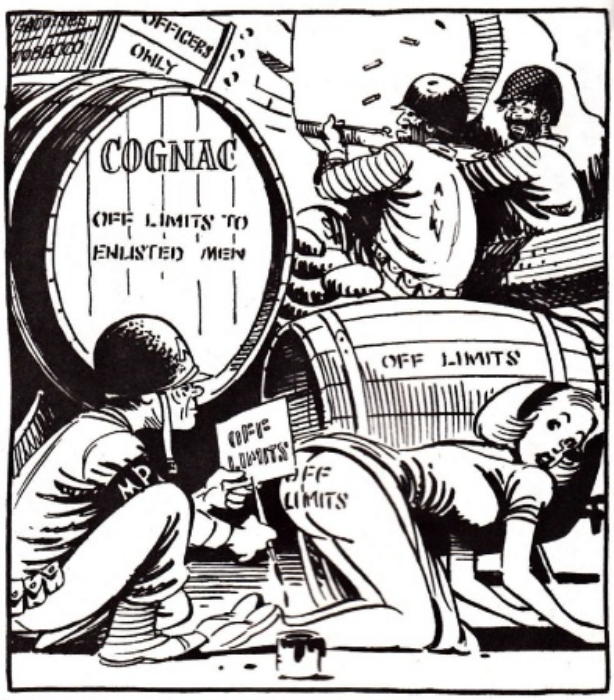


"IT'S OKAY, GENERAL EISENHOWER, IT WASN'T A GUNSHOT, HONEST! YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, SIR, NOBODY'S SHOOTING AT US!"

"WELL, IF YOU KNOW A ***BETTER*** 'OLE, DUCKIES, GO **TO** IT!"

"REAR ECHELON!"

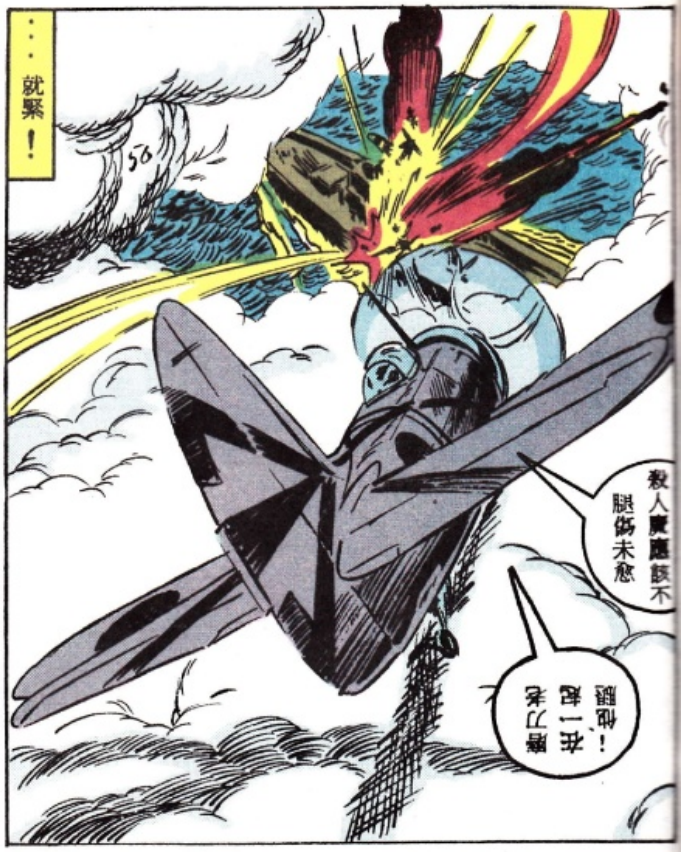
"WE EAT TONIGHT! I THINK I GOT A TROUT IN MY BOOT!"



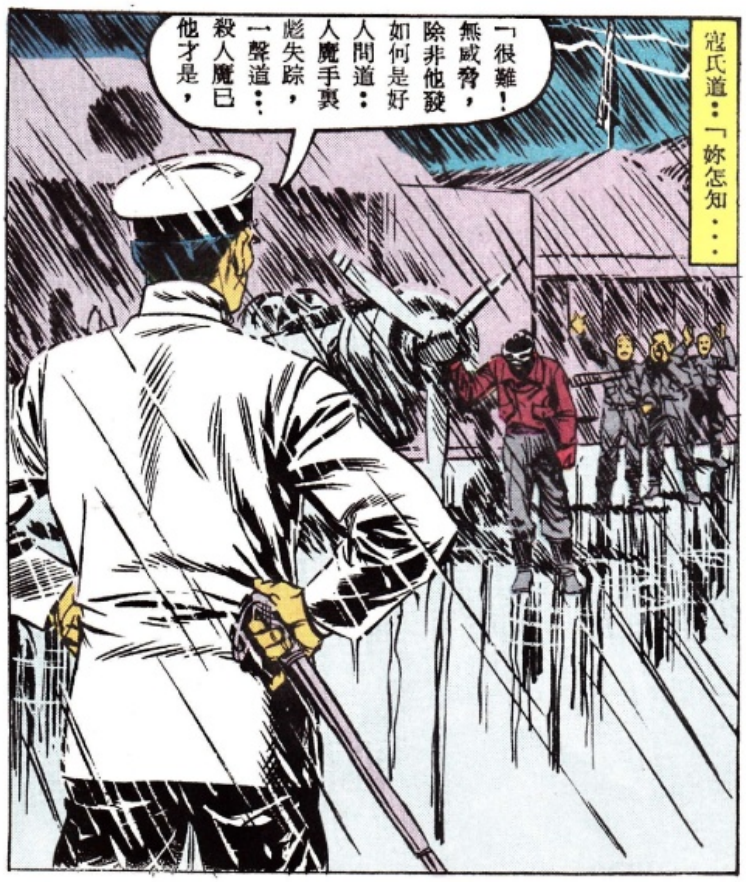
"AMAZING, AIN'T IT? THEM GUYS DON'T MISS A STEP!"

Despite its bizarre psychological underpinnings, this 1945 story concerning a disgraced kamikaze pilot, foiled on his first suicide mission by inclement weather, was considered "patriotic" by misguided yellow fans. Found between the lead covers of a copybook amid the rubble of a Hiroshima schoolhouse, "The Littlest Cherry Blossom" underscores the difference between diving a grenade with your helmet and a warship with your plane.

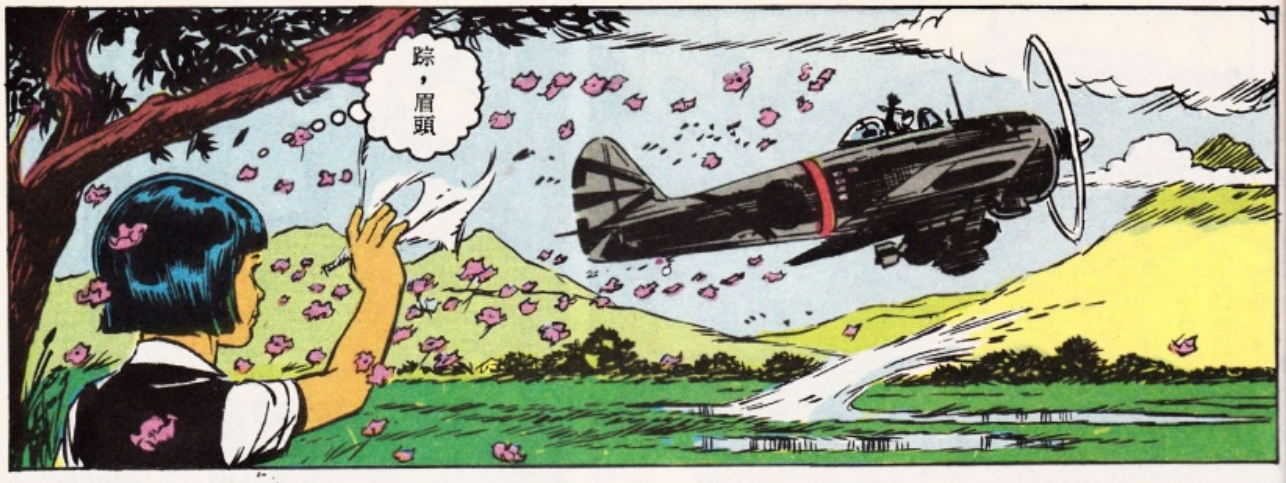
那必是在途……


……就緊！
殺人魔應該不腿傷未愈
將刀老在一起！他媽

閉說！
緊鎖在，照說涂殺人魔看現了殺
……人魔手裏……


寇氏道：「妳怎知……
「很難！無威脅，除非他發如何是好人間道：人魔手裏彪失踪，一聲道：殺人魔已他才是，

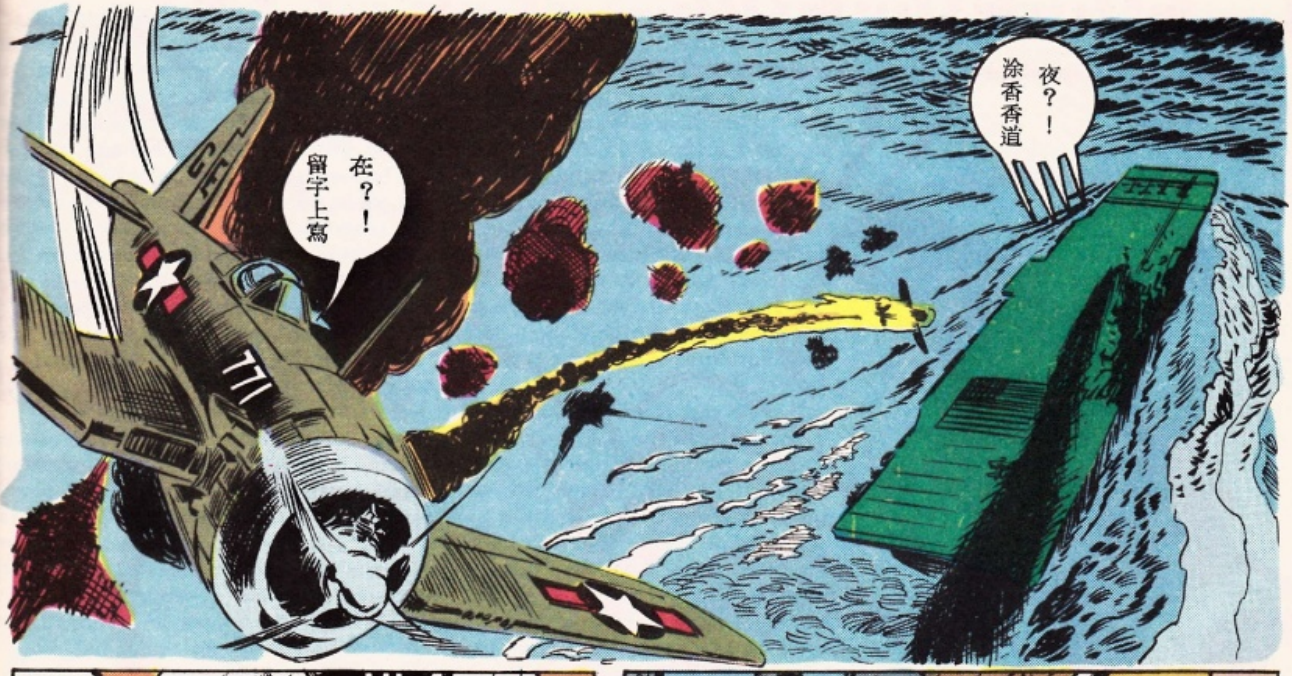
您看他會不會落入殺...
眉頭就緊「很難說無威脅，除非他殺志彪失踪噢一聲道對殺人魔害他才是
三天三
...緊跟志一起...
老前
動身離開的
今天已是六月一十日！
噢一聲道
磨刀老人
會不會落入刀老人閱說歸志一起，這時長噢他腿傷未愈，對應該不會再傷害魔的甚麼秘
照說他
...「他
二十三日，怎麼還會走不到這裏呢...

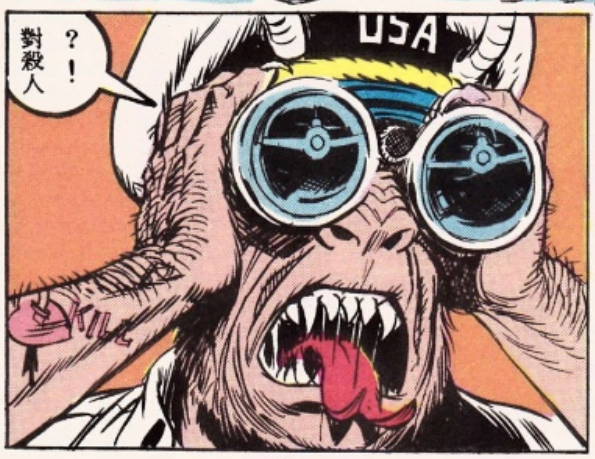

踪，眉頭

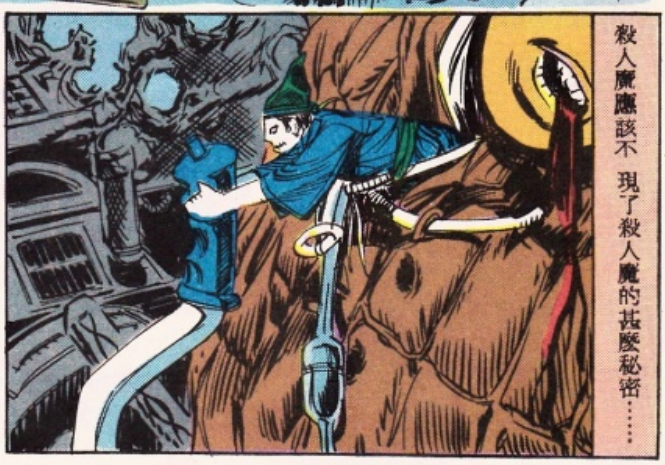
歸志彪失會再傷害他才是 是六月一．．．

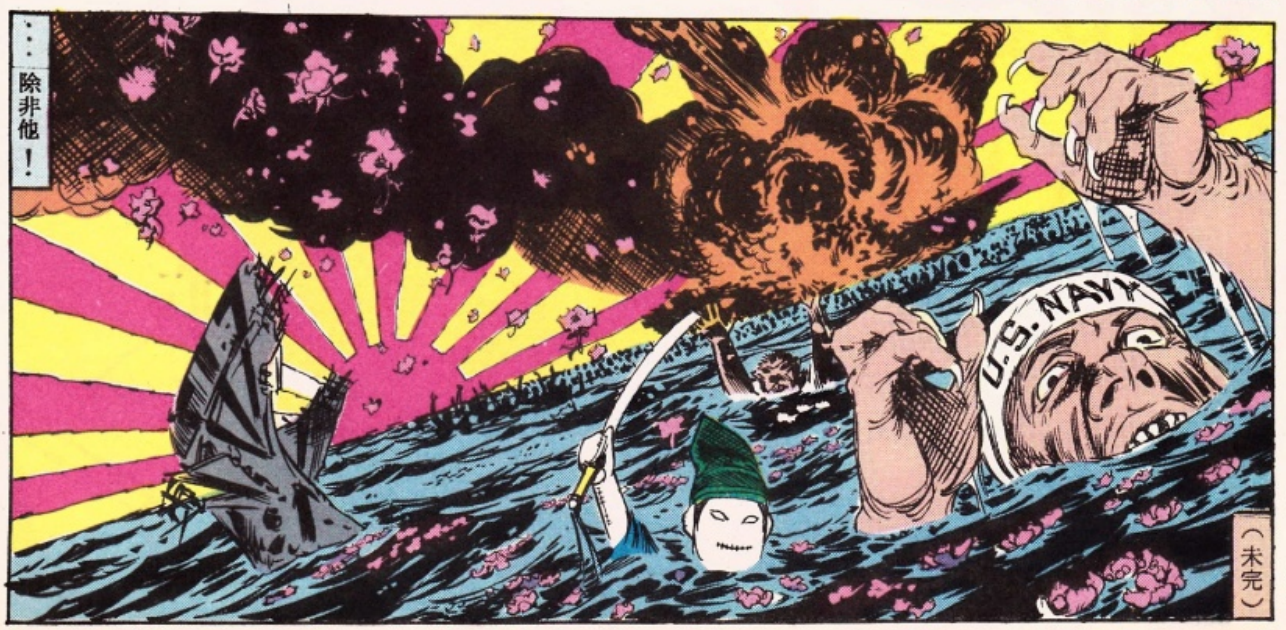
足

涂香香道：「他在留字上寫有日期，三日，怎麼還會走不！月二十日動身離開的，今天已是六月寇氏變色道：「這麼說


夜？！
涂香香道
在？！
留字上寫
771


USA
？！
對殺人


殺人魔應該不 現了殺人魔的甚麼秘密……


……除非他！
U.S. NAVY
（未完）

EH... EH... EH...
ABNER! NO!
AIEEE

Those Fabulous Fifties

As the flush of victory over the forces of Fascism faded at midcentury, the comics industry found itself situated on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, you had the libelous smear hysteria of the McCarthoid right. On the other, a thorough scraping of McCarthy's malodorous excrement still revealed a not inconsequential amount of shit on the industry's left shoe, insofar as it had ignored its deep and sacred responsibility to prevent the youth of America from the many-tentacled and insipid menace of preteen Communism. While our industry yielded to no man in its defense of the unjustly accused (many of us saw Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* more than once), it was a well-known fact that many artists and writers were, in fact, Communists, who drew their innocent Sunday funnies with the blood of Czechoslovakian nuns. Taking advantage of the lax work rules in the comics mills, hundreds of "organizers" were able to use "story conferences" and "paste-up sessions" as ideal covers for the passing of national secrets to the thousands of Russian "go-fors" that infested the critically important embalming and umbrella industries of that era.

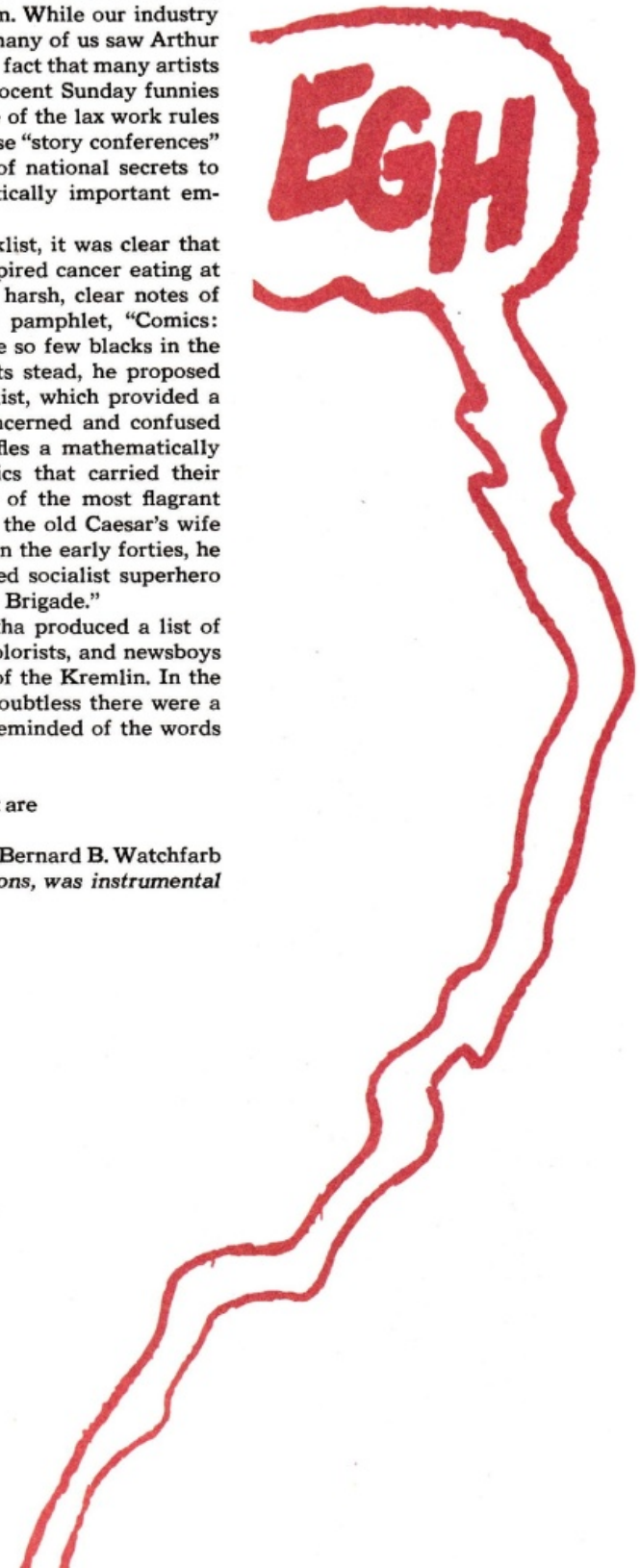
While seeking to avoid the pitfalls of the odious blacklist, it was clear that comics had to do something to cut out the Communist-inspired cancer eating at the very bones of our panels. Into this void stepped the harsh, clear notes of Enver Rexha, Jansenist-trained ex-Marxist. In his fiery pamphlet, "Comics: What Is To Be Done," Rexha argued that since there were so few blacks in the industry, employers had no need to resort to a list. In its stead, he proposed that comics advertisers consult a scientifically exact red list, which provided a mathematically exact "Kommie kwoshunt" that gave concerned and confused manufacturers of exploding cigars, garlic gum, and air rifles a mathematically precise indication of the ideological purity of the comics that carried their advertising messages. By a curious twist of irony, many of the most flagrant collectivists were those selfsame crafty editors who tried the old Caesar's wife ploy on Rexha when, as a comic artist (and Communist) in the early forties, he had tried to push the party line with some thinly disguised socialist superhero strips like "Working Man," "Wrench Squad," and "Brisket Brigade."

In the now-famous *Lexington Avenue Manifesto*, Rexha produced a list of nearly eleven thousand artists, writers, inkers, letterers, colorists, and newsboys who, knowingly or unknowingly, were objectively agents of the Kremlin. In the purge that followed, the industry cleaned itself up, and doubtless there were a number of innocent casualties, but in the long run, I am reminded of the words of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who wrote,

> Strange how few,
> After all's said and done, the things that are
> of moment.

Bernard B. Watchfarb

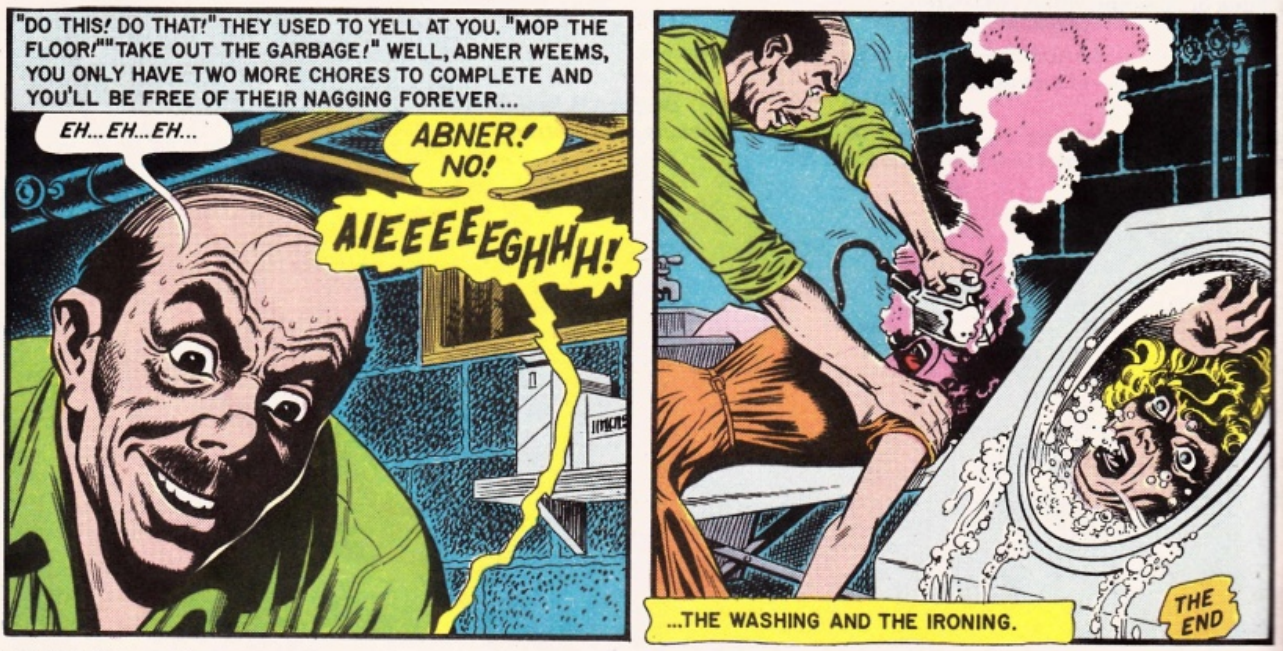
Mr. Watchfarb, a leading manufacturer of whoopee cushions, was instrumental in cleaning up the comics industry in the early fifties.



In the final months of EC Comics, just before the advent of a comics code so stringent as to make further publication of their shock, horror, and science fiction titles impossible, EC writers and artists produced some of their finest work. What has not been known until recently is that there was, in fact, a final issue of each of these titles which never reached the newsstands, almost all of them having been destroyed as soon as they were printed by hysterical guardians of the public morality. A few months ago, National Lampoon *staffers had the incredible luck to stumble upon mint copies of these final issues, and it is with great pride that we now present the famous EC "shock endings" from six of the stories contained therein, as well as the final—some say greatest—cover of "The Haunt of Fear."*

YOU DIDN'T THINK THEY'D FIND OUT ABOUT THE CONTACT POISON YOU PUT ON SIDNEY'S PIANO KEYS, DID YOU, FRANKIE? ALL YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT WAS THAT NOW THE BAND WOULD BE PLAYING YOUR COMPOSITION INSTEAD OF HIS.
YAAAEEEEE
WELL, TONIGHT THE BAND IS PLAYING YOUR COMPOSITION, ALL RIGHT, FRANKIE. LOOK WITH YOUR SIGHTLESS EYES FROM BENEATH WILLIE'S FLYING DRUMSTICKS AND SEE JAZZBOY WAILING ON YOUR LEGBONE, HERBIE WICKET COMPING BEHIND HIM ON YOUR RIB CAGE, PANAMA JAMES LAYING DOWN A COMPULSIVE RHYTHM ON HIS BASS, STRUNG WITH YOUR INTESTINES...
GOOD LORD!
CHOKE!
GAG!
THE END

"Face the Music"
Tales from the Crypt *No. 47, April-May 1955*


"DO THIS! DO THAT!" THEY USED TO YELL AT YOU. "MOP THE FLOOR!" "TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE!" WELL, ABNER WEEMS, YOU ONLY HAVE TWO MORE CHORES TO COMPLETE AND YOU'LL BE FREE OF THEIR NAGGING FOREVER...
EH...EH...EH...
ABNER! NO!
AIEEEEEGHHH!
...THE WASHING AND THE IRONING.
THE END

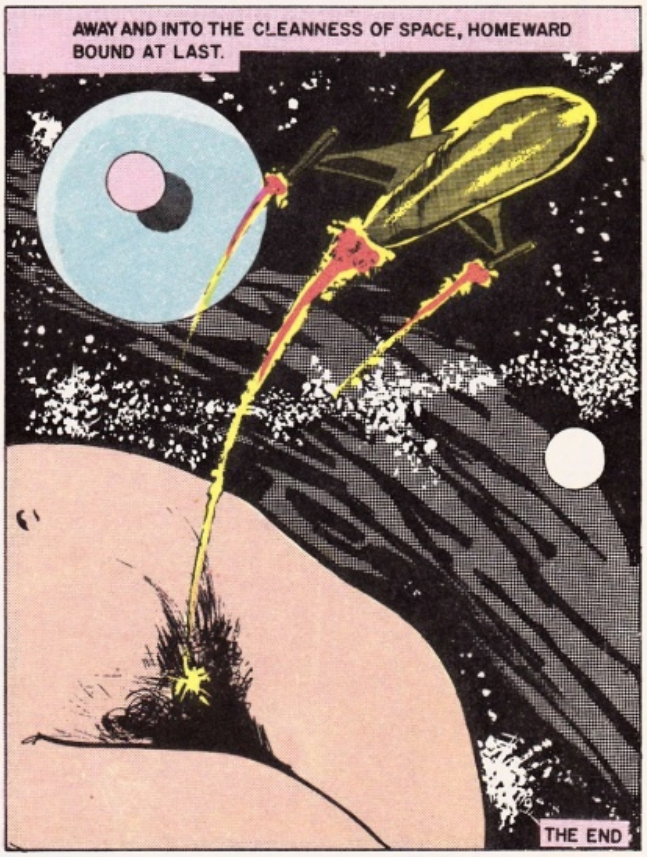
"Cleaning House"
Shock Suspenstories *No. 19, February-March 1955*

YOUR WIFE ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO GIVE OF YOURSELF TO THE CHILDREN, DIDN'T SHE, JERRY? GIVE THEM A REAL CHRISTMAS, LIKE OTHER CHILDREN HAVE, SHE'D BEGGED. TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T LISTEN...
LOOK, CHILDREN. SANTA'S BEEN HERE.

BECAUSE NOW YOU'VE GIVEN MORE OF YOURSELF THAN YOU INTENDED, JERRY-- GIVEN EVERYTHING YOU HAD TO YOUR CHILDREN. YOUR HEART TO SUZY, YOUR HEAD TO JENNY, YOUR LEFT LEG TO LITTLE RICKY...
EH EH...EH EH... EH EH...
THE END
A MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE WHOLE EC GANG.

"*The Knife Before Christmas*"
The Vault of Horror *No. 71, February-March 1955*

THE CREW DOESN'T STOP TO ASK QUESTIONS. THEY PILE INTO THE REVIVIFIED SHIP, AWAY FROM THE VORACIOUS MONSTERS AND TANGLED JUNGLES OF THIS VILE PLANET, WITH ITS UNBREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE AND CONTINUAL ODOR OF FISH.
CHK CHK...CHK CHK...



"*Out of the Frying Pan*"
Weird Science Fantasy *No. 30, November-December 1954*

I SHRANK BACK IN HORROR WHEN I SAW WHO WAS COMING OUT THE DOOR: DR. SCHINDLER'S "VOLUNTEERS" HAD GOTTEN FREE! I WAITED UNTIL THEY HAD SWUNG DOWN THE ROAD, MOVING LIKE GHASTLY APES, TO DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE FRONT GATE, THEN RAN TO DR. SCHINDLER'S LABORATORY...
EH EH...EH EH... EH EH...
...AND SAW WHAT THEY'D DONE TO HIM. FUNNY, ISN'T IT? I'D ALWAYS SAID HANS HAD HIS HEAD UP HIS ASS.
CHOKE...
THE END

"Hang Your Head Down Low"
The Haunt of Fear *No. 29, January-February 1955*

SINCE YOU WERE A DOCTOR BEFORE YOU WERE A SPACE EXPLORER, YOU DELIVER THE BABY YOU AND LURLA CONCEIVED ON PROCYON 5, HOPING FOR THE SON YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT HAVING.

TOO BAD ABOUT THOSE STRANGE RADIATION READINGS YOU IGNORED WHEN YOU WERE EXPLORING THE RUINED CITY. IT'LL BE HARD TEACHING THIS BOY EVEN TO HOLD A BASE-BALL BAT.

"Starborn"
Weird Science Fantasy *No. 30, November-December 1954*

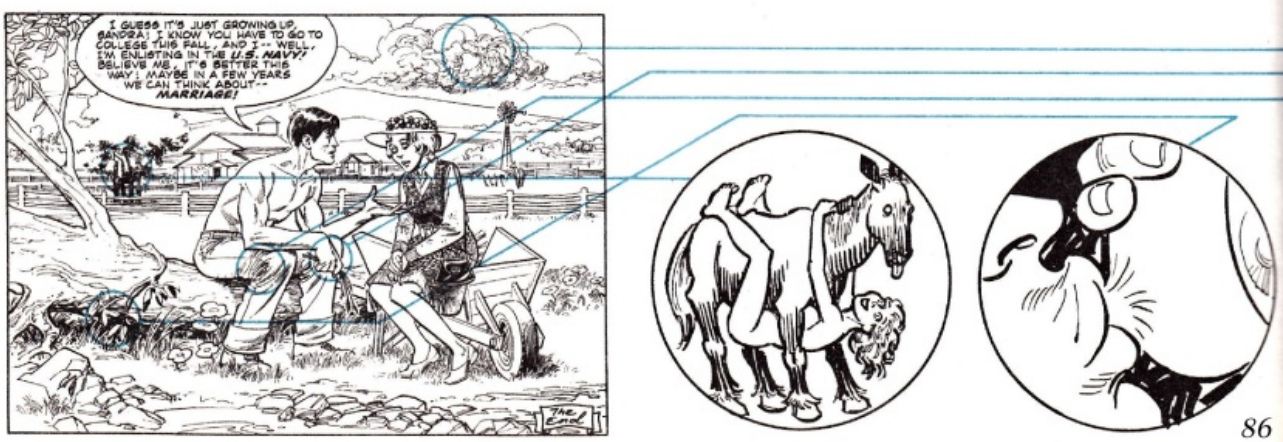
HORROR
THE OLD WITCH
HUNT
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE CODE
AUTHORITY
NO. 41
FEB.-MAR.
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE CODE
AUTHORITY
COMIC
10¢
FEATURING...
THE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAIRMAN
THE PUBLIC MORALS KEEPER
THE OLD LADY
GAINES
KURTZMAN
DR. FREDERIC WERTHAM SEDUCTION!

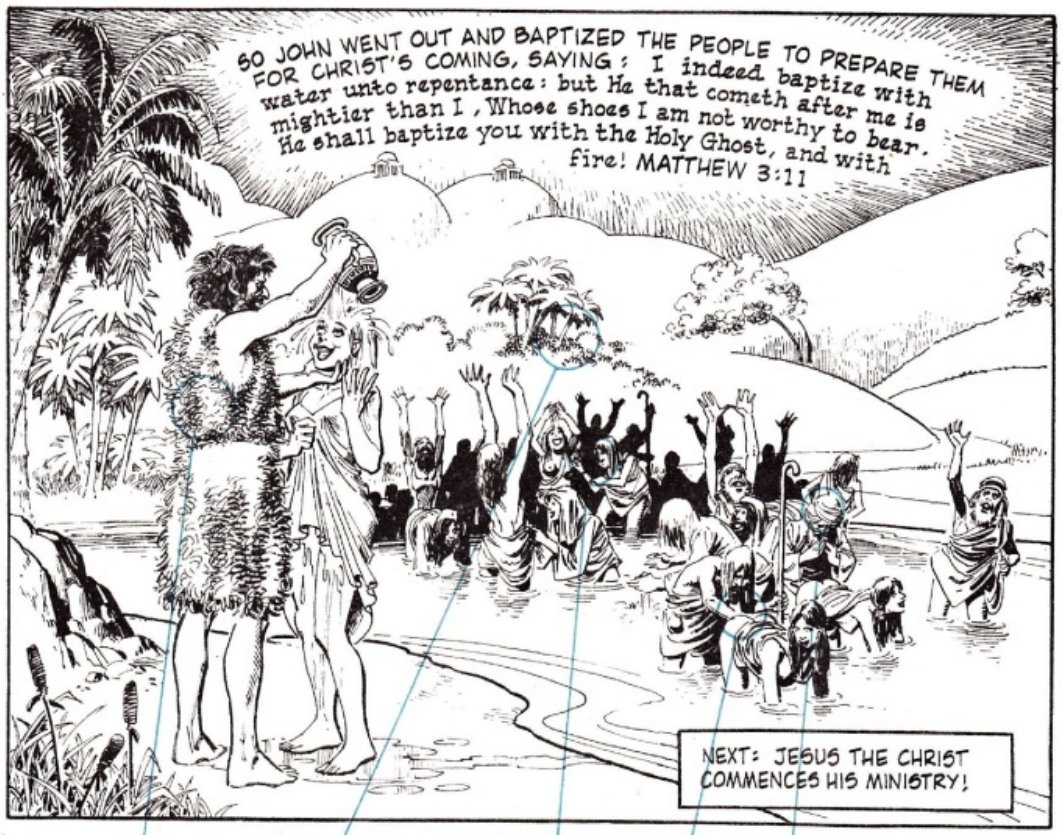
Critics of comics observed, nay, proved, that obscenities and horrors lurked within the frames of even the most innocent panel, provided the innocent reader knew just where to look. Here we have magnified portions of harmless-looking western and love comics to expose the evil lurking beneath the surface.

Even crime comics, which purported to show wrongdoers brought to justice, contained subliminal inducements to wrongdoing. And Bible history comics demonstrated, to the trained observer, unspeakable blasphemies. The critical techniques developed to discover the hidden meanings in comics were later employed to prove that Paul McCartney was dead.

AND SO BARNEY MULLINS, A HARD-LUCK GUY WHO TRIED TO MAKE HIS BUNDLE THE "EASY WAY," COLLECTS THE JUST INTEREST ON HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAIN!
...YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...
LAST MILE
Danger HIGH VOLTAGE
EXIT
NO UNAUTH PERSON BEYOND THIS POINT
THE END!

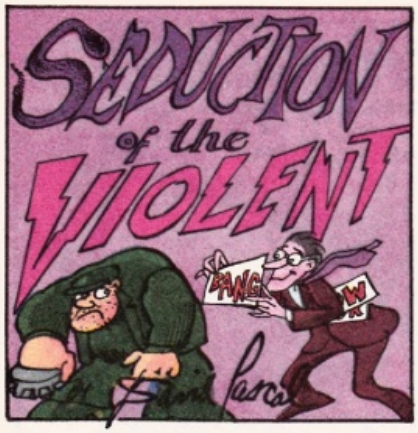
SENZANGAKONA, THE OLD WARRIOR CHIEF OF THE SWAHILIS, IS AT PEACE NOW! HE CAN DIE, HE KNOWS, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE WHITE MAN HAS PROVEN HIMSELF WORTHY OF LEADING THE GREAT INDIAN NATION INTO A NEW AGE.

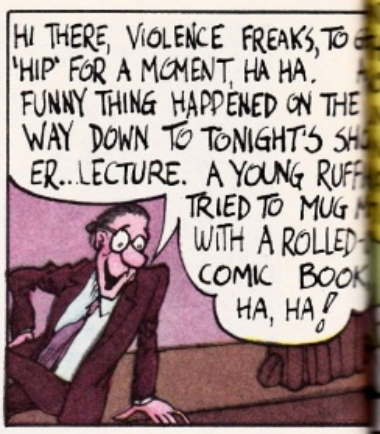

I GUESS IT'S JUST GROWING UP, SANDRA! I KNOW YOU HAVE TO GO TO COLLEGE THIS FALL, AND I -- WELL, I'M ENLISTING IN THE U.S. NAVY! BELIEVE ME, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! MAYBE IN A FEW YEARS WE CAN THINK ABOUT-- MARRIAGE!
THE END

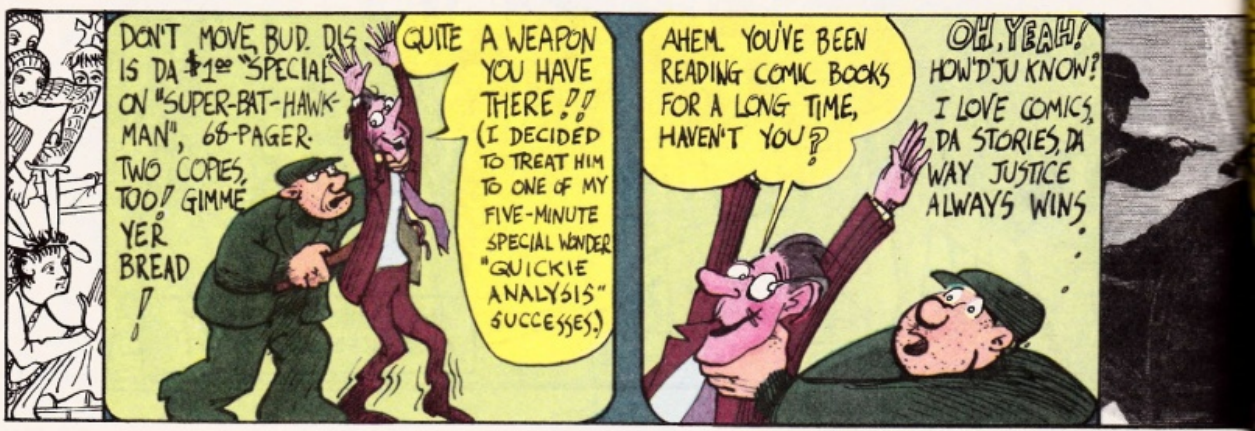

SO JOHN WENT OUT AND BAPTIZED THE PEOPLE TO PREPARE THEM FOR CHRIST'S COMING, SAYING: I indeed baptize with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire! MATTHEW 3:11
NEXT: JESUS THE CHRIST COMMENCES HIS MINISTRY!

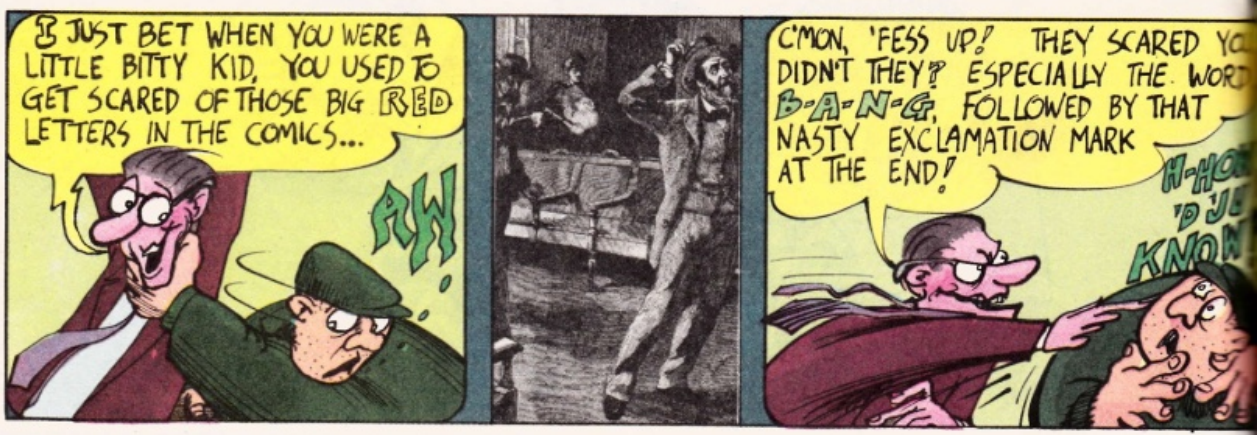
PISS ON THE B.V.M.
fuck sincerest and goodness too!

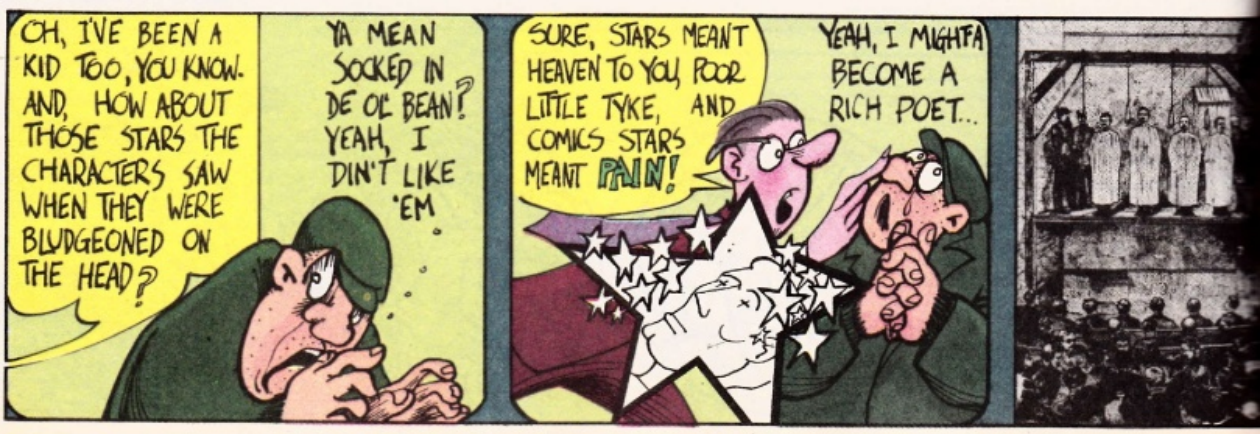
In the Fabulous Fifties, the evil socialist plot to capture the soul of America was everywhere—and, therefore, the comics. Luckily, there arose men with the courage to see to it that our children would continue to learn about sex and violence in the streets, which was good enough for us.





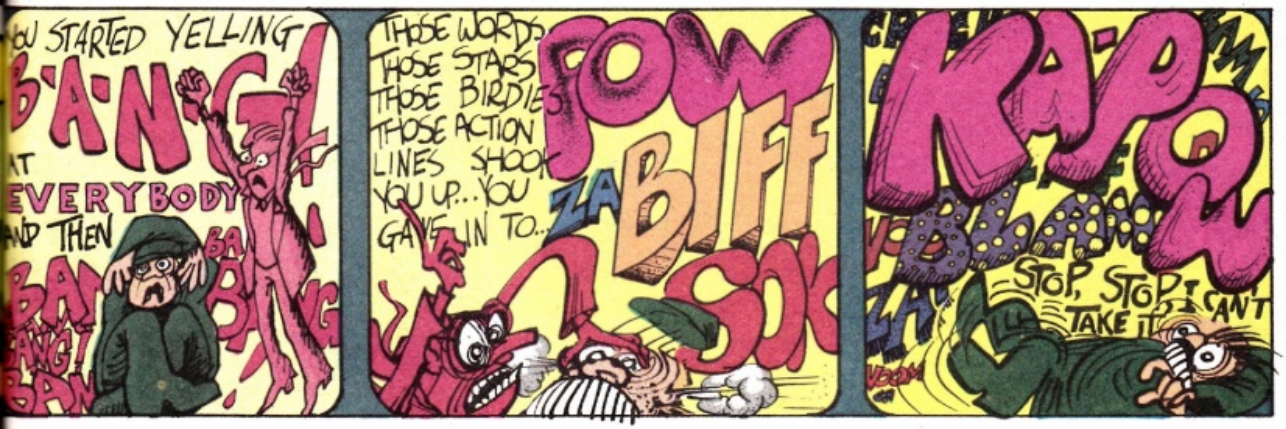

DON'T MOVE, BUD. DIS IS DA $1.00 "SPECIAL ON "SUPER-BAT-HAWK-MAN", 68-PAGER. TWO COPIES, TOO! GIMME YER BREAD!
QUITE A WEAPON YOU HAVE THERE!!! (I DECIDED TO TREAT HIM TO ONE OF MY FIVE-MINUTE SPECIAL WONDER "QUICKIE ANALYSIS" SUCCESSES.)
AHEM. YOU'VE BEEN READING COMIC BOOKS FOR A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU?
OH, YEAH! HOW'D'JU KNOW? I LOVE COMICS, DA STORIES, DA WAY JUSTICE ALWAYS WINS.


I JUST BET WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BITTY KID, YOU USED TO GET SCARED OF THOSE BIG RED LETTERS IN THE COMICS...
AW!
C'MON, 'FESS UP! THEY SCARED YO DIDN'T THEY? ESPECIALLY THE WORD B-A-N-G, FOLLOWED BY THAT NASTY EXCLAMATION MARK AT THE END!

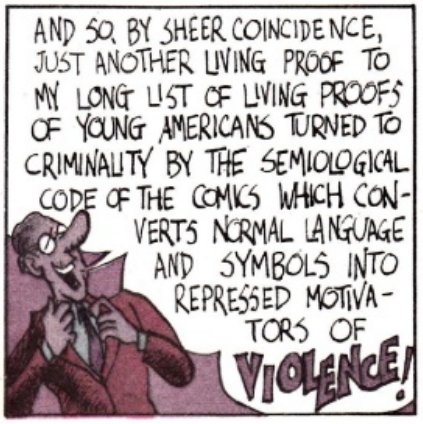

OH, I'VE BEEN A KID TOO, YOU KNOW. AND, HOW ABOUT THOSE STARS THE CHARACTERS SAW WHEN THEY WERE BLUDGEONED ON THE HEAD?
YA MEAN SOCKED IN DE OL' BEAN? YEAH, I DIN'T LIKE 'EM.
SURE, STARS MEANT HEAVEN TO YOU, POOR LITTLE TYKE, AND COMICS STARS MEANT PAIN!
YEAH, I MIGHTA BECOME A RICH POET...

AND THOSE BIRDIES THAT WARBLED NOTES DEPICTING UNCONSCIOUSNESS... INSTEAD OF BEING NATURE'S SWEET LITTLE DARLINGS...!
TWEET TWEET
OH, YEAH. I HATED BOIDS AFTA DAT.
AND ALL THOSE VIOLENT ACTION LINES....OOH, HOW THEY PLAYED HAVOC WITH YOUR NERVES. SPIRAL LINES, TOO... DIZZINESS... NAUSEA.
YEAH. I WUZ A NOIVISS RECK.

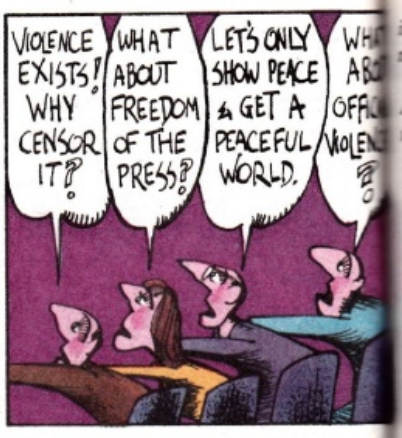
SO, YOU, THE SWEET LITTLE PRINCE, WERE LOSING YOUR GRIP ON YOURSELF, BECOMING CRIMINAL.... AND I BET I KNOW WHAT YOU STARTED DOING.
HUH?
NO YA DON'T!
OH, BUT I DO...
NAAH...YOU DUNNO
SHALL I TELL YOU?
...ER A...
I'LL TELL YOU!


YOU STARTED YELLING
B'A'N'G!
AT EVERYBODY
AND THEN
BANG! BANG! BANG!
THOSE WORDS THOSE STARS THOSE BIRDIES THOSE ACTION LINES SHOOK YOU UP... YOU GAVE IN TO...
POW
ZA
BIFF
SOK
KA-POW
BLAM
STOP, STOP I CAN'T TAKE IT

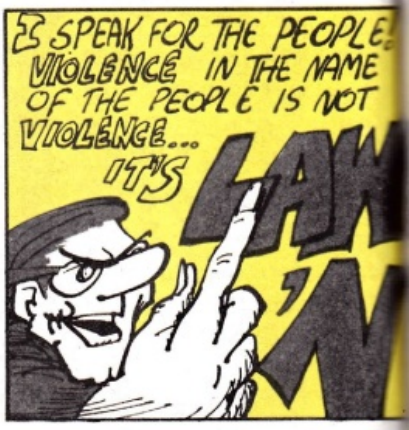
WELL, HE SCURRIED AWAY, A BLUBBERING MASS OF HYSTERIA. A NICE KID TURNED CRIMINAL, er, IRONICALLY, USING HIS MEDIUM AS HIS MESSAGE...
AND HIS... WEAPON! HA HA...

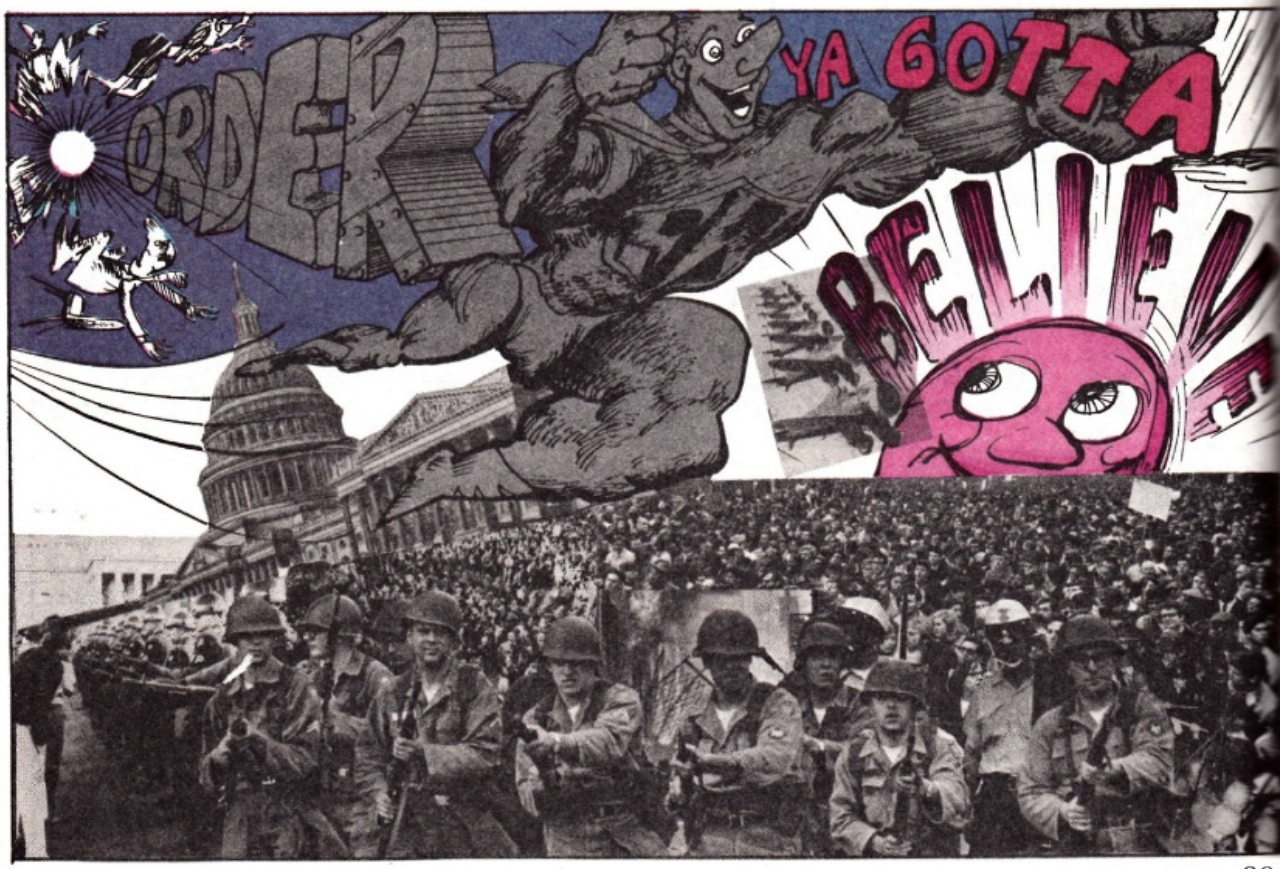

AND SO, BY SHEER COINCIDENCE, JUST ANOTHER LIVING PROOF TO MY LONG LIST OF LIVING PROOFS OF YOUNG AMERICANS TURNED TO CRIMINALITY BY THE SEMIOLOGICAL CODE OF THE COMICS WHICH CONVERTS NORMAL LANGUAGE AND SYMBOLS INTO REPRESSED MOTIVATORS OF VIOLENCE!

PROFESSOR, YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT CLAPTRAP, DO YOU?
SOUNDS LIKE A CROCK, TO ME
HOHO, A NEW BREED OF VIOLENCE FIGHTER, I SEE!!


VIOLENCE EXISTS! WHY CENSOR IT?
WHAT ABOUT FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?
LET'S ONLY SHOW PEACE & GET A PEACEFUL WORLD.

TIME FOR MY QUICK CHANGE AND..


I SPEAK FOR THE PEOPLE! VIOLENCE IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE IS NOT VIOLENCE... IT'S

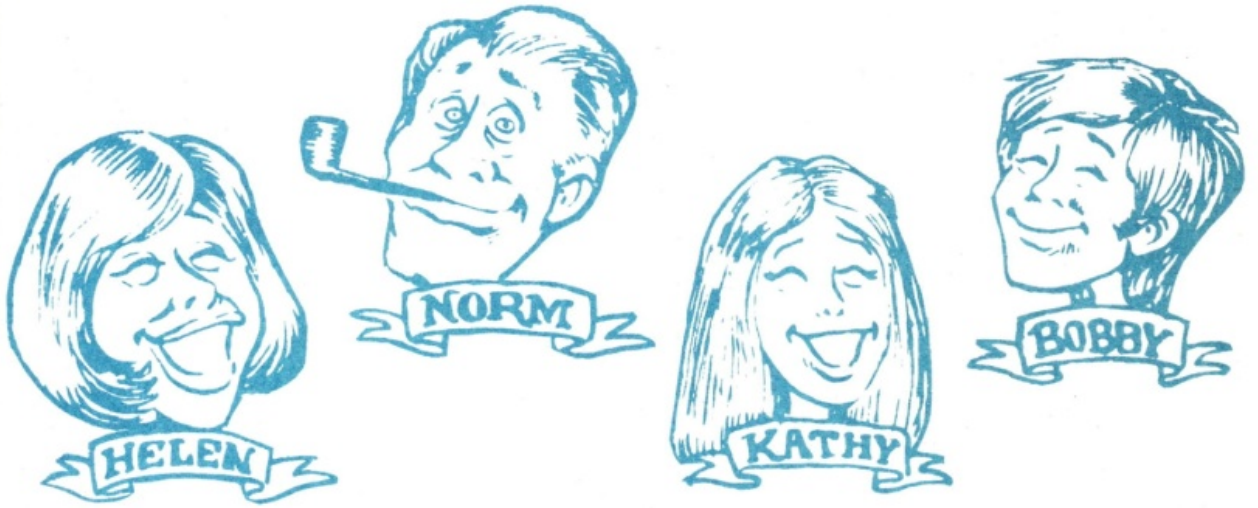

ORDER!
YA GOTTA

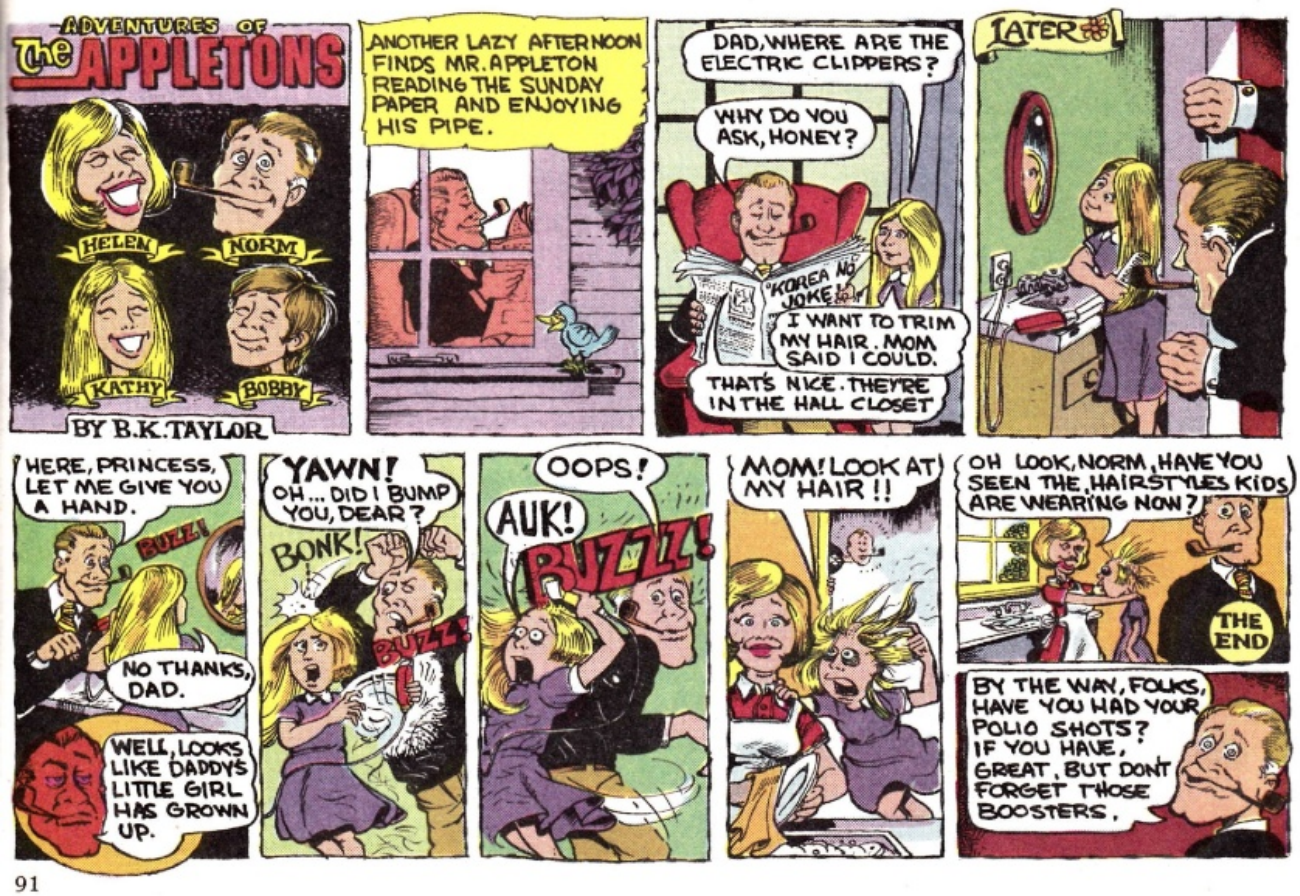
When, in the fifties, one referred to the family, there were no sordid connotations of Manson or the Mafia. The family was the nucleus of the first atomic age. The family was Dick and Jane, Ozzie and Harriet, finished basements with Hazel the maid, Lassie the dog by Norman Rockwell. They stayed together, they prayed together, and Dad looked like Fred MacMurray or maybe Mickey Mouse.

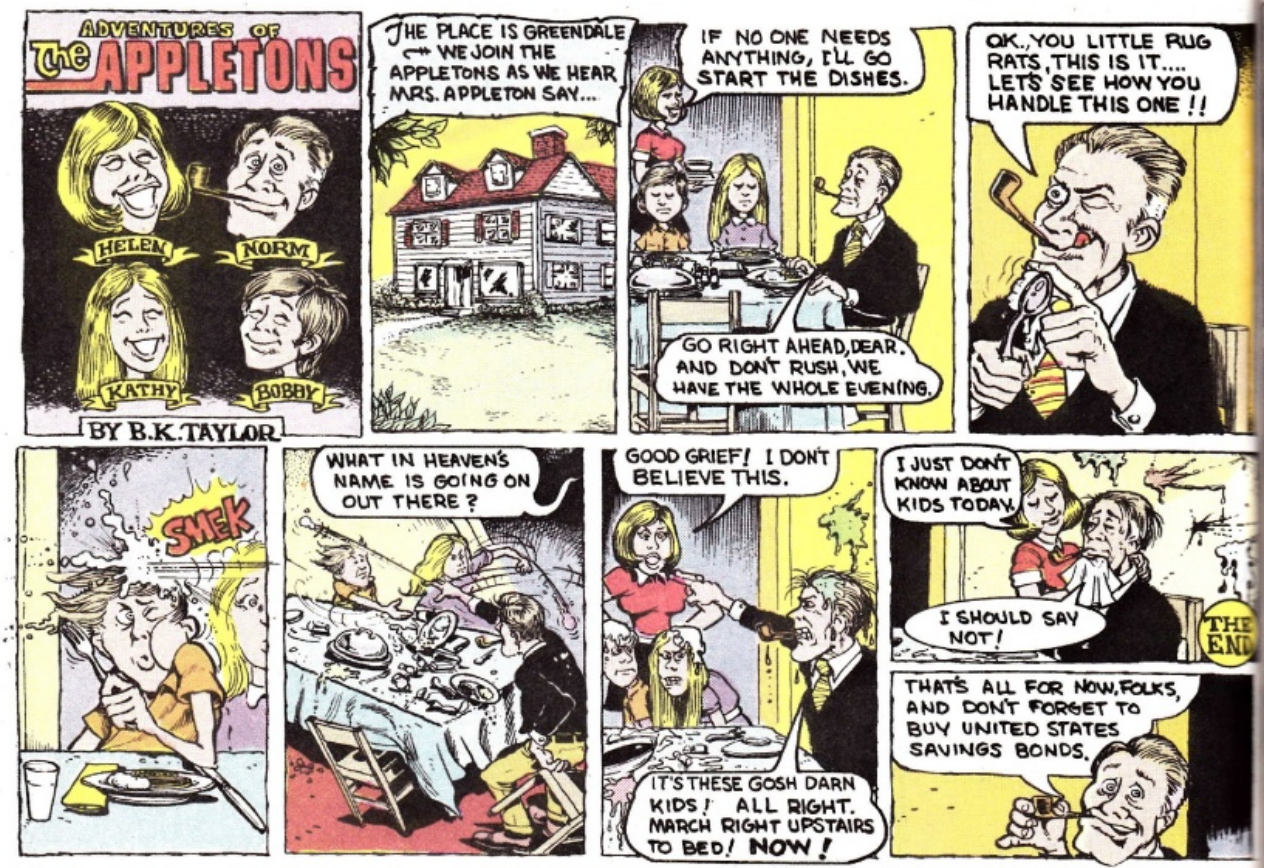
Dad, of course, was the front man, but Mom owned the concession. Junior (aka Bud) and Sis (aka Princess) were the happy product, homogenized, sanitized, and a bulwark against international anything-ism.

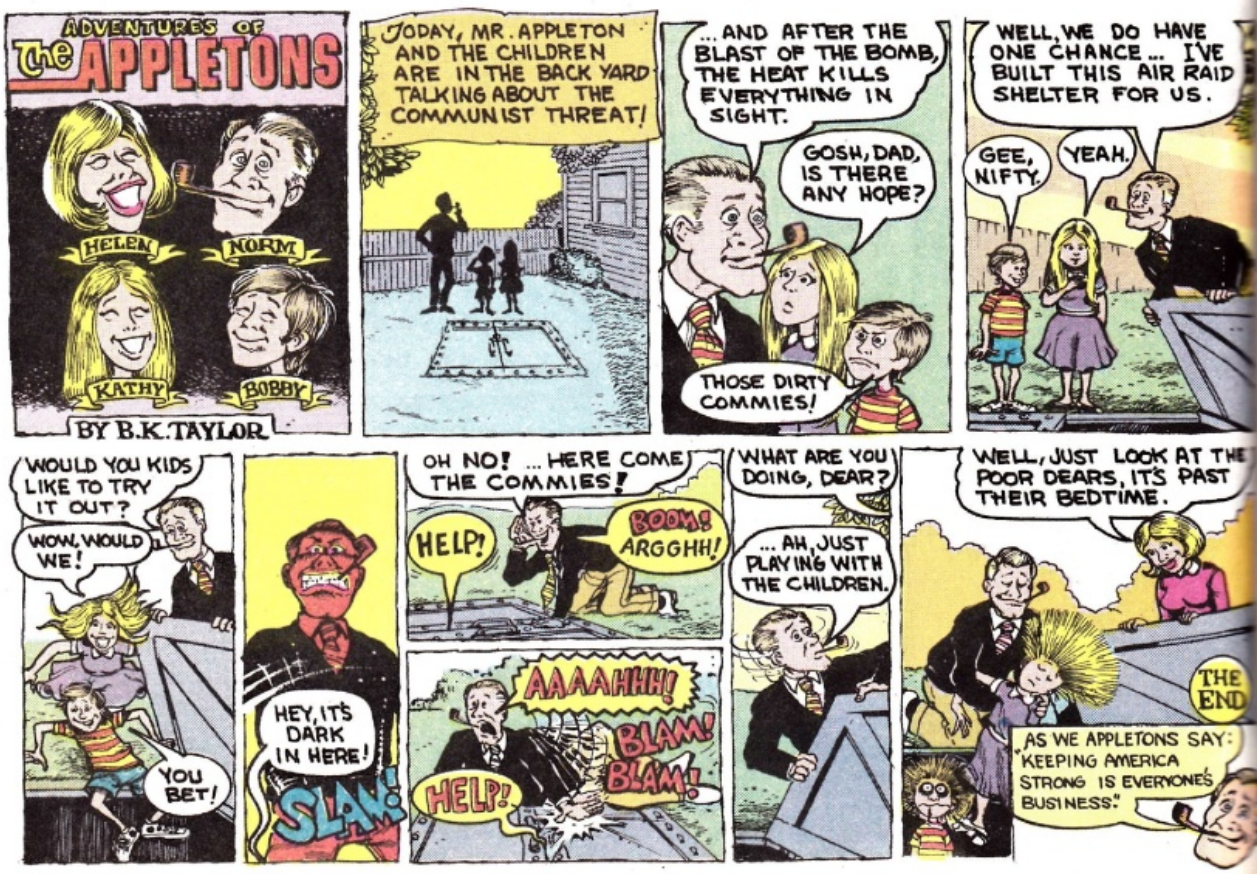
The comics reflected this primal horde split into tiny patriarchal puppet shows. The Bumpsteads and Wallets grew in wisdom and in grace. Iodine and Dennis terrorized the neighborhood. Dondi and Annie longed to be adopted by a nice couple like Hi and Lois.

That such likely lads and lasses came to grief in urban crash pads and rustic communes was not the comics' fault. All of them tried to show that Mom and Dad were emotional cripples who deserved to be slain in their sleep. And one, the Appletons, took Dad out of the acute bin and placed him fairly and squarely in chronic, where he belonged.




ADVENTURES OF
the APPLETONS
HELEN
NORM
KATHY
BOBBY
BY B.K. TAYLOR
ANOTHER LAZY AFTERNOON FINDS MR. APPLETON READING THE SUNDAY PAPER AND ENJOYING HIS PIPE.
DAD, WHERE ARE THE ELECTRIC CLIPPERS?
WHY DO YOU ASK, HONEY?
"KOREA NO JOKE"
I WANT TO TRIM MY HAIR. MOM SAID I COULD.
THAT'S NICE. THEY'RE IN THE HALL CLOSET
LATER
HERE, PRINCESS, LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.
BUZZ!
NO THANKS, DAD.
WELL, LOOKS LIKE DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL HAS GROWN UP.
YAWN!
OH... DID I BUMP YOU, DEAR?
BONK!
BUZZZ!
OOPS!
AUK!
BUZZZ!
MOM! LOOK AT MY HAIR!!
OH LOOK, NORM, HAVE YOU SEEN THE HAIRSTYLES KIDS ARE WEARING NOW?
THE END
BY THE WAY, FOLKS, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR POLIO SHOTS? IF YOU HAVE, GREAT, BUT DON'T FORGET THOSE BOOSTERS.


ADVENTURES OF
the APPLETONS
HELEN
NORM
KATHY
BOBBY
BY B.K. TAYLOR
THE PLACE IS GREENDALE — WE JOIN THE APPLETONS AS WE HEAR MRS. APPLETON SAY...
IF NO ONE NEEDS ANYTHING, I'LL GO START THE DISHES.
GO RIGHT AHEAD, DEAR. AND DON'T RUSH, WE HAVE THE WHOLE EVENING.
OK., YOU LITTLE RUG RATS, THIS IS IT.... LETS SEE HOW YOU HANDLE THIS ONE !!
SHEK
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS GOING ON OUT THERE ?
GOOD GRIEF! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.
IT'S THESE GOSH DARN KIDS! ALL RIGHT. MARCH RIGHT UPSTAIRS TO BED! NOW!
I JUST DON'T KNOW ABOUT KIDS TODAY.
I SHOULD SAY NOT!
THE END
THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS, AND DON'T FORGET TO BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS.

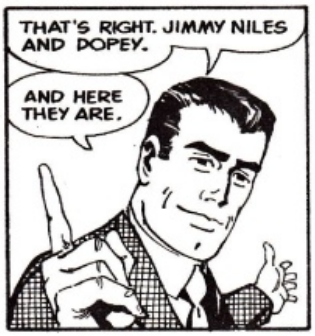

ADVENTURES OF
the APPLETONS
HELEN
NORM
KATHY
BOBBY
BY B.K. TAYLOR
TODAY, MR. APPLETON AND THE CHILDREN ARE IN THE BACK YARD TALKING ABOUT THE COMMUNIST THREAT!
... AND AFTER THE BLAST OF THE BOMB, THE HEAT KILLS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.
GOSH, DAD, IS THERE ANY HOPE?
THOSE DIRTY COMMIES!
WELL, WE DO HAVE ONE CHANCE ... I'VE BUILT THIS AIR RAID SHELTER FOR US.
GEE, NIFTY.
YEAH.
WOULD YOU KIDS LIKE TO TRY IT OUT?
WOW, WOULD WE!
YOU BET!
HEY, IT'S DARK IN HERE!
SLAM!
OH NO! ... HERE COME THE COMMIES!
HELP!
BOOM! ARGGHH!
AAAAHHH!
BLAM! BLAM!
HELP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DEAR?
... AH, JUST PLAYING WITH THE CHILDREN.
WELL, JUST LOOK AT THE POOR DEARS, IT'S PAST THEIR BEDTIME.
THE END
AS WE APPLETONS SAY: "KEEPING AMERICA STRONG IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS."

In 1949 that electric upstart, television, began to lure away the faithful fans of newspaper comics. Something had to be done. The solution arrived at was "Variety Time." It was the brainchild of Sy Landau, whose logic was, "If the public will buy Edgar Bergen, a radio ventriloquist, they'll go bazonkas for this. I'll have lots of real class acts on. It can't miss." "Variety Time" did enjoy an initial success but after a while began to lose popularity. It was replaced a year later by a strip about doctors.

Variety Time
THANK YOU AND WELCOME AGAIN. WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, HERE'S THE AMAZING GENDENKOS...
THANK YOU. THANK YOU.
HERE.
WAIT.
ALL RIGHT?
YES.
OH, NO.
HURRY.
GET THOSE!
THAT'S IT!
THAT-A-WAY.
DIDN'T THINK HE'D MAKE IT.
CLAP
CLAP CLAP
WHAT AN ACT!
HE'S REALLY GREAT.
CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
AS IF THAT WASN'T TERRIFIC ENOUGH, IT'S TIME TO HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE YOUR MINDS INVADED....
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE INCREDIBE MR. BRAIN-O!
I'M GETTING A WOMAN IN OUR AUDIENCE... SHE IS EXPECTING... SHE WILL HAVE TWINS AND NAME THEM... GEORGE AND STEVEN...
THAT'S ME, THAT'S ME... THANK YOU.
IT'S CLOTHING... I GET FEET... SHOES. IT'S SHOES!
AMAZING.
UNBELIEVABLE.
37... NO, 39 YEARS OLD, A VETERAN... THE 3 OF DIAMONDS.
THAT'S RIGHT.
TERRIFIC.
HE'S AMAZING.
NOTHING LIKE IT.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
SO LONG FOR NOW. HOPE TO SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.
BOY, THAT WAS WONDERFUL.
WONDER WHO'LL BE ON NEXT TIME.
"VARIETY TIME" IS MY FAVORITE.

Variety time

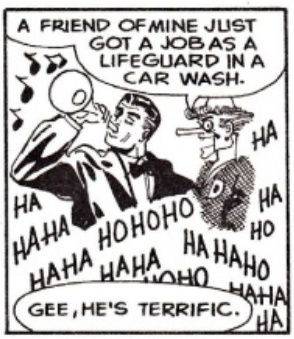
HELL-O, HELL-O AGAIN, DO YOU KNOW WHO ON TONIGHT?,.. MY FAVORITE AND YOURS.
WHO IS THAT? ...WHO?... I CAN'T HEAR YOU.
JIMMY NILES AND DOPEY
JIMMY NILES AND DOPEY
JIMMY NILES


THAT'S RIGHT. JIMMY NILES AND DOPEY.
AND HERE THEY ARE.

HI, DOPEY. HOW ARE YOU?
I'M TALKING TO YOU...
HEY, SAY SOMETHING...

COME ON, DOPEY, TALK.
DUNCE
YOU'RE EMBARRASSING US IN FRONT OF THESE NICE PEOPLE.

MY DRESSING ROOM IS SO SMALL, THE TERMITES ARE HUNCH-BACK.
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
THAT'S GREAT!
OH BOY


A FRIEND OF MINE JUST GOT A JOB AS A LIFEGUARD IN A CAR WASH.
HA
HA HA HO HO HO
HA HA HO
HA HA HA HO
HA HA HA HO
GEE, HE'S TERRIFIC.
HA HA HA

THANK YOU. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
HOORAY!
SENSATIONAL!
YOU'RE THE BEST!

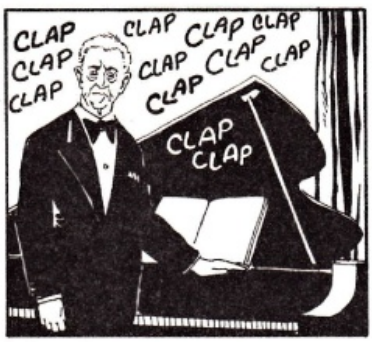
SURE WISH HE'D DO MORE. HE'S MY FAVORITE.
MINE TOO.

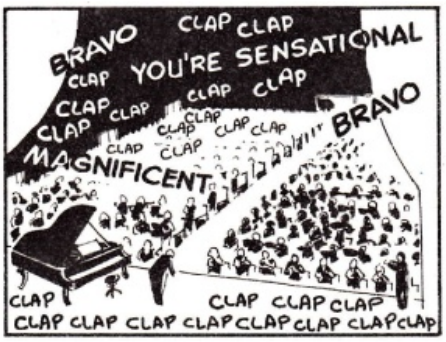
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WONDERFUL GILMORES IN A DANCING TRIBUTE TO SOUTH AMERICA!
CLAP CLAP CLAP

OLÉ!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
VERY GRACEFUL.
THEY'RE SWELL.
SOME DANCING.

THAT'S OUR SHOW. GOOD-BYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

"VARIETY TIME" NEVER DISAP-POINTS ME.
ALL OF THAT WAS GRE
"VARIETY TIME" SHOULD WIN A LOT OF AWARDS.




BRAVO
CLAP CLAP
YOU'RE SENSATIONAL
MAGNIFICENT
BRAVO
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

Variety Time

WELCOME TO EVERY-BODY'S FAVORITE, "VARIETY TIME" WITH US TODAY, AND WILL YOU WELCOME BACK, BOB ZACK AND HIS MONKEYMEN....

OH, HOW DARLING.
HEY, LOOK AT THAT.
HOORAY FOR THE MONKEYS.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

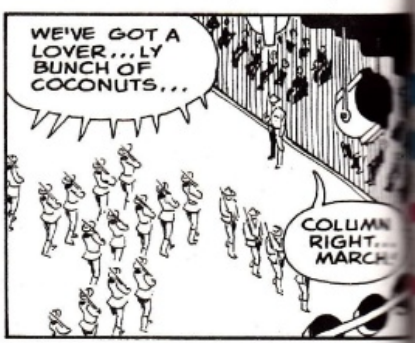
WELL TRAINED.
AREN'T THEY SOMETHING.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

LOOK AT THOSE MONKEYS GO.
HOW DID THEY LEARN THAT?
I'M ENJOYING THIS.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

THANK YOU VERY MUCH
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

GREAT MONKEYS, AREN'T THEY?
...AND NOW, HERE FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT, ALL THE WAY FROM ENGLAND, THE SAND-HERST CHORAL DRILL TEAM...

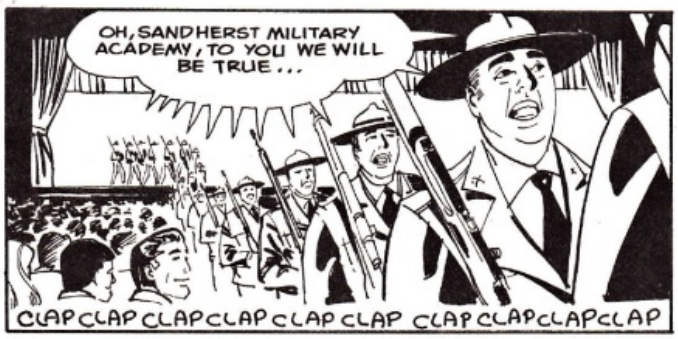
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY...
COLUMN LEFT... MARCH!


WE'VE GOT A LOVER...LY BUNCH OF COCONUTS...
COLUMN RIGHT... MARCH!

TO THE REAR... MARCH!
LET'S ALL GO DOWN TO THE THAMES...AND HAVE A BANANA...

BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS, SLOGGING OVER AFRICA...

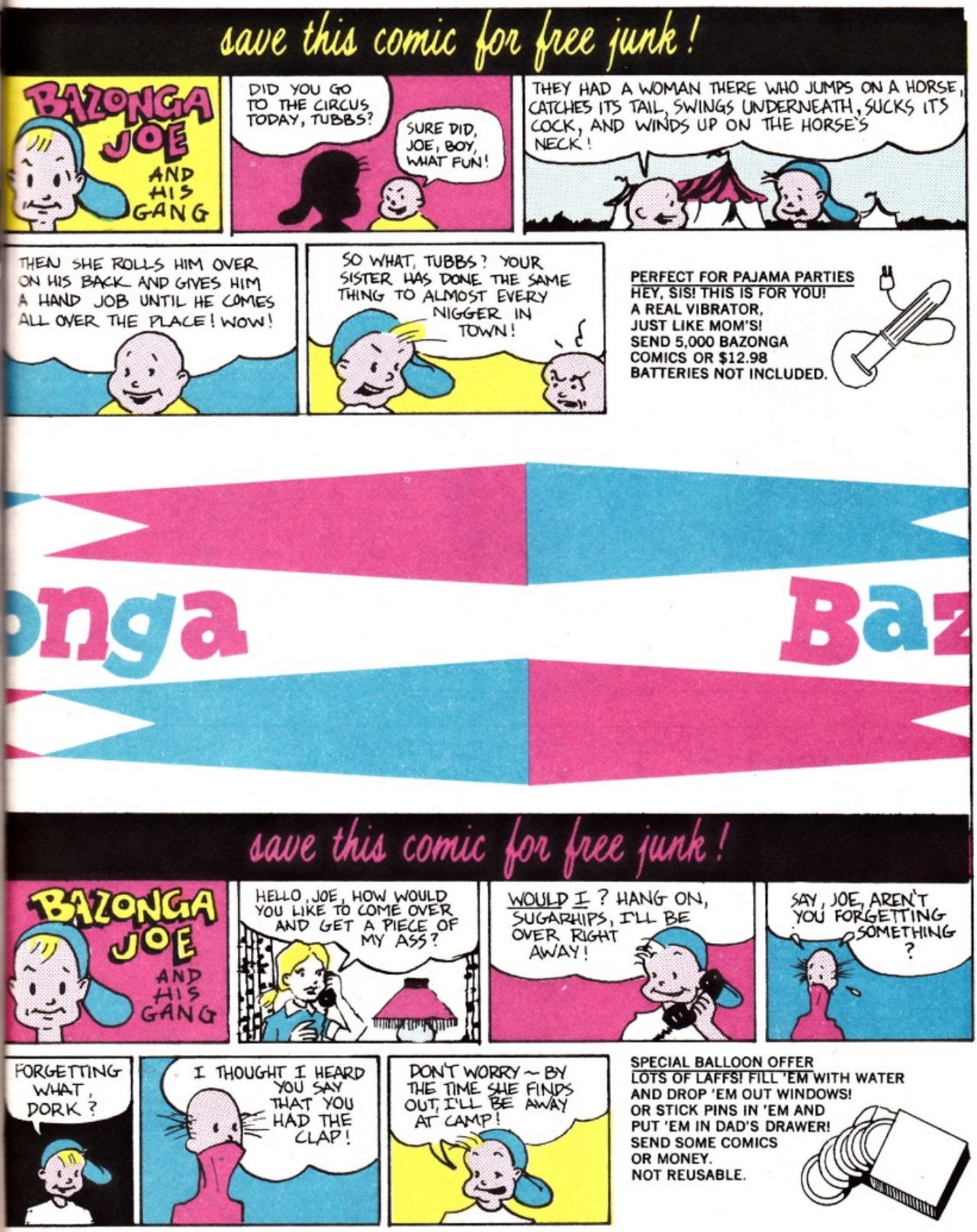
HAIL BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES...


OH, SANDHERST MILITARY ACADEMY, TO YOU WE WILL BE TRUE...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

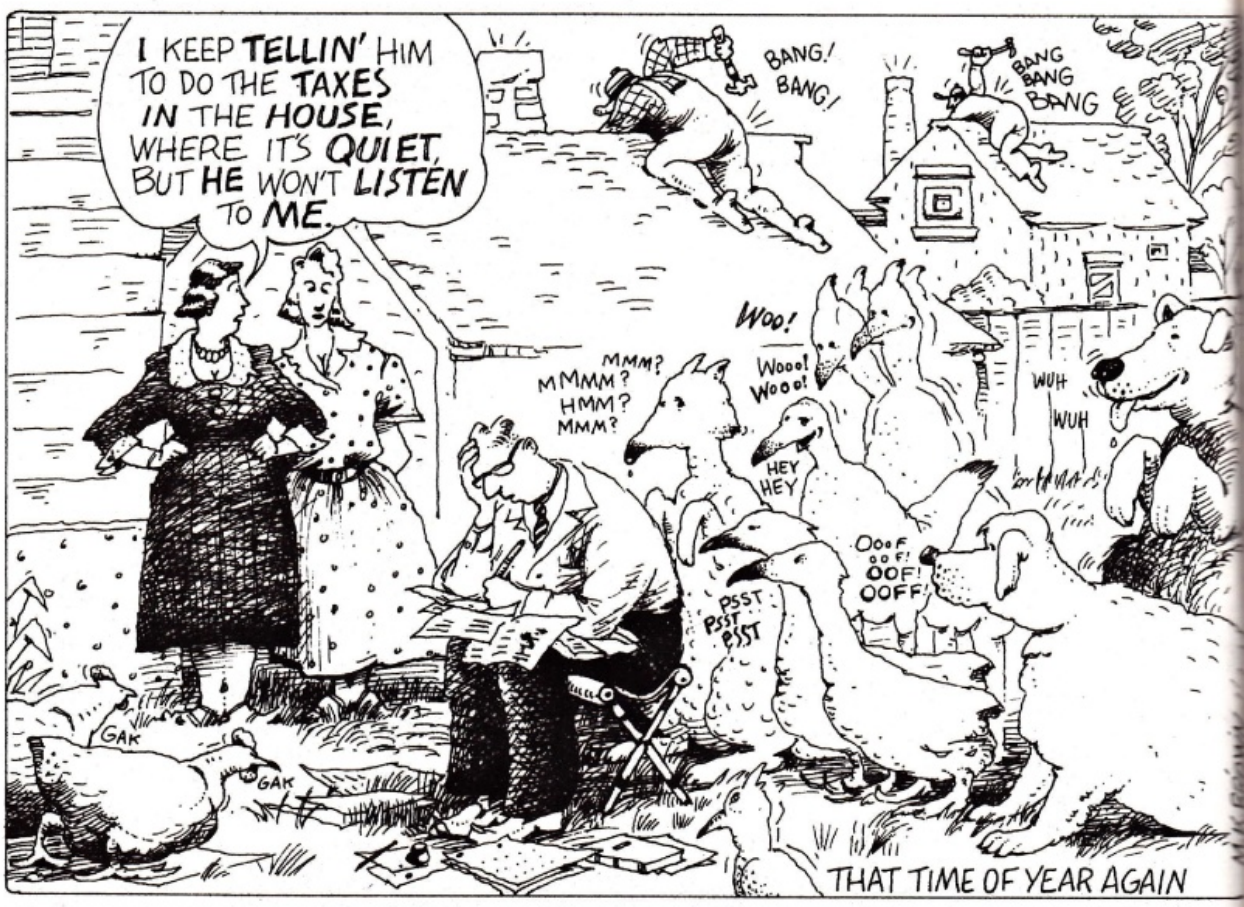
SO LONG FOR NOW, AND DON'T FORGET TO DRIVE CAREFULLY.
CLAP CLAP CLAP

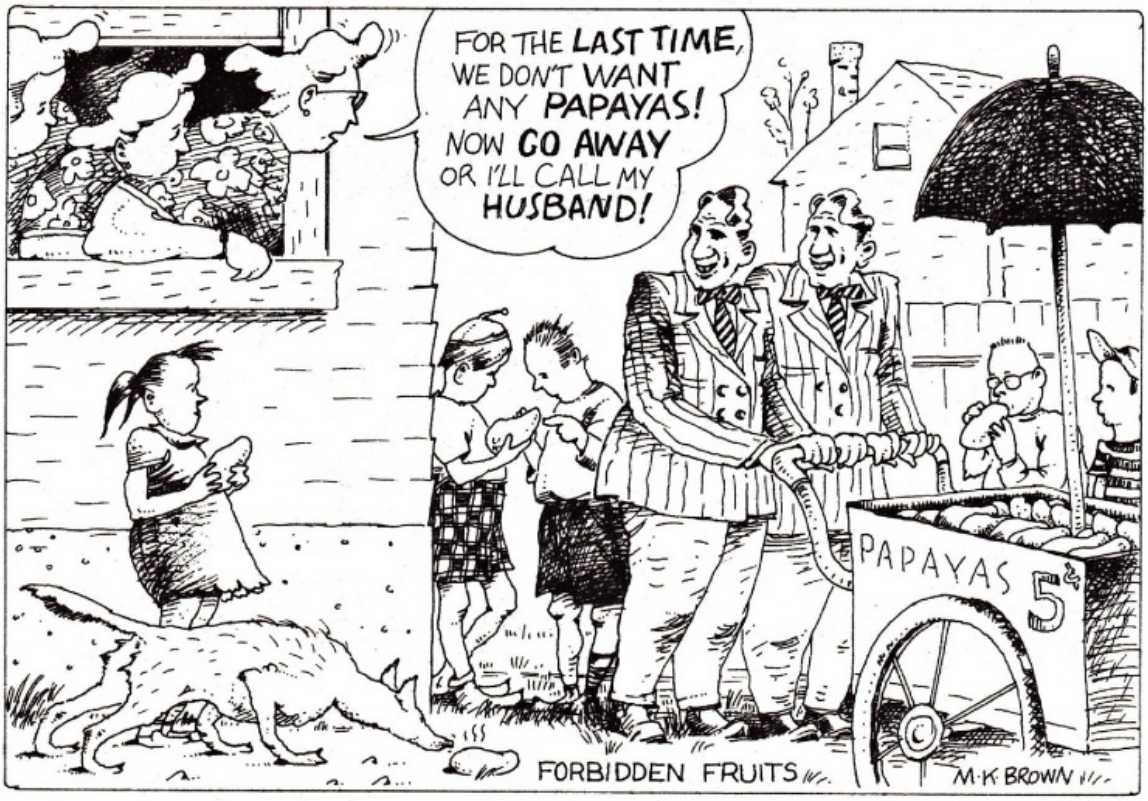
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE "VARIETY TIME."
I'M CRAZY ABOUT WHAT I'VE JUST SEEN.
WISH "VARIETY TIME" WAS ALL OF THE TIME.

Since one bubble gum cartel had all the ball players under contract, the others had to wrap their carcinogenic ...busters in comics. Below is a reprint of a tear sheet of the only copy of the infamous "Bazonga Joe" porno strip, ...ich was immediately suppressed by the company.


save this comic for free junk!
BAZONGA JOE AND HIS GANG
DID YOU GO TO THE CIRCUS TODAY, TUBBS?
SURE DID, JOE, BOY, WHAT FUN!
THEY HAD A WOMAN THERE WHO JUMPS ON A HORSE, CATCHES ITS TAIL, SWINGS UNDERNEATH, SUCKS ITS COCK, AND WINDS UP ON THE HORSE'S NECK!
THEN SHE ROLLS HIM OVER ON HIS BACK AND GIVES HIM A HAND JOB UNTIL HE COMES ALL OVER THE PLACE! WOW!
SO WHAT, TUBBS? YOUR SISTER HAS DONE THE SAME THING TO ALMOST EVERY NIGGER IN TOWN!
PERFECT FOR PAJAMA PARTIES
HEY, SIS! THIS IS FOR YOU!
A REAL VIBRATOR,
JUST LIKE MOM'S!
SEND 5,000 BAZONGA COMICS OR $12.98
BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED.
onga
Baz
save this comic for free junk!
BAZONGA JOE AND HIS GANG
HELLO, JOE, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER AND GET A PIECE OF MY ASS?
WOULD I? HANG ON, SUGARHIPS, I'LL BE OVER RIGHT AWAY!
SAY, JOE, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?
FORGETTING WHAT, DORK?
I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU SAY THAT YOU HAD THE CLAP!
DON'T WORRY — BY THE TIME SHE FINDS OUT, I'LL BE AWAY AT CAMP!
SPECIAL BALLOON OFFER
LOTS OF LAFFS! FILL 'EM WITH WATER AND DROP 'EM OUT WINDOWS!
OR STICK PINS IN 'EM AND PUT 'EM IN DAD'S DRAWER!
SEND SOME COMICS OR MONEY.
NOT REUSABLE.

The single frame comic strip was invariably conceived, written, and drawn to be cut from the paper and pinned a notice board. The audience reaction was supposed to be: "Ain't that just like the boss . . . my teacher . . . that secret . . . you kids . . . this company . . . that party. . . ." The panels below, from the short-lived "Up Our Alley" series, evo silent "huh?"s and "howzat?"s. After two years of syndicated success, "Up Our Alley" came to grief when someone Clinton, N.J., admitted "not getting it." Relieved, the rest of America 'fessed up, the strip was withdrawn, and the auth artist went back to his regular job with the New York Times *op-ed page.*



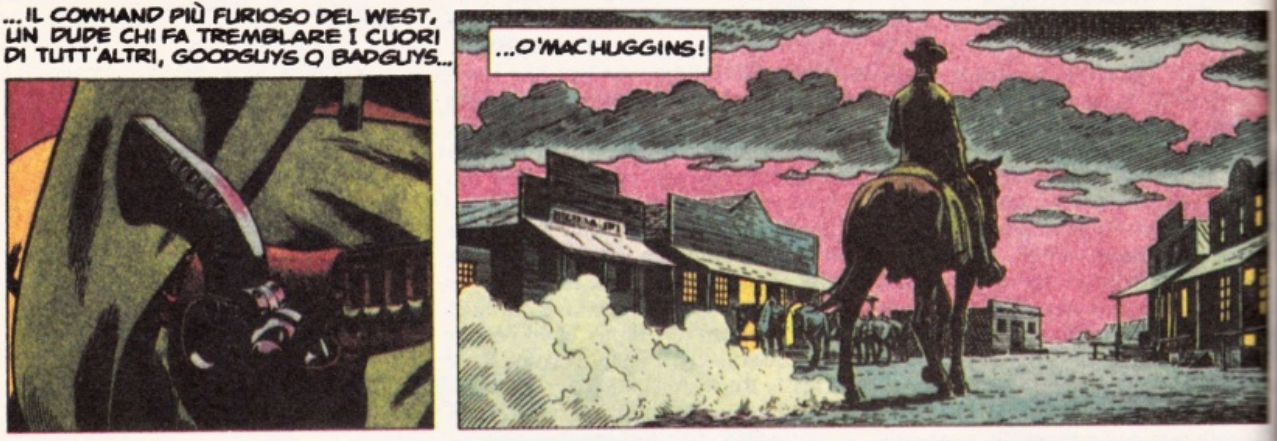


Comics around the World

One night I am at wife-swiping party and I am fuck away like a chimp and my buddies say, "Whoa, Hopalong, save some for us guys too." And I am think it to myself, "Why they are all wanting to make fuck with the one wife; there are lots of other wives who are pretty glad to make fuck with cats hung like football." And then I am think, chick I am with is knowing best old in and out so she is most liked by everyones, just like Lennon/McCartney say, "I'm never dance with the udder since I saw her standing there." This is no different with the comics books. You go to Paris or maybe Grenoble or even Bonn, what you are seeing is comics books just like Woolworth's drugstore Kerouac apple pie and Coke on a raft wrap 'em to go lunch counter snack comics books in America. America is invent the comics book, and Europe she is like "Eleanor Rigby who is sit in the church eating rice with the wedding has-beens." So European comics books they are look like American with buckaroo buddies ponytail going steady foxhole hot rod story. So this is neo-Manichean cultural dualism just like Levi-Strauss (who is far out) is to say. He is calling this *bricolage*, to you American pals of me this is like fixing the Chevy with the jewing gum and bobby pin. Surprise? Why? Religious peoples they are not changing Jesus story to Newark or Lyon. Jesus is Jerusalem. Comics books people they are writing in new hip rollercoaster hash trip America. This is why comics books are today thing. Alan Resnais? He is dumb fucking son of the bitch and I hate him. Fellini, he is make the comic on film. Just the same all frames, only film is talking. Europe is invent the triptych, America is making the comics book. What is new? The comic is like commune, all panels work together living off land drinking seaweed juice and apple to make story from love. Who is father of hippy child Moon-stroke Vishnu Royal Flush? This is yesterday question. All peoples going back to tribe. No more who is father question. This is Engels' negationing the negationing. All history is spiral like Joe Namath making forward puss wild man Commie tear-down-the-walls motherfucker. Ditto this idea to make comics book in modern times. So if you are read this and I am touch your soul then maybe we are making "Suite Judy Blue Eyes," get mellow boxspring combo and then I am give you protein from me to make sacred present of DNA. Like it is saying the one dollar bill: *Into many we are coming one! Eighty-six all old private thinking!*

Jean-Claude "Hopalong" Cravat

The cultural exchange program that traded Jerry Lewis to France for Marcel Marceau also entailed the swap of Topo Gigio for Clint Eastwood. The spaghetti western became popular. The rest is history—Gibbon, to be exact.



CINQUE ANNI CHE SU FRATELLO È HUMILIATO NEL TUMBLEWEED DI OKLAHOMA HUMILIATO A MORTE. CINQUE ANNI LA SUA VENDETTA. ADESSO ARRIVE... IL SHOWDOWN!

JESSE! SONO VENUTO PER TE!
ECCO IL SHOWDOWN. UN'ETERNITÀ PASSA... POI...
FANGUL!
FANGUL!
QUICK, JESSE, MA NON BASTA QUICK! PRENDE QUESTO!

E TU COGNO!
FIGATI FINOCCH' VAI SEDETI SOPRA UNA BANANA!
CABEZA DI VACCA, MANGIA LA MIA POOP!
TUTTA LA SERA IL SHOWDOWN CONTINUA...
...MA VERSO LA NOTTE O'MACHUGGINS APPARE UN UOMO TERMINATO.
TU L'AI FATTO CON UN CANE E IL CANE NON PUÒ VENIRE! TU SE SUSPENDATO COME UN GERBIL! E UN' ALTRA COSA...
CRETINO...
POI...
LA TUA MAMA È UNA PUTA...
AAARGH!
IL COGNO DELLA TUA MAMA HA L'ACNE TERMINALE! QUESTO COGNO SENTA COME UN KILO DI GORGONZOLA DEL SECOLO QUINCESIMO!
NO! PER PIACERE! NON LA MAMA!

QUESTO PER LA TUA MAMA!
E QUESTO!
E QUESTO!!!
LA SERA, LUI VA VIA. LA VENDETTA È FATTA. E IL SHOWDOWN A RIO JAWBONE PASSA NELLA STORIA.
SALUMERIA
PASTICCERIA
OGGETTI RELIGIOSI
-FIN-

Not without graphic talent are the sons of the Mayans, whose contribution to comic culture includes a superhero shouting, "Areeba, areeba," and the Tijuana Bible, at one time the most popular contraband along the Tex-Mex border.

VASELINE ALLEY by Dick Slick
GEE, SKWEEZIT, YOUR NEW CAR'S A REGULAR HOT-ROD!
IT'S A HOT ONE, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT AS HOT AS ME!
LET'S PULL OVER AND "COOL OFF" AWHILE...
STICK IT IN ME, LOVER, QUICK!
OH, HONEY, HAVE YOU GOT SOME HORSES UNDER THAT HOOD!!
STEP ON IT, BABY... GIVE IT TO ME GOOD!!
POP
FASTER! FASTER! IT'S THE BEST!
GEE, SKWEEZ- IT LOOKS LIKE YOU TOOK A WRONG TURN SOME-WHERE!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE NEW MODELS... YOU CAN'T TELL THE BACK FROM THE FRONT!

Farewell To MADRID

By C. Goode

A STORY OF PASSION IN A COLORFUL SETTING

Had he not needed words to say it, many an existentialist would have said, "To hell with words." As it is, many Spanish existentialists turned naturally to the comic form as one suitable to express their—how shall I say it—essence?

He glances at a photo of Rosa.
Outside, Escarmarán, the pimp, makes his way down the street.
LATER: His brother enters.
They speak of their mother.

She is ill. Perhaps she will die.

The spectre of death is everywhere.

MEANWHILE:
In Rosa's Room a strange man embraces her.

Jorge glances at his watch....

Soon it will be time for the Corrida.

He dons the SUIT-OF-LIGHTS.

On the way, he asks Ramón to make a strange DETOUR.

The End.

Comics with a Cause

Comics with a cause. Think back to your childhood. Now, touch your right foot. Can you remember the first cartoon you saw? Was it Billy's mother's jugs in chalk on the sidewalk, or cocks versus Martians ray gun war on the top of your first grade desk in ball-point pen? Try and remember, and while you're at it, see if you can remember who wrote that stuff about the janitor being a nigger, because the principal's still looking for him.

If you have properly ransacked your memory bin, you have probably come up with dozens of examples of early and instructive comic art. Thanks. It makes my job easier.

These early comics served alongside Dick and Jane and Peter Pickins, the flower boy, to educate and acculturize us small, rather helpless folk, and if some of us got our first paper routes before we realized that girls didn't have cunts in their chests, it was better to have lived in that belief than not to have lived at all.

A little later on, in school, they taught us the rules of hygiene, facts about Russia, and the dangers of getting into strangers' cars.

Governments, in their capacity as the biggest educators of them all, have used comics to teach Indians not to drink, to teach us that Japs bayoneted blond orphans, to teach southerners to drive (like teaching baboons to play pianos), and to let us in on the real truth about big noses who want to share up the money.

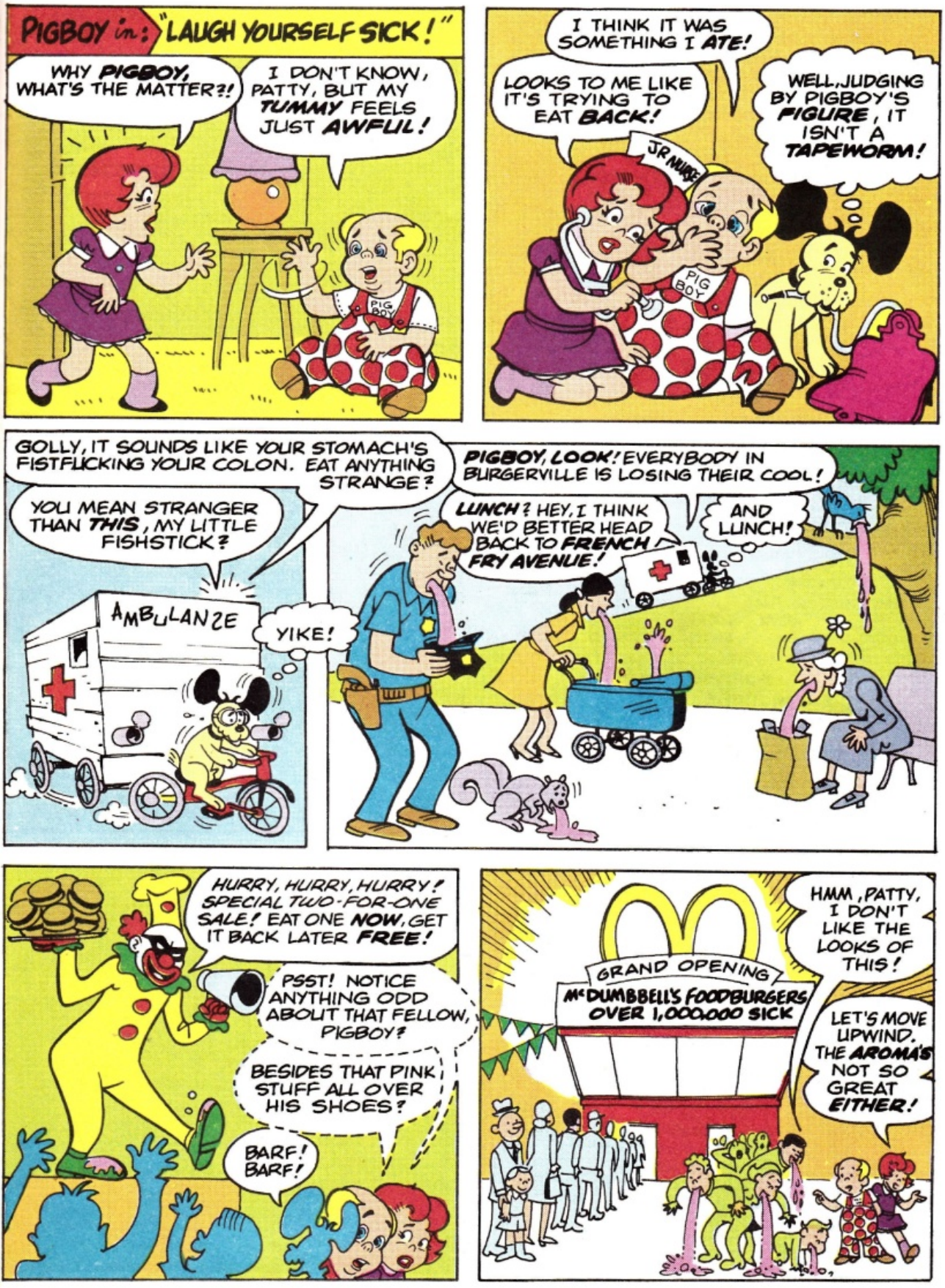
Private organizations, respected organizations, like the Lions Club, the Ford Foundation, the B'nai Brith, and the Greater New York Poodle Euthanasia Society, have all, from time to time, issued comics in the service of their diverse causes. Comics, like any other form of communication, can ennoble a good cause, and with careful lettering, good color seps, proper pacing, and an attractive printer, they can send a searing message into the eyes, up the optical nerve, and into the brain of the reader. A picture, they say, is worth a thousand words. This is especially true if you can't read, and not a good rule to follow when purchasing art. However, a picture is worth at least a paragraph of anybody's words; even guys like Norman Mailer and Colly Cibber will admit that. What better way to communicate with space creeps.

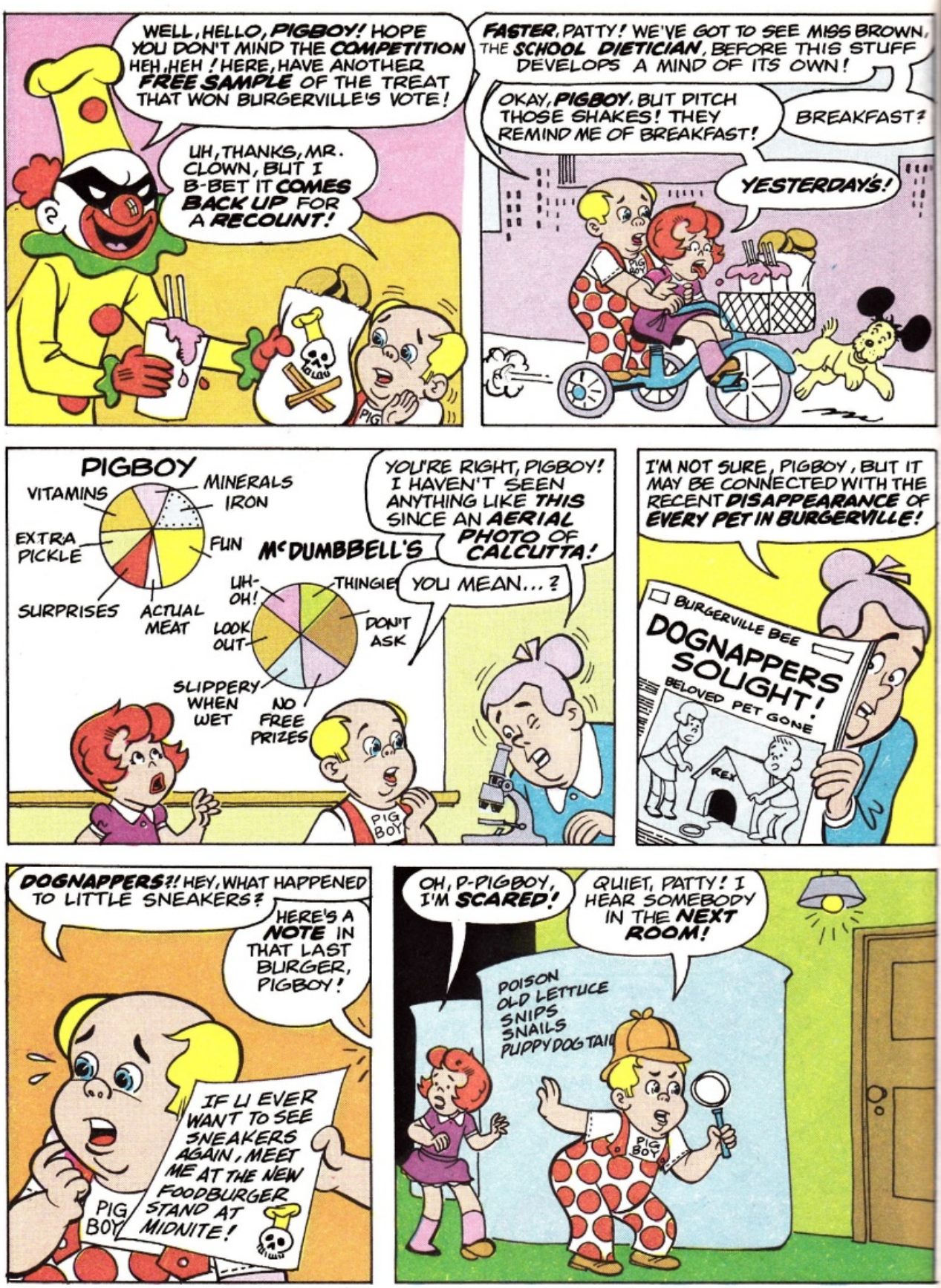
Really. Suppose the spacemen arrive and, like, they haven't hung around monitoring the earth TV stations long enough to pick up the English language and the basics of fascism, and they land at the Western White House by mistake, and Nixon trades them the fucking Sunday supplement for a death ray, and the next fucking day there are twice as many humanitarians in the country 'cause fucking Nixon cut them in half with his death ray! You think that's crazy? I'll give you crazy THhshakKKJJGbsbaGGs. That's crazy.

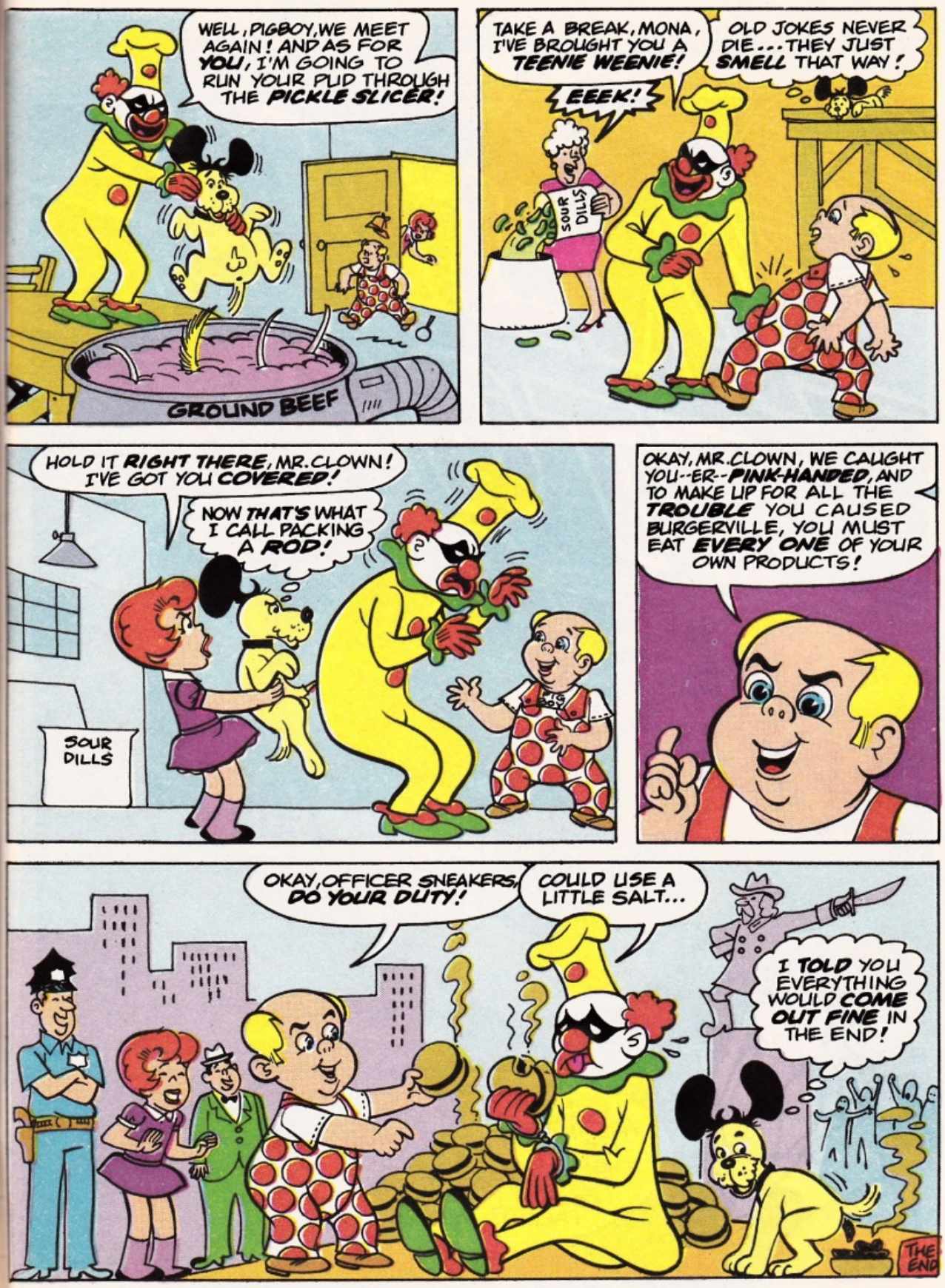
Derek Madrigal

Perhaps one of the crudest, yet most surreal, comic ever produced was the "Pigboy" series, still distributed fr by an obscure chain of restaurant franchises in the midwest and southwest. The "Pigboy" series, jobbed out to provincial advertising agency, are believed to be the only comics written, drawn, colored, and lettered by the letter

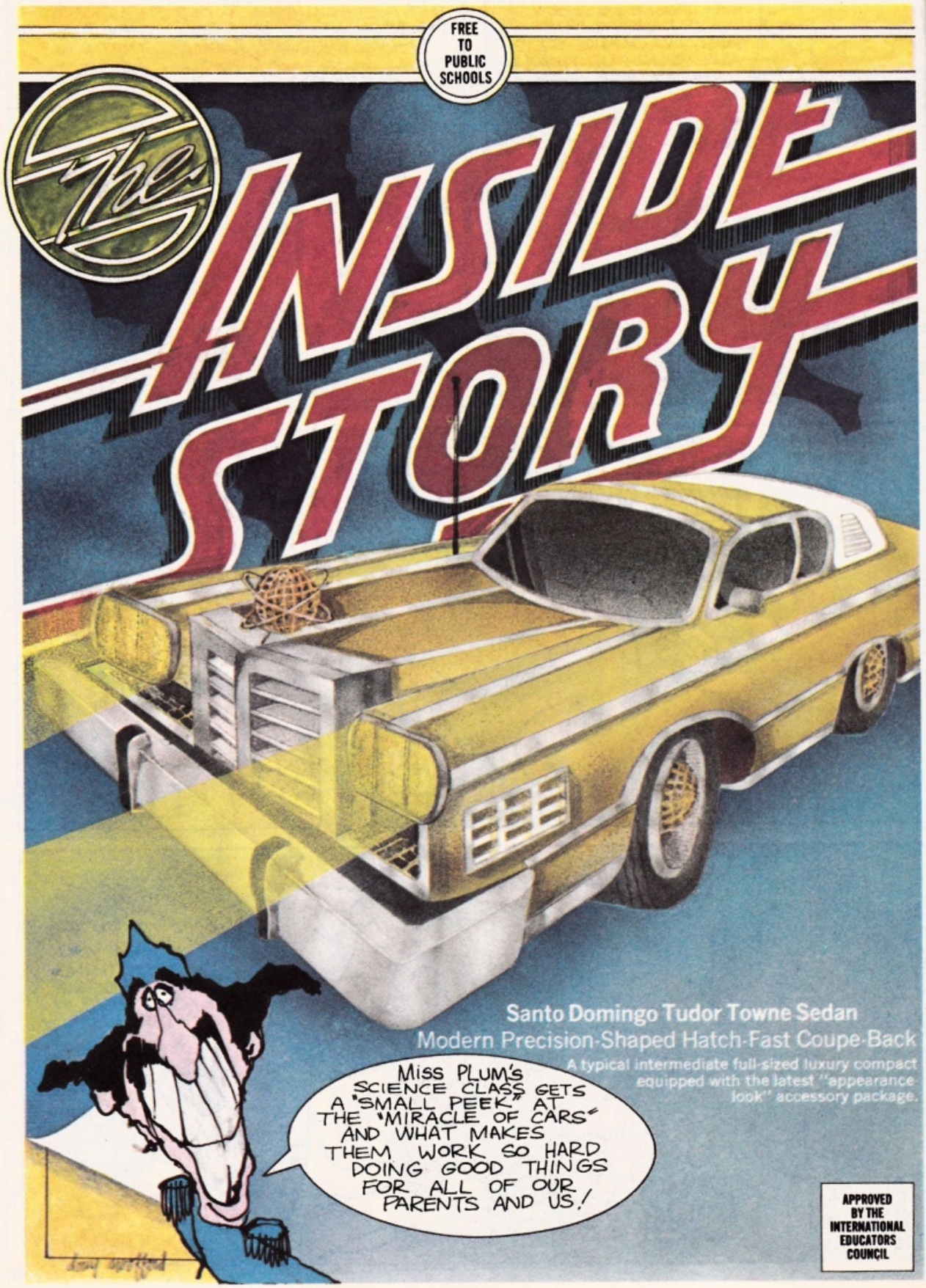
THE Adventures OF
PIGBOY
NO. 186
GAMES ★ TRICKS ★ JOKES 4 YOU!
FREE! to our Guests 15¢
I-I'VE HEARD OF BEING IN A PICKLE, PIGBOY, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
SO ARE THOSE GIANT TOES UP AHEAD! I HOPE THAT EVIL HAMBURGLAR DIDN'T ORDER CHEESE ON TOP!
I'D HATE TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE THE DONUTS!
THE PIGBOY IN: THE MYSTERY MEAT MYSTERY!
KATCHUP
MOUSTURD
PIG BOY
NARB Adv. Corp., Ashtabula, Ohio
PIGBOY © is a copyrighted trademark of the
PIGBOY BURGERCORP. ©, Ashtabula.
Created and produced for all PIGBOY restaurants

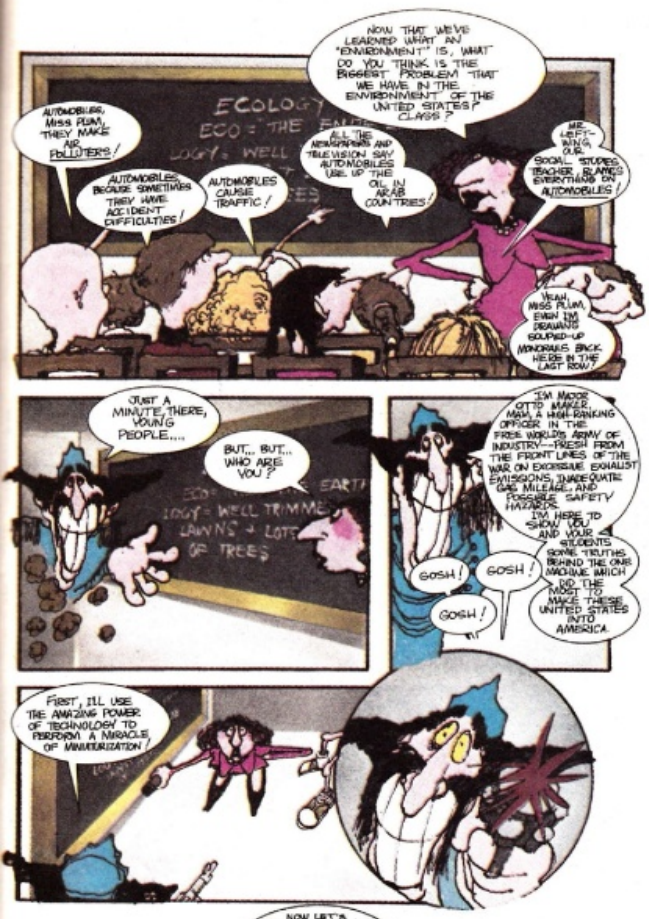

PIGBOY in: "LAUGH YOURSELF SICK!"
WHY PIGBOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?!
I DON'T KNOW, PATTY, BUT MY TUMMY FEELS JUST AWFUL!
PIG BOY
I THINK IT WAS SOMETHING I ATE!
LOOKS TO ME LIKE IT'S TRYING TO EAT BACK!
WELL, JUDGING BY PIGBOY'S FIGURE, IT ISN'T A TAPEWORM!
JR MUNROE
PIG BOY
GOLLY, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR STOMACH'S FISTFLICKING YOUR COLON. EAT ANYTHING STRANGE?
YOU MEAN STRANGER THAN THIS, MY LITTLE FISHSTICK?
AMBULANZE
YIKE!
PIGBOY, LOOK! EVERYBODY IN BURGERVILLE IS LOSING THEIR COOL!
LUNCH? HEY, I THINK WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO FRENCH FRY AVENUE!
AND LUNCH!
HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! SPECIAL TWO-FOR-ONE SALE! EAT ONE NOW, GET IT BACK LATER FREE!
PSST! NOTICE ANYTHING ODD ABOUT THAT FELLOW, PIGBOY?
BESIDES THAT PINK STUFF ALL OVER HIS SHOES?
BARF! BARF!
GRAND OPENING
McDUMBBELL'S FOODBURGERS OVER 1,000,000 SICK
HMM, PATTY, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!
LET'S MOVE UPWIND. THE AROMA'S NOT SO GREAT EITHER!


WELL, HELLO, PIGBOY! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE COMPETITION HEH, HEH! HERE, HAVE ANOTHER FREE SAMPLE OF THE TREAT THAT WON BURGERVILLE'S VOTE!
UH, THANKS, MR. CLOWN, BUT I B-BET IT COMES BACK UP FOR A RECOUNT!
FASTER, PATTY! WE'VE GOT TO SEE MISS BROWN, THE SCHOOL DIETICIAN, BEFORE THIS STUFF DEVELOPS A MIND OF ITS OWN!
OKAY, PIGBOY, BUT DITCH THOSE SHAKES! THEY REMIND ME OF BREAKFAST!
BREAKFAST?
YESTERDAY'S!
PIGBOY
VITAMINS
MINERALS
IRON
EXTRA PICKLE
FUN
SURPRISES
ACTUAL MEAT
McDUMBBELL'S
UH-OH!
THINGIE
LOOK OUT
DON'T ASK
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
NO FREE PRIZES
YOU'RE RIGHT, PIGBOY! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS SINCE AN AERIAL PHOTO OF CALCUTTA!
YOU MEAN...?
PIG BOY
I'M NOT SURE, PIGBOY, BUT IT MAY BE CONNECTED WITH THE RECENT DISAPPEARANCE OF EVERY PET IN BURGERVILLE!
BURGERVILLE BEE
DOGNAPPERS SOUGHT!
BELOVED PET GONE
REX
DOGNAPPERS?! HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO LITTLE SNEAKERS?
HERE'S A NOTE IN THAT LAST BURGER, PIGBOY!
IF U EVER WANT TO SEE SNEAKERS AGAIN, MEET ME AT THE NEW FOODBURGER STAND AT MIDNITE!
PIG BOY
OH, P-PIGBOY, I'M SCARED!
QUIET, PATTY! I HEAR SOMEBODY IN THE NEXT ROOM!
POISON
OLD LETTUCE
SNIPS
SNAILS
PUPPY DOG TAI
PIG BOY


WELL, PIGBOY, WE MEET AGAIN! AND AS FOR YOU, I'M GOING TO RUN YOUR PUP THROUGH THE PICKLE SLICER!
GROUND BEEF
TAKE A BREAK, MONA, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A TEENIE WEENIE!
EEEK!
SOUR DILLS
OLD JOKES NEVER DIE... THEY JUST SMELL THAT WAY!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MR. CLOWN! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL PACKING A ROD!
SOUR DILLS
OKAY, MR. CLOWN, WE CAUGHT YOU--ER--PINK-HANDED, AND TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED BURGERVILLE, YOU MUST EAT EVERY ONE OF YOUR OWN PRODUCTS!
OKAY, OFFICER SNEAKERS, DO YOUR DUTY!
COULD USE A LITTLE SALT...
I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING WOULD COME OUT FINE IN THE END!
THE END

Perhaps the ultimate testimony to the respectability of the comic form is its recognition by even the most co servative modern educators as a valid and valuable textual medium. Comics designed exclusively for education purposes are now being used in primary and secondary schools everywhere in the United States. Many of thes teaching aids are supplied free (or at nominal cost) to public school systems by philanthropic corporations who, wit the usual up-to-the-minute progressive instincts of the American business mind, were quick to grasp the potential of th instructive technique.


FREE TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS
The INSIDE STORY
Santo Domingo Tudor Towne Sedan
Modern Precision-Shaped Hatch-Fast Coupe-Back
A typical intermediate full-sized luxury compact equipped with the latest "appearance look" accessory package.
MISS PLUM'S SCIENCE CLASS GETS A "SMALL PEEK" AT THE "MIRACLE OF CARS" AND WHAT MAKES THEM WORK SO HARD DOING GOOD THINGS FOR ALL OF OUR PARENTS AND US!
APPROVED BY THE INTERNATIONAL EDUCATORS COUNCIL


NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED WHAT AN "ENVIRONMENT" IS, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE BIGGEST PROBLEM THAT WE HAVE IN THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE UNITED STATES? CLASS?
ECOLOGY
ECO = THE
LOGY = WELL
AUTOMOBILES, MISS PLUM, THEY MAKE AIR POLLUTERS!
AUTOMOBILES BECAUSE SOMETIMES THEY HAVE ACCIDENT DIFFICULTIES!
AUTOMOBILES CAUSE TRAFFIC!
ALL THE NEWSPAPERS AND TELEVISION SAY AUTOMOBILES USE UP THE OIL IN ARAB COUNTRIES!
MR. LEFT-WING OUR SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER BLAMES EVERYTHING ON AUTOMOBILES!
YEAH, MISS PLUM, EVEN I'M BEGINNING TO SEE POLLUTED MINORALS BACK HERE IN THE LAST ROW!

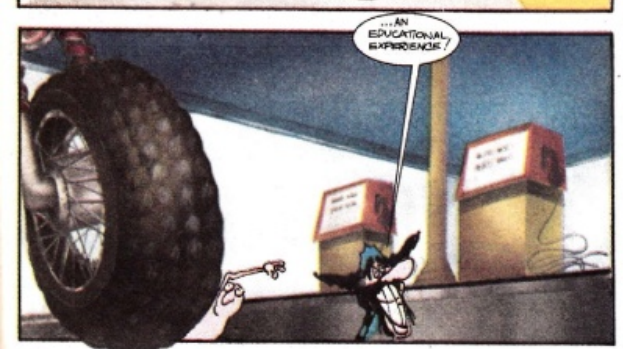
JUST A MINUTE THERE, YOUNG PEOPLE....
BUT... BUT... WHO ARE YOU?
ECO = EARTH
LOGY = WELL TRIMMED LAWNS + LOTS OF TREES
I'M MAJOR OTTO MAKER, MAW, A HIGH-RANKING OFFICER IN THE FREE WORLD'S ARMY OF INDUSTRY---FRESH FROM THE FRONT LINES OF THE WAR ON EXCESSIVE EXHAUST EMISSIONS, INADEQUATE GAS MILEAGE, AND POSSIBLE SAFETY HAZARDS.
I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS SOME TRUTHS BEHIND THE ONE MACHINE WHICH DID THE MOST TO MAKE THESE UNITED STATES INTO AMERICA.
GOSH!
GOSH!
GOSH!

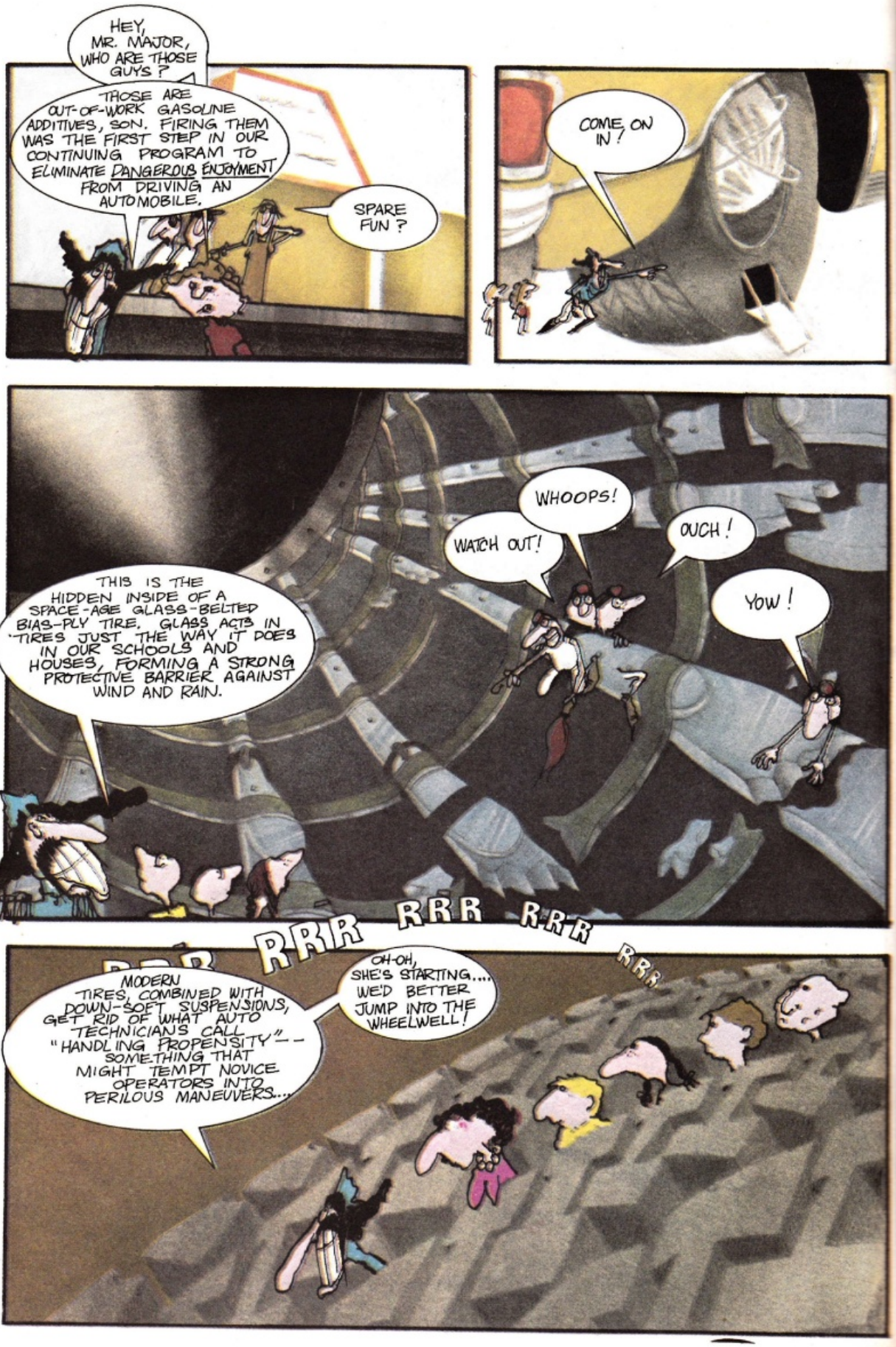
FIRST, I'LL USE THE AMAZING POWER OF TECHNOLOGY TO PERFORM A MIRACLE OF MINIATURIZATION!

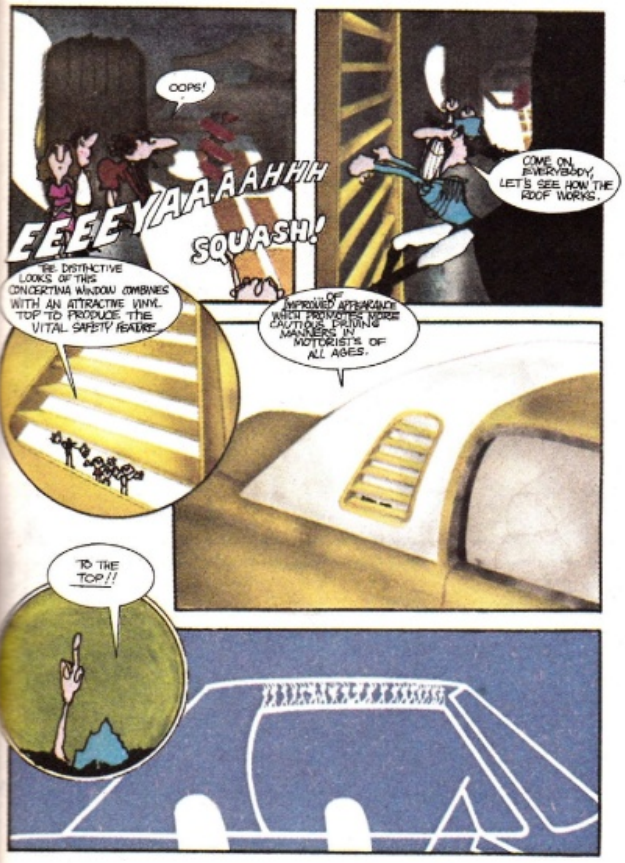
KABAM!

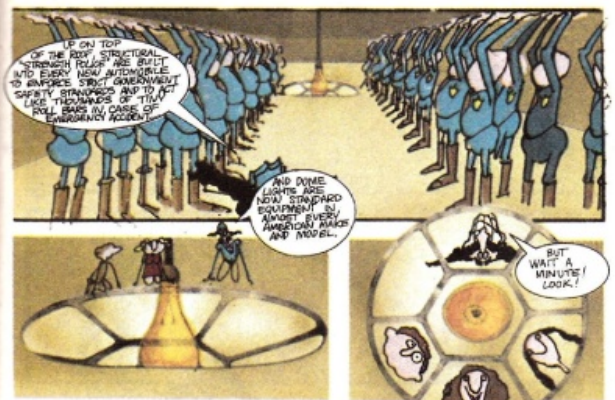
NOW LET'S TROOP ACROSS THE STREET TO AN INDEPENDENTLY OWNED GAS STATION AND GET THE INSIDE STORY ON THE OPEC INSIDERS!
USH! SHUSH!

FORWARD MARCH TO...


...AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE!


HEY, MR. MAJOR, WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?
THOSE ARE OUT-OF-WORK GASOLINE ADDITIVES, SON. FIRING THEM WAS THE FIRST STEP IN OUR CONTINUING PROGRAM TO ELIMINATE DANGEROUS ENJOYMENT FROM DRIVING AN AUTOMOBILE.
SPARE FUN?
COME ON IN!
THIS IS THE HIDDEN INSIDE OF A SPACE-AGE GLASS-BELTED BIAS-PLY TIRE. GLASS ACTS IN TIRES JUST THE WAY IT DOES IN OUR SCHOOLS AND HOUSES, FORMING A STRONG PROTECTIVE BARRIER AGAINST WIND AND RAIN.
WHOOPS!
WATCH OUT!
OUCH!
YOW!
RRR RRR RRR RRR
MODERN TIRES, COMBINED WITH DOWN-SOFT SUSPENSIONS, GET RID OF WHAT AUTO TECHNICIANS CALL "HANDLING PROPENSITY"--SOMETHING THAT MIGHT TEMPT NOVICE OPERATORS INTO PERILOUS MANEUVERS...
OH-OH, SHE'S STARTING.... WE'D BETTER JUMP INTO THE WHEELWELL!


OOPS!
EEEEYAAAAHHH
SQUASH!
COME ON, EVERYBODY, LET'S SEE HOW THE ROOF WORKS.
THE DISTINCTIVE LOOKS OF THIS CONCERTINA WINDOW COMBINES WITH AN ATTRACTIVE VINYL TOP TO PRODUCE THE VITAL SAFETY FEATURE.
OF IMPROVED APPEARANCE WHICH PROMOTES MORE CAUTIOUS DRIVING MANNERS IN MOTORISTS OF ALL AGES.
TO THE TOP!!

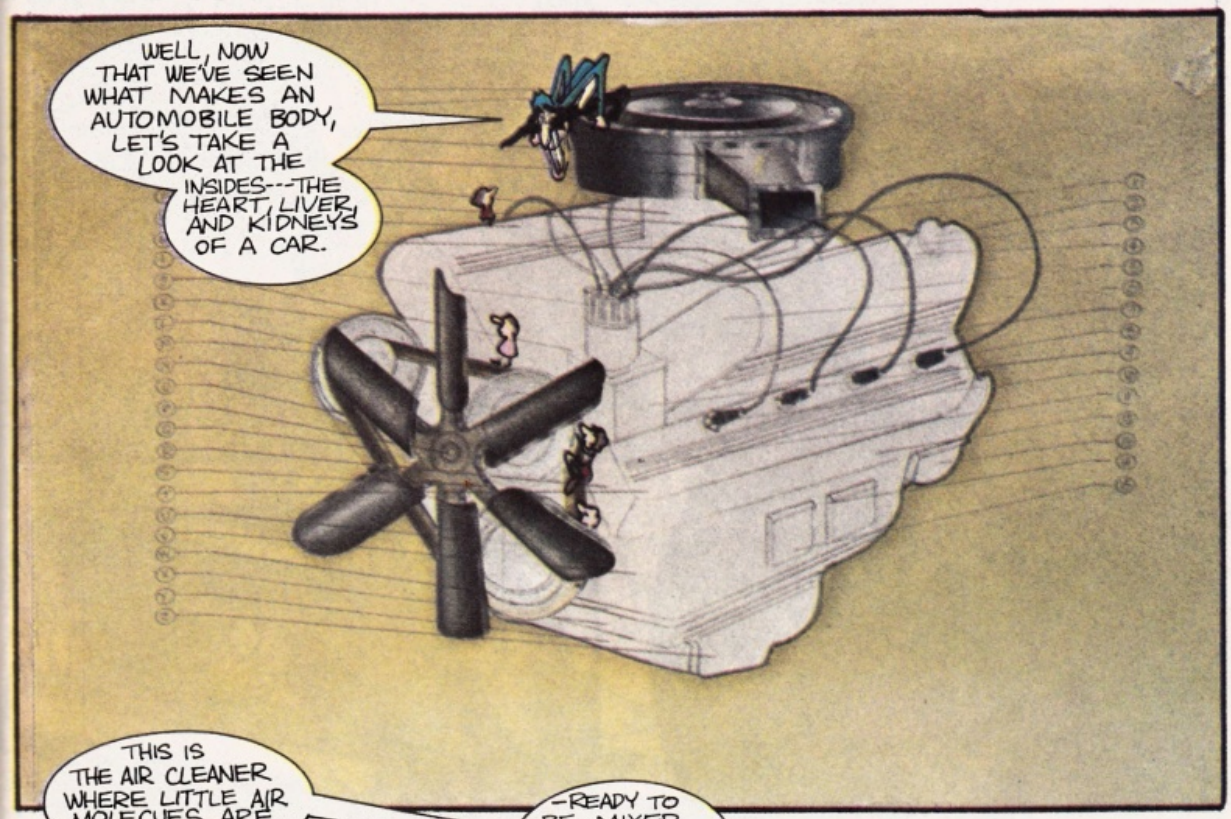

UP ON TOP OF THE ROOF, STRUCTURAL STRENGTH POLES ARE BUILT INTO EVERY NEW AUTOMOBILE TO ENFORCE STRICT GOVERNMENT SAFETY STANDARDS AND TO ACT LIKE THOUSANDS OF TINY ROLL BARS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY ACCIDENT.
AND DOME LIGHTS ARE NOW STANDARD EQUIPMENT IN ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN MAKE AND MODEL.
BUT WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK!

HMM, ONE GLANCE AT THIS ROAD MAP SHOWS THE CAR'S BIGGEST CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COUNTRY'S ROADS!
EVEN IN THE YEAR 2000, WHEN WE'RE ALL DRIVING LASER-POWERED HOVER-SEDANS, OUR INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS WILL STILL BE NATIONAL ASSETS -- SERVING AS VALUABLE PATHS AND MAINTENANCE!
FREE STATE PARKS!

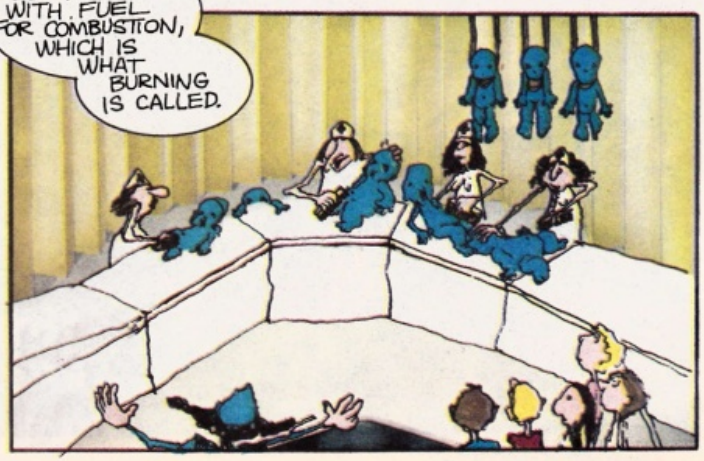
NEXT STOP: THE DASHBOARD!

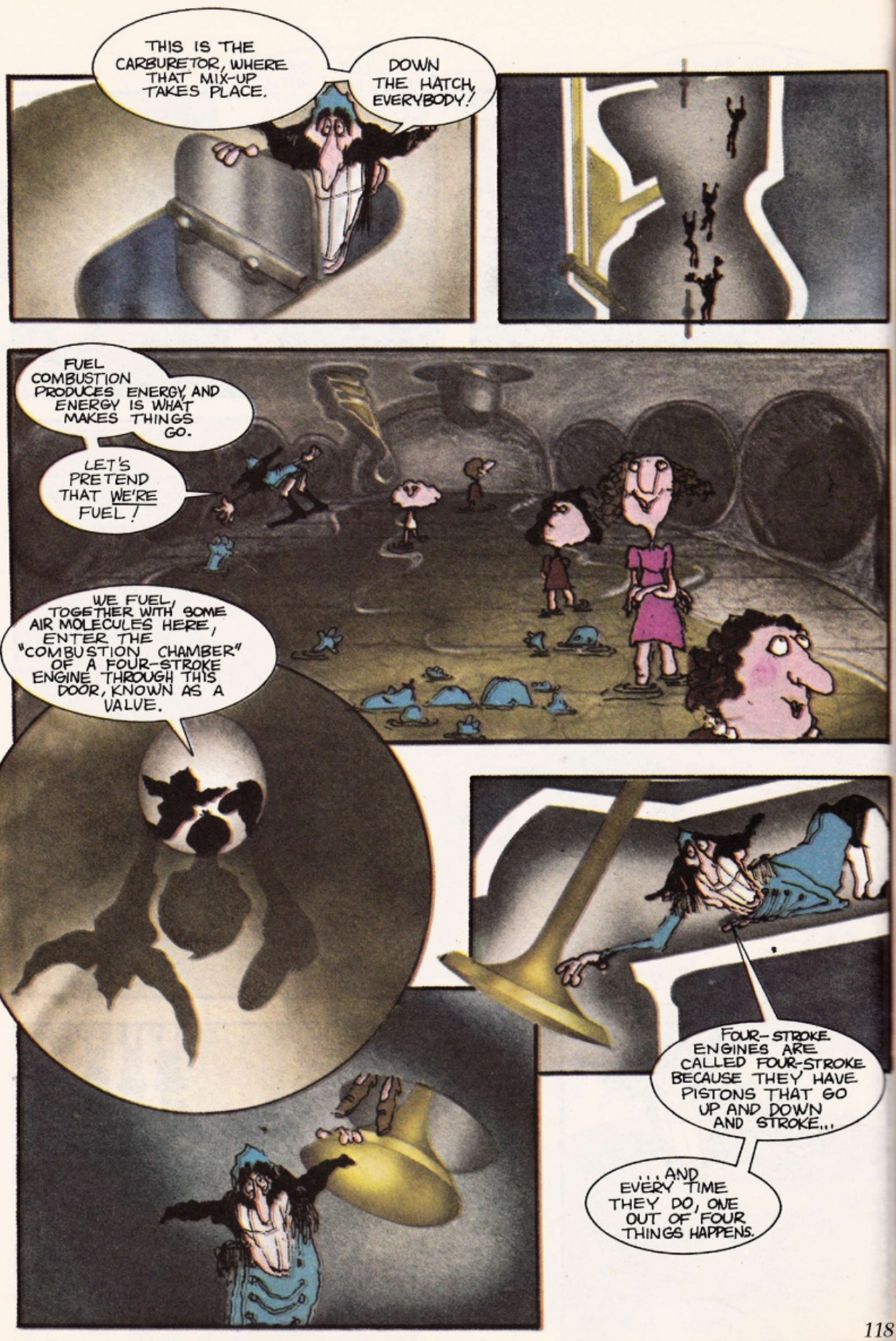
HERE, MODERN ELECTRONICS KEEPS A CONSTANT FLOW OF IMPORTANT DATA TO THE DRIVER JUST THE WAY THEY DO TO THE PILOT OF A JET PLANE...
...TELLING HIM IF HIS ENGINE IS ON, WHAT TIME IT IS, AND WHETHER HE LEFT HIS KEYS IN THE IGNITION...
BUCKLE YOUR SEAT BELT!!!
WHAT'S THIS, MR. MAJOR?
THIS IS THE AUTOMATIC PASSIVE RESTRAINT SYSTEM, OR "AIR BAG", CAREFULLY DESIGNED TO INFLATE TO A HUGE SIZE IN FRACTIONS OF A SECOND SHOULD THE VEHICLE BECOME INVOLVED IN A HEAD-ON MISTAKE...
OOPS...
LET'S TAKE THIS QUICK OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT THE 5 MPH BUMPERS, WHICH SHOULD BE USED ANY MOMENT NOW.

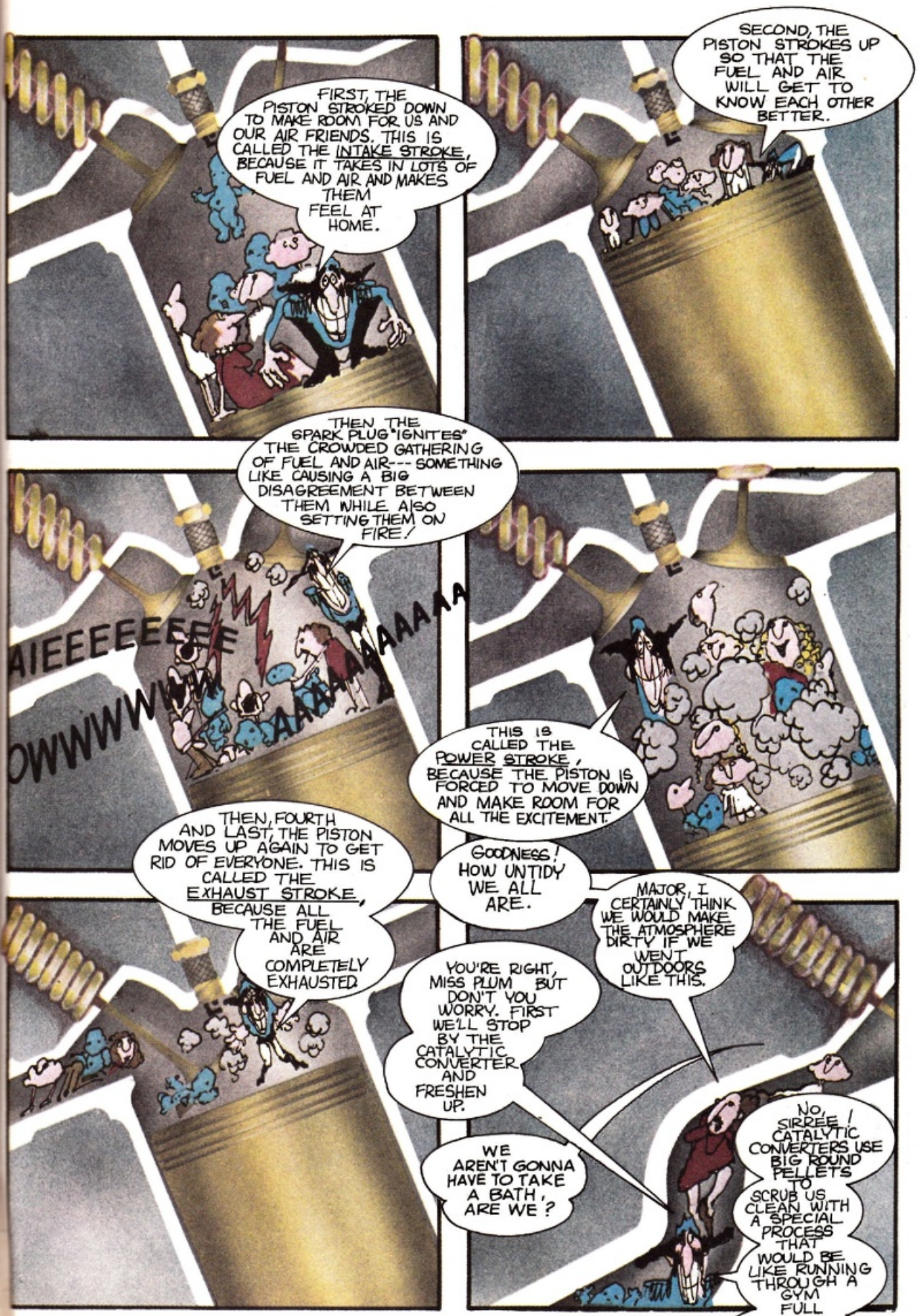
IF YOU IMAGINE THE FORCE OF AN AVERAGE COLLISION AS IF IT WERE A STORMY DAY AT SEA, SAFE NEW 5 MPH BUMPERS ARE JUST LIKE THE SHORE, IF YOU PICTURE THE BEACH AS...
PAY ATTENTION, KIDS. THERE'LL BE A QUIZ ON THIS NEXT FRIDAY.
...LOTS OF TINY MEN WITH BULLDOZERS AND SHOVELS LOADING THE WATER IN WAVES BACK INTO THE OCEAN.
SCREEEEEEEEEEECH!
SLAM!!

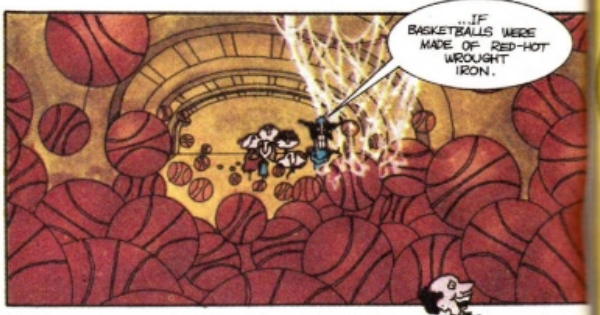

WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN WHAT MAKES AN AUTOMOBILE BODY, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE INSIDES---THE HEART, LIVER AND KIDNEYS OF A CAR.

THIS IS THE AIR CLEANER WHERE LITTLE AIR MOLECUES ARE SCRUBBED CLEAN—

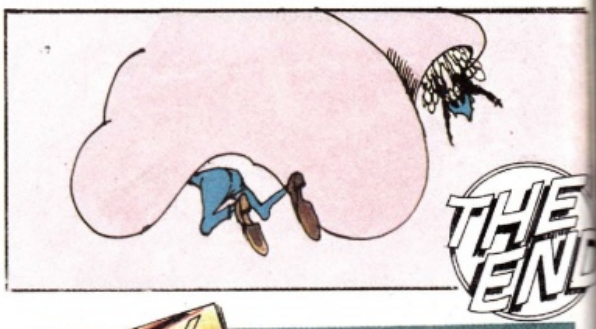

—READY TO BE MIXED WITH FUEL FOR COMBUSTION, WHICH IS WHAT BURNING IS CALLED.


THIS IS THE CARBURETOR, WHERE THAT MIX-UP TAKES PLACE.
DOWN THE HATCH, EVERYBODY!
FUEL COMBUSTION PRODUCES ENERGY, AND ENERGY IS WHAT MAKES THINGS GO.
LET'S PRETEND THAT WE'RE FUEL!
WE FUEL, TOGETHER WITH SOME AIR MOLECULES HERE, ENTER THE "COMBUSTION CHAMBER" OF A FOUR-STROKE ENGINE THROUGH THIS DOOR, KNOWN AS A VALVE.
FOUR-STROKE ENGINES ARE CALLED FOUR-STROKE BECAUSE THEY HAVE PISTONS THAT GO UP AND DOWN AND STROKE...
...AND EVERY TIME THEY DO, ONE OUT OF FOUR THINGS HAPPENS.


FIRST, THE PISTON STROKED DOWN TO MAKE ROOM FOR US AND OUR AIR FRIENDS. THIS IS CALLED THE INTAKE STROKE, BECAUSE IT TAKES IN LOTS OF FUEL AND AIR AND MAKES THEM FEEL AT HOME.
SECOND, THE PISTON STROKES UP SO THAT THE FUEL AND AIR WILL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER.
THEN THE SPARK PLUG "IGNITES" THE CROWDED GATHERING OF FUEL AND AIR--- SOMETHING LIKE CAUSING A BIG DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN THEM WHILE ALSO SETTING THEM ON FIRE!
AIEEEEEEEE
OWWWWW
AAAAAAAAAAA
THIS IS CALLED THE POWER STROKE, BECAUSE THE PISTON IS FORCED TO MOVE DOWN AND MAKE ROOM FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT.
THEN, FOURTH AND LAST, THE PISTON MOVES UP AGAIN TO GET RID OF EVERYONE. THIS IS CALLED THE EXHAUST STROKE, BECAUSE ALL THE FUEL AND AIR ARE COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED.
GOODNESS! HOW UNTIDY WE ALL ARE.
MAJOR, I CERTAINLY THINK WE WOULD MAKE THE ATMOSPHERE DIRTY IF WE WENT OUTDOORS LIKE THIS.
YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS PLUM BUT DON'T YOU WORRY. FIRST WE'LL STOP BY THE CATALYTIC CONVERTER AND FRESHEN UP.
WE AREN'T GONNA HAVE TO TAKE A BATH, ARE WE?
NO, SIRREE! CATALYTIC CONVERTERS USE BIG ROUND PELLETS TO SCRUB US CLEAN WITH A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT WOULD BE LIKE RUNNING THROUGH A GYM FULL OF WET, SOAPY BASKETBALLS...


...IF BASKETBALLS WERE MADE OF RED-HOT WROUGHT IRON.

THEREFORE, FUEL EMERGES FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE COMPLETELY PURE AND HARMLESS.
... AND PEDESTR CAN BREA US WITH DANGER TO THEI HEAL


THE END

ANDY AMPRE
ZAP FZZT ZAP BZZZZ... ANDY AMPRE BZZ ZAP BZZZZT
Teachers, Principals, School Boards . . .
America's corporations are eager to help!
Colorful, informative teaching aids are available in many subject areas of science, math, and good citizenship.
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GAS COMPANY
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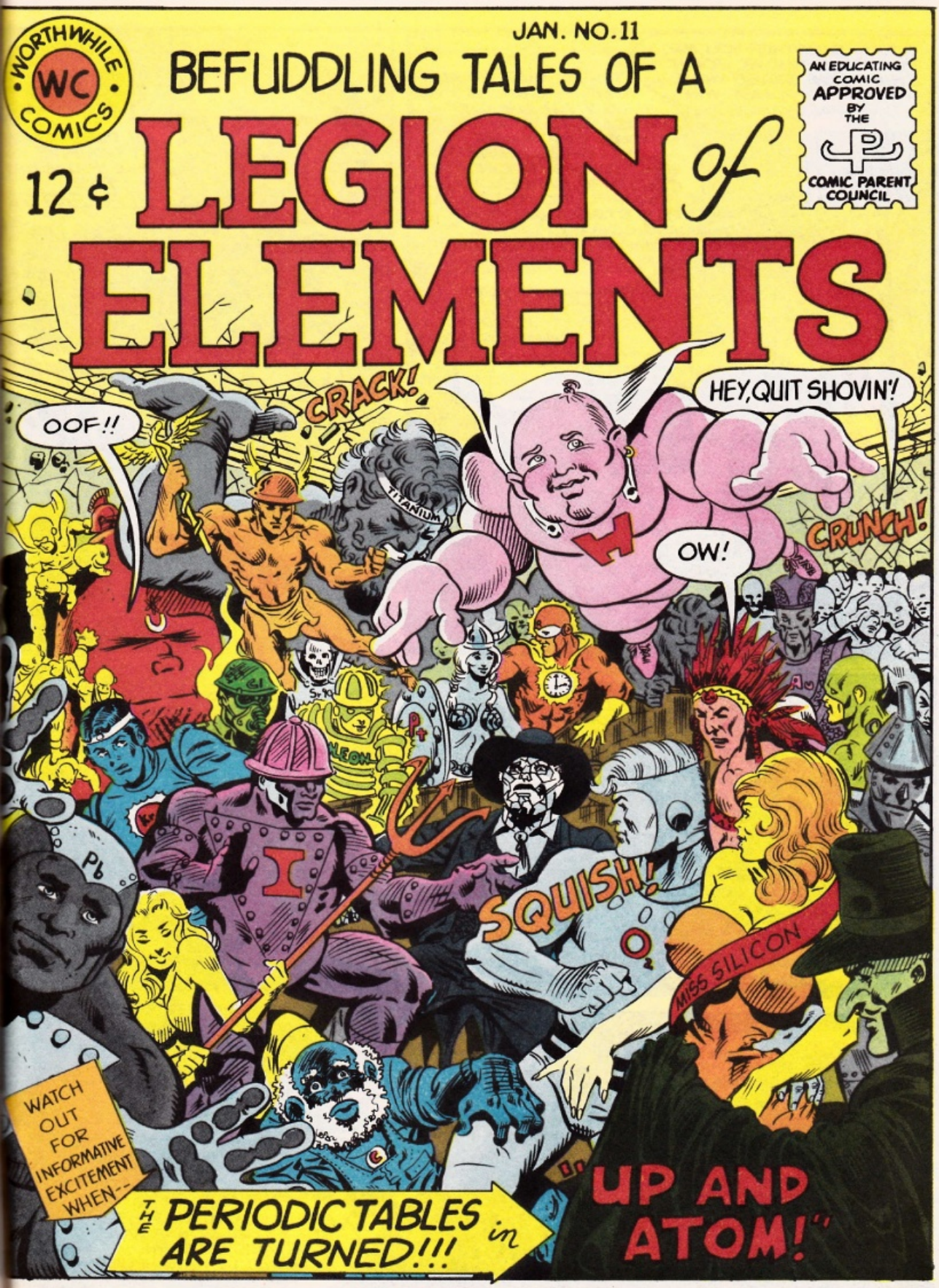
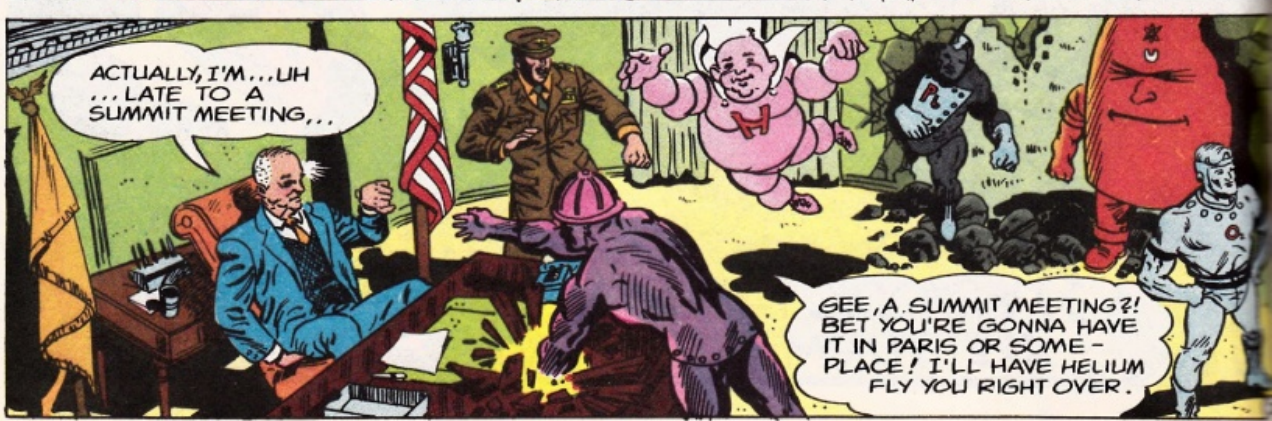
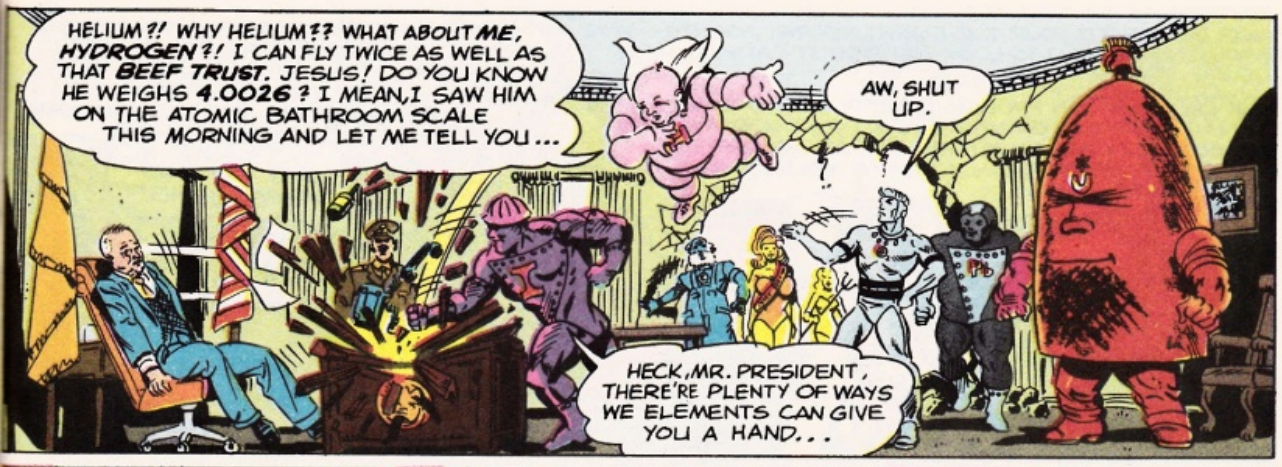

JAN. NO. 11
WORTHWHILE COMICS
WC
BEFUDDLING TALES OF A
12¢
LEGION of ELEMENTS
AN EDUCATING COMIC APPROVED BY THE COMIC PARENT COUNCIL
OOF!!
CRACK!
TITANIUM
HEY, QUIT SHOVIN'!
OW!
CRUNCH!
SQUISH!
MISS SILICON
WATCH OUT FOR INFORMATIVE EXCITEMENT WHEN--
THE PERIODIC TABLES ARE TURNED!!! in
"UP AND ATOM!"

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, BUT WE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF WANT AMERICA TO PLEASE WIN THE SPACE RACE.
THAT'S WHAT WE ALL WANT, GENERAL. BUT WE NEED TITANIUM AND MANGANESE TO MAKE STRONG, LIGHTWEIGHT ALLOYS; GERMANIUM FOR VITAL TRANSISTOR CIRCUITS; CESIUM TO MANUFACTURE POWERFUL ROCKET FUELS; PLUS STRONTIUM, RADON, AND COBALT FOR ALL IMPORTANT RESEARCH EXPERIMENTS...

MR. PRESIDENT, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU NEED THE ELEMENTS!

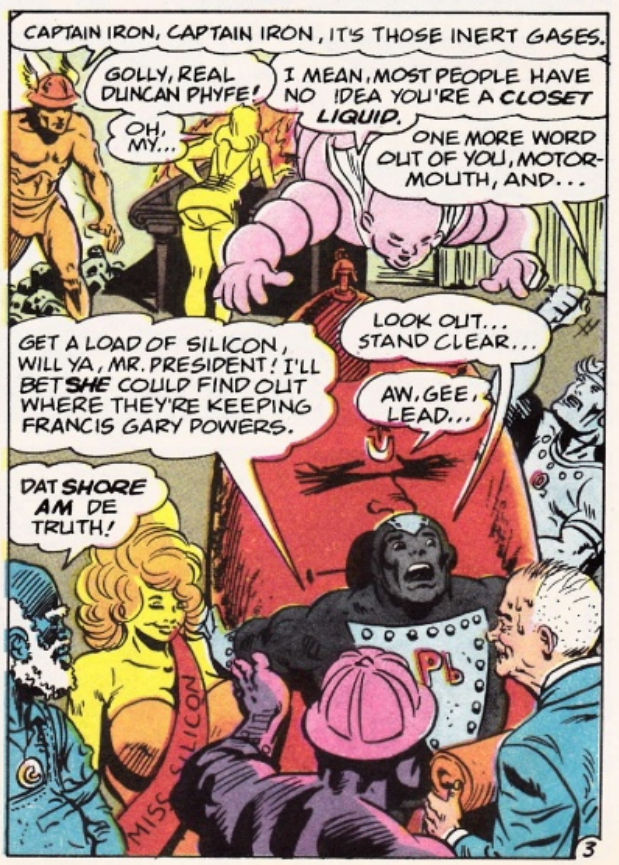
CAPTAIN IRON AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR! I KNOW I'M SPEAKING FOR THE ENTIRE PERIODIC TABLE WHEN I SAY THAT THE EARTH'S ELEMENTS WANT A STRONG AND FREE AMERICA!

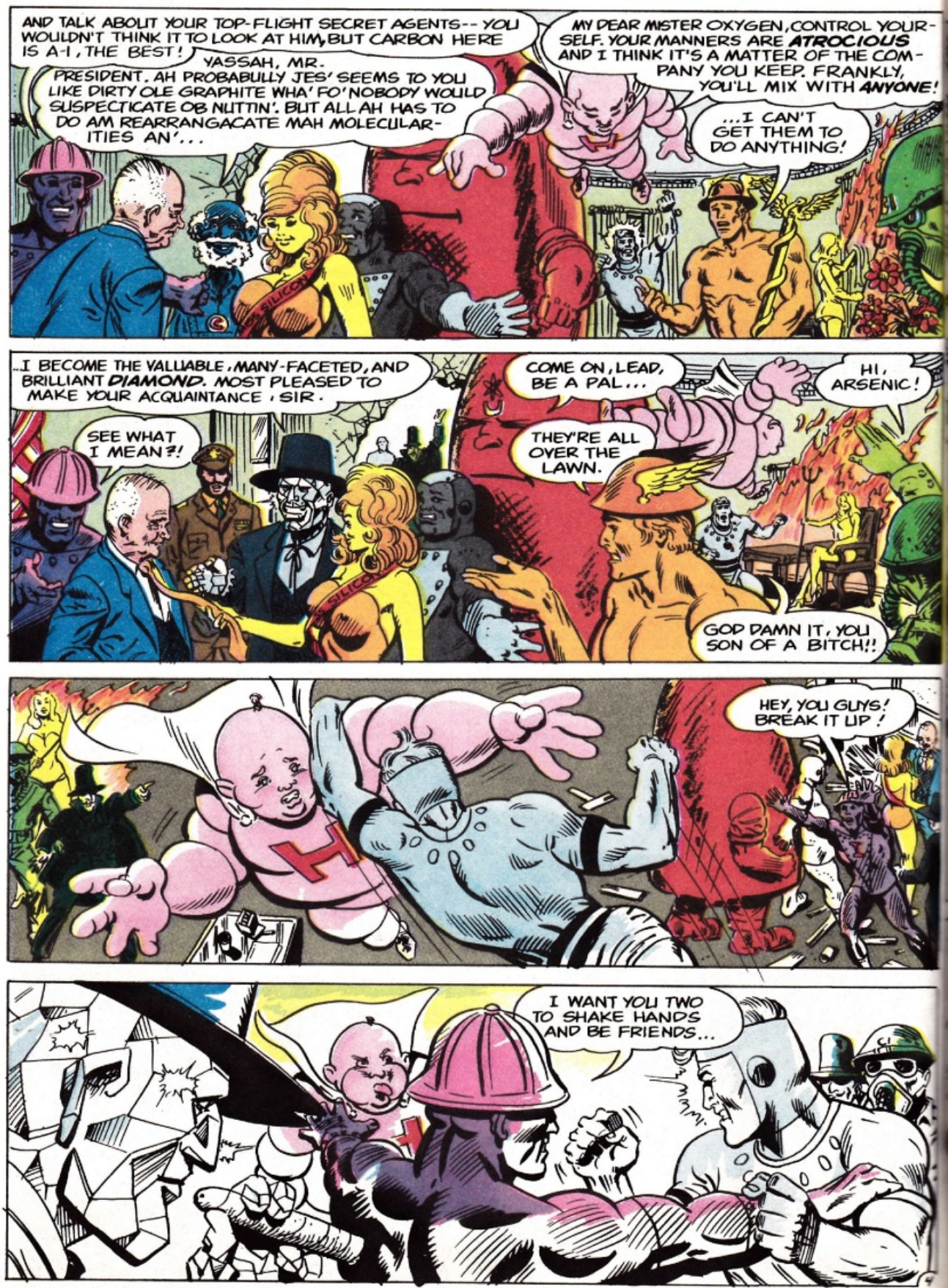

ACTUALLY, I'M... UH ... LATE TO A SUMMIT MEETING...
GEE, A SUMMIT MEETING?! BET YOU'RE GONNA HAVE IT IN PARIS OR SOME-PLACE! I'LL HAVE HELIUM FLY YOU RIGHT OVER.


HELIUM?! WHY HELIUM?? WHAT ABOUT ME, HYDROGEN?! I CAN FLY TWICE AS WELL AS THAT BEEF TRUST. JESUS! DO YOU KNOW HE WEIGHS 4.0026? I MEAN, I SAW HIM ON THE ATOMIC BATHROOM SCALE THIS MORNING AND LET ME TELL YOU...
AW, SHUT UP.
HECK, MR. PRESIDENT, THERE'RE PLENTY OF WAYS WE ELEMENTS CAN GIVE YOU A HAND...

YEAH, LIKE WITH WARS! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE A WAR WITHOUT ME!
WATCH OUT! STAND BACK, MR. PRESIDENT, YOU'RE NOT TOO OLD TO HAVE KIDS. YOU DON'T WANT ANY WITH NINE EYES AND A WEBBED LIVER...
YOU, OXYGEN, ARE TELLING ME TO SHUT UP?! WHY YOU'RE THE MOST COMMON ELEMENT IN THE UNIVERSE. AND I DO MEAN COMMON!

OF COURSE, URANIUM DOESN'T MEAN THE "COLD" WAR. SPIES ARE WHAT YOU NEED FOR A COLD WAR. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A COUPLE OF REAL HONEYS...
GOSH, PHOSPHORUS, SOME SETUP!
OH, CHLORINE, LOOK! AN ORIGINAL WINSLOW HOMER!
WHOOPS...
WATCH OUT... EVERYBODY BACK...
LISTEN, HOMO, FOR TWO CENTS I'D SPLIT YOUR FAT PROTON.


CAPTAIN IRON, CAPTAIN IRON, IT'S THOSE INERT GASES.
GOLLY, REAL DUNCAN PHYFE!
OH, MY...
I MEAN, MOST PEOPLE HAVE NO IDEA YOU'RE A CLOSET LIQUID.
ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU, MOTOR-MOUTH, AND...
GET A LOAD OF SILICON, WILL YA, MR. PRESIDENT! I'LL BET SHE COULD FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING FRANCIS GARY POWERS.
LOOK OUT... STAND CLEAR...
AW, GEE, LEAD...
DAT SHORE AM DE TRUTH!
MISS SILICON
3


AND TALK ABOUT YOUR TOP-FLIGHT SECRET AGENTS-- YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT TO LOOK AT HIM, BUT CARBON HERE IS A-1, THE BEST!
YASSAH, MR. PRESIDENT. AH PROBABULLY JES' SEEMS TO YOU LIKE DIRTY OLE GRAPHITE WHA' FO' NOBODY WOULD SUSPECTICATE OB NUTTIN'. BUT ALL AH HAS TO DO AM REARRANGACATE MAH MOLECULAR-ITIES AN'...
MY DEAR MISTER OXYGEN, CONTROL YOURSELF. YOUR MANNERS ARE ATROCIOUS AND I THINK IT'S A MATTER OF THE COMPANY YOU KEEP. FRANKLY, YOU'LL MIX WITH ANYONE!
...I CAN'T GET THEM TO DO ANYTHING!
...I BECOME THE VALUABLE, MANY-FACETED, AND BRILLIANT DIAMOND. MOST PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, SIR.
SEE WHAT I MEAN?!
COME ON, LEAD, BE A PAL...
HI, ARSENIC!
THEY'RE ALL OVER THE LAWN.
GOD DAMN IT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!
HEY, YOU GUYS! BREAK IT UP!
I WANT YOU TWO TO SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS...

CLICK!
SAME LOOK AS BEFORE
KA-BOOM!
LOTS OF BRIGHT COLOR HERE
KEEP COLOR HERE AS USUAL
5

NOW WHAT??

JAN./LEG. OF EL.

WORTHWHILE COMICS

Story Outline cont.

Production of H_2O molecules and how energy is released as a result.

Frames 16 & 17:

Use non ferrous metals to illustrate valence properties. Explain the ~~xhxitxtxhxxxyxxfxxixxtxxx~~ electron shell theory and show the difference between positive and negative valence numbers.

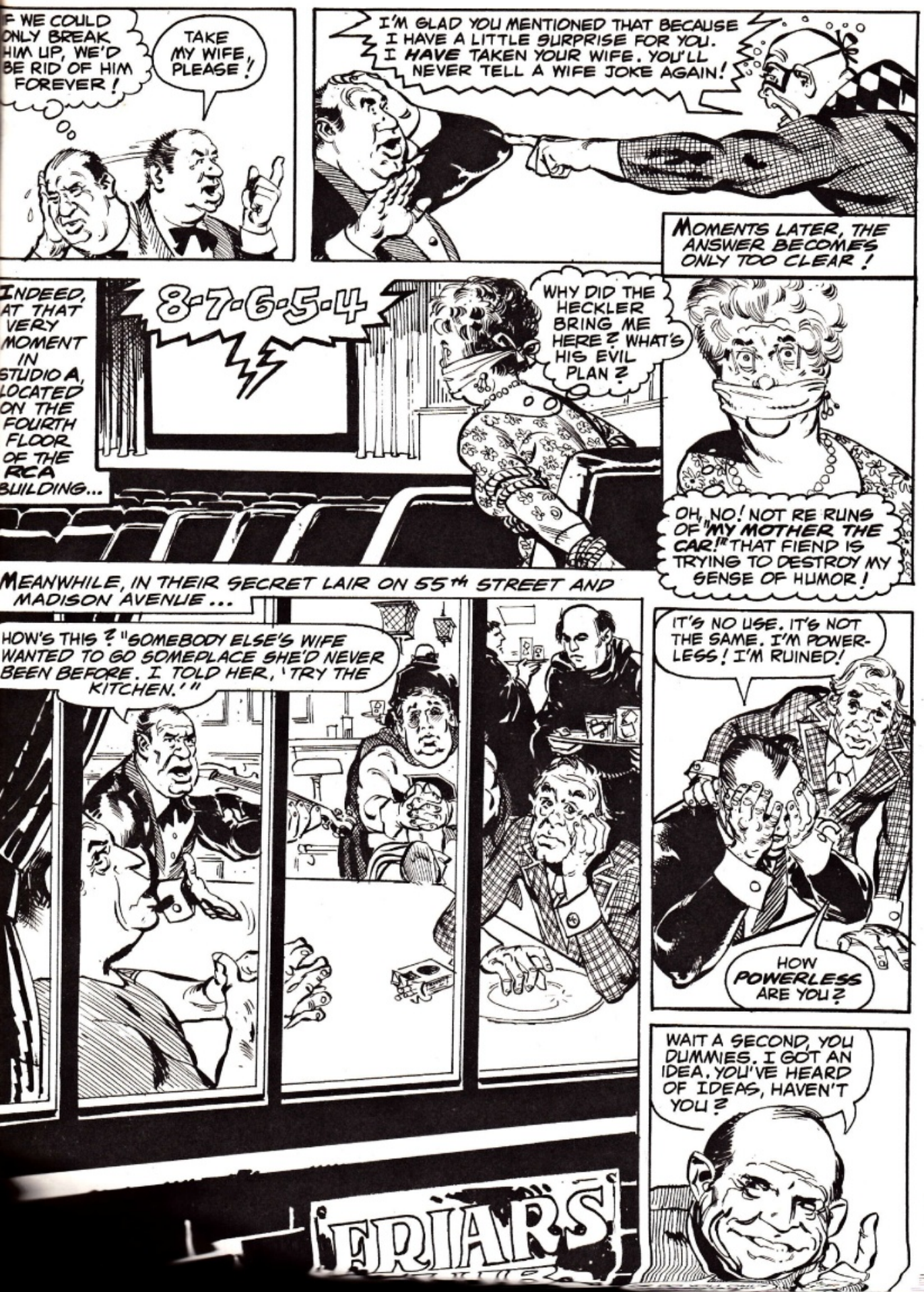
Frame 18:

Explore the relationship between specific gravity and at

In August, 1972, in celebration of their fiftieth anniversary, the Friars Club of New York published the first commemorative edition of . . .

STAND-UP COMICS
OUT OF THE DEEP, DARK REACHES OF THE HUMAN PSYCHE, OUT OF PAIN AND GUILT, AND FEAR OF REJECTION, OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF MASSIVE INSECURITY, AND, MORE RECENTLY, OUT OF VEGAS, COME THOSE HEROES OF THE HYPOTHALMUS...
STAND-UP COMICS!
HA HA HA HA! STOP IT! PLEASE! YOU GUYS ARE KILLIN' ME!
IT BOMBED.
IT WAS SO COLD THE BIRD OF PARADISE TOOK A GREYHOUND TO MIAMI, AND...
SECOND NATIONAL BANK
MY WIFE RAN AFTER THE GARBAGE MAN. "AM I TOO LATE FOR THE GARBAGE?" "NO," HE SAID. "JUMP IN."
I'M TELLIN' YA, I DON'T GET NO RESPECT!
YOU CALL THIS ROBBING A BANK? ONE BAG? ONE LOUSY BAG? A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WITH RUBBER-TIPPED ARROWS COULDA DONE A BETTER JOB!
REELING FROM THE BARRAGE OF WELL-TIMED PUNCH LINES, THE EVIL DOER GIVES UP. JUST ROUTINE, YOU SAY? THEN WAIT...

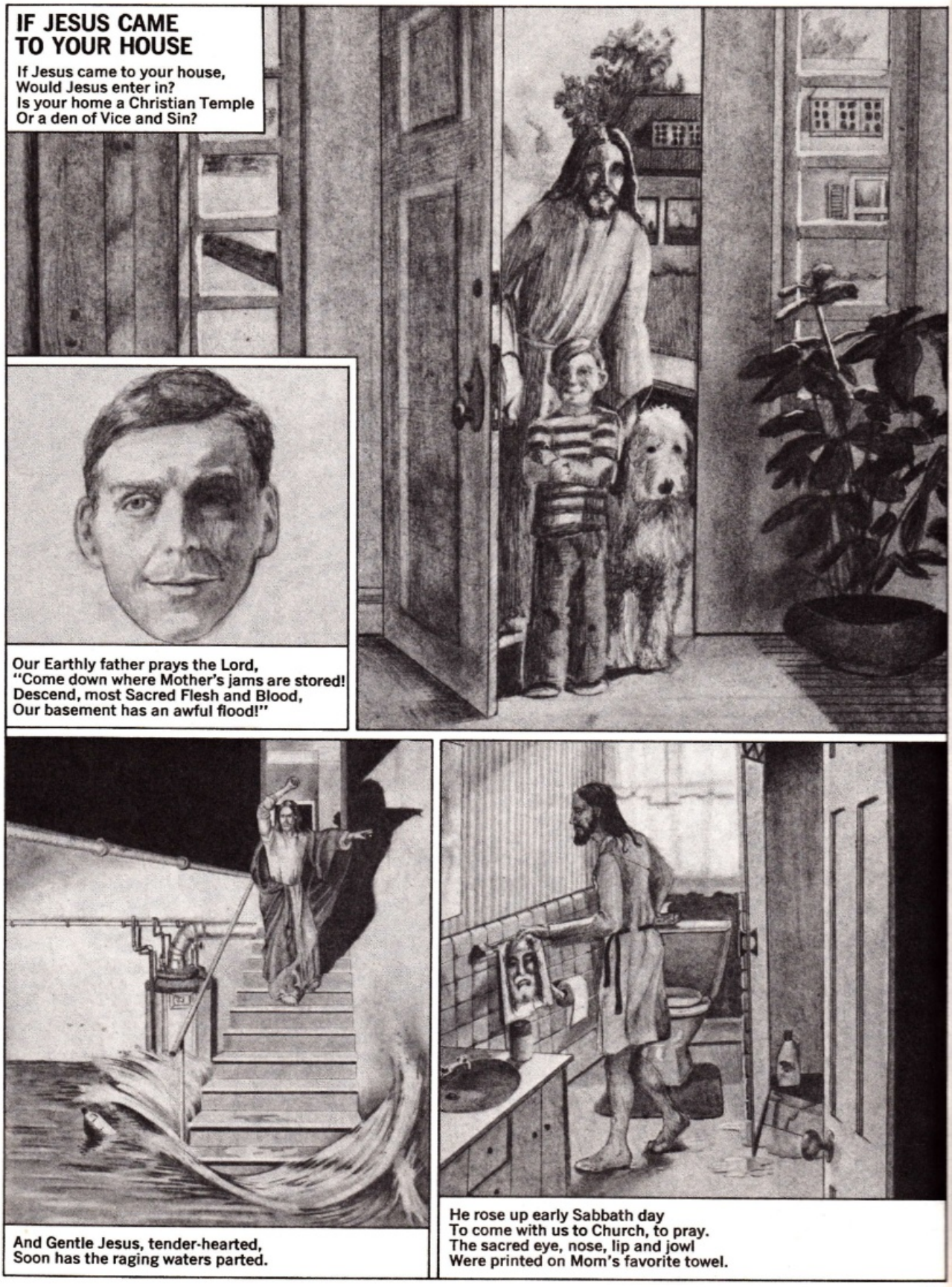
THIS OUGHTTA HOLD HIM TILL THE PULICE--
WHA--??
BOOOOOOOO! HISSSSS!
OH NO!!
IT'S OUR DUMMY ARCHENEMY... THE HECKLER!
YES, DEAR READERS, THE HECKLER. THAT JEKYLL AND HYDE JACKAL WHO HAD ONE TOO MANY, ONCE TOO OFTEN, AND WHO IS NOW DOOMED TO A LIFETIME OF HECKLING!
YOU THINK THAT CRAP'S FUNNY? IT SHTINKS! YOU SHTINK! DIGGIN' DITCHES WOULD BE FUNNIER THAN LISHENIN' TO YOU FOPS!
DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE FLAT-CHESTED GIRL WHO WENT TO A DOCTOR FOR SILICONE INJECTIONS AND WAS TOLD SHE WAS MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLEHILL?
HE'S RIGHT. YOU GUYS STINK. I WANT MY MONEY BACK!
AN BE- FORE YOU CAN SAY "SERIOUSLY FOLKS"...
DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE MIND READER WHO HAD HER LIBRARY CARD REVOKED BECAUSE SHE LOST HER MIND?

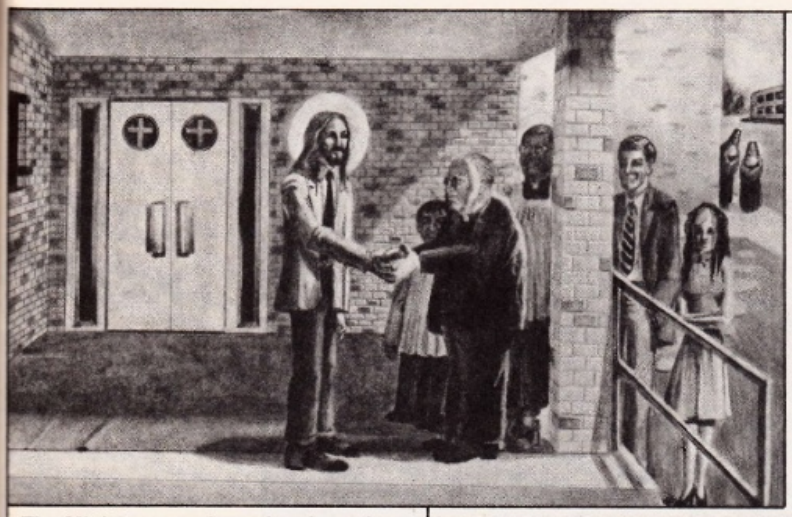

F WE COULD ONLY BREAK HIM UP, WE'D BE RID OF HIM FOREVER!
TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE!
I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED THAT BECAUSE I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU. I HAVE TAKEN YOUR WIFE. YOU'LL NEVER TELL A WIFE JOKE AGAIN!
MOMENTS LATER, THE ANSWER BECOMES ONLY TOO CLEAR!
INDEED, AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN STUDIO A, LOCATED ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THE RCA BUILDING...
8-7-6-5-4
WHY DID THE HECKLER BRING ME HERE? WHAT'S HIS EVIL PLAN?
OH, NO! NOT RE RUNS OF "MY MOTHER THE CAR!" THAT FIEND IS TRYING TO DESTROY MY SENSE OF HUMOR!
MEANWHILE, IN THEIR SECRET LAIR ON 55TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE...
HOW'S THIS? "SOMEBODY ELSE'S WIFE WANTED TO GO SOMEPLACE SHE'D NEVER BEEN BEFORE. I TOLD HER, 'TRY THE KITCHEN.'"
IT'S NO USE. IT'S NOT THE SAME. I'M POWERLESS! I'M RUINED!
HOW POWERLESS ARE YOU?
WAIT A SECOND, YOU DUMMIES. I GOT AN IDEA. YOU'VE HEARD OF IDEAS, HAVEN'T YOU?
FRIARS

THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY NIGHT, AS PART OF THEIR MASTER PLAN...
FRIARS
...A FRIARS CLUB ROAST, FOR NONE OTHER THAN -- THE HECKLER!
FRIARS
GO AHEAD, YOU BORSCHT BELT BANANAS, I'M READY! GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT!

HA HA WHOO HA HA!
HA HA HO HO HO HA
GET THEM TO STOP LAUGHING AT ME! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
WHERE'S MY WIFE, PLEASE!
SHE'S LOCKED IN STUDIO A AT NBC WATCHING RERUNS OF "MY MOTHER THE CAR."
FIEND! IF YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING TO HER SENSE OF HUMOR, YOU'LL PAY!
WITHOUT LOSING A MOMENT, THE COMICS ARRIVE!
MY DARLING! MY SWEETHEART! LOVE OF MY LIFE!
BUT, ALAS, TIME HAS RUN OUT...
WELL, WE'VE JUST GOT A MINUTE LEFT, SO THANK YOU, YOU'VE BEEN A WONDERFUL AUDIENCE...
DRIVE CAREFULLY, THANKS FOR READING...
...GOD BLESS, BE GOOD TO EACH OTHER...
...WE LOVE YA...
GOOD NIGHT!
THE END

Comics teaching religion? Why not? Don't be such an old stick-in-the-mud, Your Eminence. Who are we to say that the illuminations in a medieval manuscript were not, in some sense, comics? Who are we, indeed, to say that God is not the greatest Superhero of them all? Hmmmmmm?


IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE
If Jesus came to your house,
Would Jesus enter in?
Is your home a Christian Temple
Or a den of Vice and Sin?
Our Earthly father prays the Lord,
"Come down where Mother's jams are stored!
Descend, most Sacred Flesh and Blood,
Our basement has an awful flood!"
And Gentle Jesus, tender-hearted,
Soon has the raging waters parted.
He rose up early Sabbath day
To come with us to Church, to pray.
The sacred eye, nose, lip and jowl
Were printed on Mom's favorite towel.

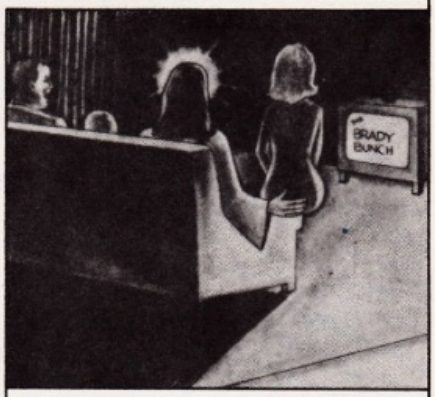


The Minister was pleased and awed
To meet us with our new friend, God.

The Son of God and Fount of Grace
Helped father out around the place,
And Jesus seemed quite pardoning
About some Sabbath gardening.

O King of Kings, we see Thou art
A simple carpenter at heart.

While sister Mary prays and sings,
And other spiritual things,
The Lord loves sister Martha more
And helps her with each boring chore.

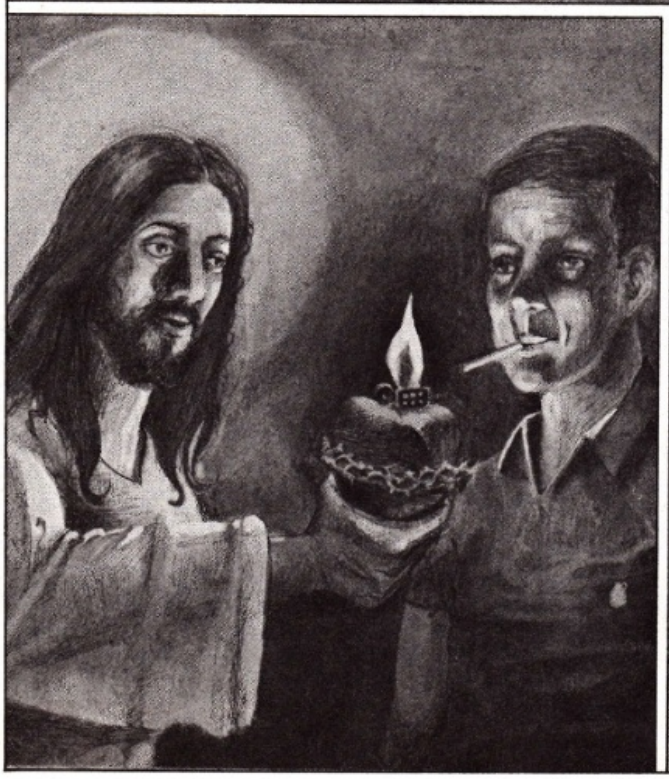


That evening we were never bored
Between the TV and the Lord.

Imagine how redeemed one feels
When Jesus multiplies his meals!
For eyes light up and senses quicken
At, "Take and eat, this is my chicken"!

The Fisher of Men
Showed Daddy how
To hook 'em off
The starboard bow.

The pure in word
And kind in deed,
The Light of the World
Was a friend in need.
"Good-bye, Good Lord!"
"So long!" we say,
"We hope to visit
You some day!"



Flotex Funnies– a Short History

"And God created menses"—how often have we read those words? For thousands of years, biologists tell us, women have wallowed in the joys of spontaneous monthly bleeding. But if we look at historical fact, there is little or no evidence to support their claims.

A quick perusal of Homer or Herodotus shows no mention of flow or flux. Plutarch, noted biographer of the ancients, and no stranger to the caustic quip, would surely have remarked if Cleopatra had ever been "on the rag," or Sappho "blue with periodic pain." And though there is much made of "the curse" throughout the Oedipus cycle, there is no proof whatsoever that Antigone had it when she hanged herself.

And what of Maria de Medici, Charlotte Corday, Elizabeth the First? All were female and, therefore, supposedly subject to catamenia. But, though variously reported as "homicidal" or "bitchy," nowhere is any of them described as "bloated," "heavy with womanly fluids," or "riding the red cotton pony." In actuality, then, except for a few vague Biblical references to "uncleanliness," surely a condition suffered by all members of the human species from time to time, there is nothing to confirm the existence of menstruation or to associate it with women until the beginning of the twentieth century, when the first advertisements appeared for the sanitary napkin.

How had human reproduction worked prior to then, you may well ask. We are not concerned with that here. Suffice it to say that any society which holds as its central, most basic tenet that a woman gave birth to a child without ever engaging in sexual intercourse can think of an explanation.

The first factual truth remains, then, that the sanitary napkin was invented circa 1918. The brainchild, it seems, of a Venus Gauze and Cotton Co., Inc., executive, and the result, presumably, of the brilliant association of his wife's hemorrhaging privates with the horrid but lucrative mutilations of the First World War.

The Venus napkin began advertising in the early twenties but was soon eclipsed by Flotex, which today, fifty years later, remains the nation's number one seller and a household word. How did Flotex, a vulgar, upstart organization, so totally obscure its genteel competitor that only sanitary napkin specialists like myself know of its early existence? Through the medium of cartoon advertising.

Flotex was among the first to use the pictorial power of suggestion to influence potential buyers. Its success has, obviously, been overwhelming. Through the years, *Time* magazine has continually reported the statistical finding: Women would rather apply electrodes to their husbands' testes than switch from Flotex. Recently, at the International Women's Conference in Mexico City, parliapersontary procedure was totally disrupted when Flotex users categorically refused to associate with "sisters" using a rival brand. Such has been the absorbency quotient of Flotex's promotional push.

The following three panels are exemplary of Flotex cartoon advertising that appeared in women's magazines over a twenty-five-year period. Please note the dedication to period, the sanguinity of youthful characterizations, and the free-flowing dialogue in familiar situations that have made Flotex, through five decades of cushioned competition, bloody but unbowed.

WARREN WILLIAM
NOVA PILBEAM IN LADY FOR A SONG
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
WELL OF ALL THINGS! ISN'T THAT NANCE CALDWELL?
WHY, I DO BELIEVE- GOODNESS, SHE LOOKS POSITIVELY WHIPPED!
2¢
HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL
1947 SC

SHE'S STUMBLING ALONG AS IF SHE'S HAD TOO MANY ARTIFICIAL STIMULANTS OR AN EXCESS OF NIGHT AIR! WHEREVER IS HER CUSTOMARY PEP?
GRACIOUS, WHAT AN UNFLATTERING FROCK! DO LOOK AT THAT UNSIGHTLY LUMP ON THE BIAS!
CARE FOR A LOOK AT SOME FAMILY JEWELS?
HONK
HONK
HONK
HONK
HONK
AOOGA

PERHAPS SHE'S STORING PERSIMMONS IN HER TEDDY?
THAT'S HIGHLY DOUBTFUL, EMILY. HMM...NO PEP, LUMP, PERSIMMONS. GOOD HEAVENS! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S A "CALENDAR DAY" AND SHE'S WEARING "IT"?
HOOVERVILLE OR BUST

MIDGE, IF YOU SO MUCH AS MENTION RAGS, I'LL DIE, I'LL SIMPLY DIE!
DOESN'T SHE KNOW ABOUT FLOTEX SANITARY GARMENTS? THEY GIVE ADEQUATE PROTECTION UNDERNEATH AS WELL AS BETWIXT AND BETWEEN. WHY, WHETHER IT BE A NAPKIN, BLOOMER, OR STEP-IN APRON, IT MAY BE WASHED AND IRONED QUITE EASILY WITHOUT FEAR OF INJURING FABRIC OR HARDENING IT TO THE CONSISTENCY OF MONTH-OLD BUNS. AND FURTHERMORE...
WARREN WILLIAM
NOVA PILBEAM IN LADY FOR A SONG

WELL, PEARS, I HAVE THE TICKETS. GOODNESS, JUST LOOK AT THAT GIRL- SHE'S A PHYSICAL WRECK AND A SOCIAL LOSS. WHY, ISN'T THAT NANCE CALDWELL, YOUR BEST CHUM, WHOSE FATHER TOOK HIS LIFE AFTER THE CRASH AND WHOSE MOTHER FOLLOWED NOT LONG AFTER?
NO, MUMMY!
IF SHE CALLS NANCE OVER, WE SHALL HAVE TO DEBATE THE POSSIBILITY OF FLIGHT.
PRIVATE TO THE WESTERN UNION BANK

I ASSURE YOU THAT'S NANCE CALDWELL! NANCE! OH, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT- SHE'S BEEN RUN DOWN BY THOSE DREADFUL POOR PEOPLE IN THAT HOOVERCRAFT! BOTHER. NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE. I'M MAD ENOUGH TO SPIT INK!
REALLY, MUMMY, DON'T BE AN OLD SOBERSIDES. COME ALONG, WE'LL MISS THE NEWSREEL.
OH, EMILY! JUST THINK OF WHEN THEY UNDRESS HER AT THE HOSPITAL! JUST THINK OF IT!

HI THERE, CUTIE-PIE! ORDERS FROM MOM - REPORT FOR DUSTMOP DUTY ON THE DOUBLE!
I DON'T FEEL SO HOT...

WHAT, DESERTING - WHEN MOM'S COUNTING ON YOU - WHEN YOUR COUNTRY'S COUNTING ON YOU?
GROAN...

IT'S GIRLS LIKE YOU, LEADING THE HOME EFFORT, WHO RELEASE A WHOLE ARMY OF MOTHERS TO DRIVE DRILL PRESSES AND MAKE CHOCOLATE AND NYLONS FOR OUR BOYS TO TAKE OVERSEAS!
I FEEL LIKE TWO HOWITZERS ARE TIED TO MY HIPS!

ALL OVER AMERICA OTHER GIRLS ARE DOING THEIR PART FOR UNCLE SAM EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH WITH FLOTEX. IT'S TOPS IN SANDBAGGING FOR ANY ENTRENCHMENT. AND, IT'S "V" SHAPE IS FOR VICTORY!
I WAS WRONG. IT'S MORE LIKE GATLING GUNS.

VICTORY, VIM, VITALITY, AND VIGOR! POOR HEALTH MEANS ABSENTEEISM, AND THAT'S SABOTAGE, IN WAR-PLANTS AS WELL AS AT HOME. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SOLDIER?
UH-MARY-FRED MALONE...

FRED--ISN'T THAT A GERMAN NAME--?
BUT-I'M YOUR SISTER...

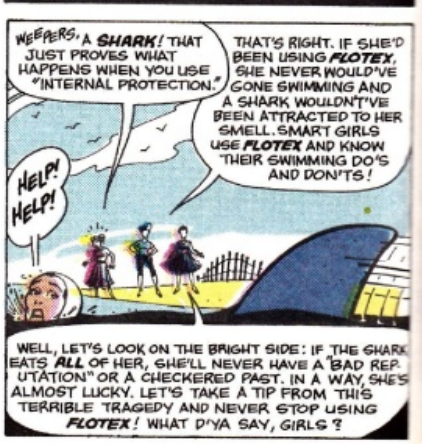
DARN IT ALL! I'VE SLIMMED ALL YEAR FOR THIS BEACH BASH AND NOW, WHEN IT'S FINALLY HERE, SO IS "PROBLEM TIME"! JUST MY LUCK!
MINE, TOO! SWIMMING'S OUT, SO'S SPORTS-CAVORTS AND WHITE SHORTS. IT'S "SADDERDAY" IN SPADES IF YOU ASK ME...
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME CALENDRICAL KAYAK. COME TO THINK OF IT, IT'S AN "OFF-DAY" FOR ALL THE REST OF THE GIRLS TOO. ODD, ISN'T IT? PROBABLY SUNSPOTS.

WE SHOULD'VE GONE TO MARGIE'S HOME PERMANENT PARTY.
NOT ME! I COULDN'T FACE ANOTHER TONI. MY MOTHER'S GIVEN ME TWO THIS MONTH!
HEY, WHAT GIVES? THERE'S JOYCE ALL SPIFFED UP IN A SWELL SUIT AND A CUTETEEN CAP AND ABOUT TO TAKE THE PLUNGE. I DON'T GET IT - "THAT TIME" WISE.

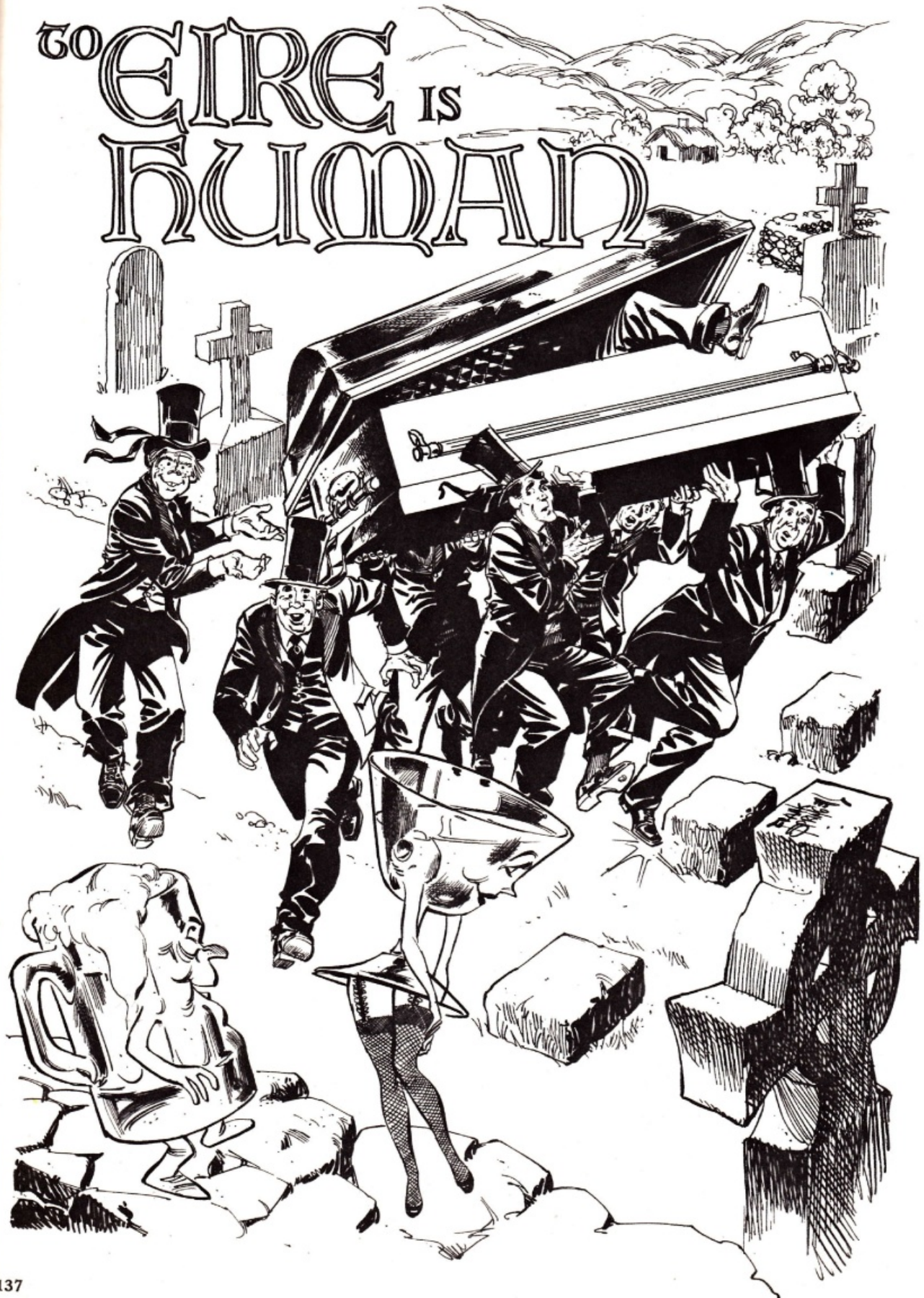
I DO. PONTOONS!
POONTONS?
YOU MEAN TAMPONS? DIS-GUST!

DITTO! HMPH - I MIGHT'VE KNOWN - LOVELY EYES, SHINING HEAD OF HAIR, GOOD LISTENER...
TAILORS HER CLOTHES TO HER FIGURE PROBLEMS, GOOD POSTURE AND A PEACHES-AND-CREAM COMPLEXION -
SO, SHE'S UGLY - SO?

SO, ALL ALONG SHE'S GONE MORE THAN HALF WAY. NOW, WE KNOW WHY.
SHE HAS "NOTHING" TO LOSE!
YOU MEAN... I THOUGHT THAT ONLY HAPPENED FROM HORSEBACK RIDING.

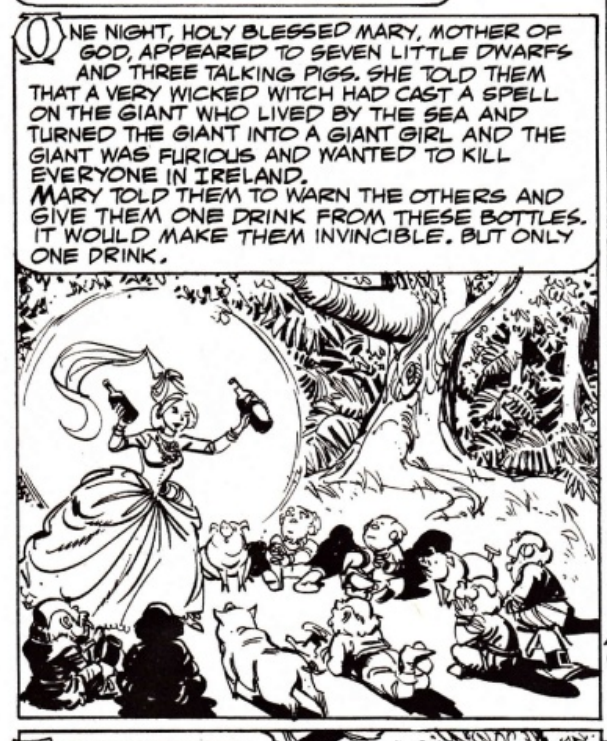

WEEPERS! A SHARK! THAT JUST PROVES WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU USE "INTERNAL PROTECTION."
THAT'S RIGHT. IF SHE'D BEEN USING FLOTEX, SHE NEVER WOULD'VE GONE SWIMMING AND A SHARK WOULDN'T'VE BEEN ATTRACTED TO HER SMELL. SMART GIRLS USE FLOTEX AND KNOW THEIR SWIMMING DO'S AND DON'TS!
HELP! HELP!
WELL, LET'S LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: IF THE SHARK EATS ALL OF HER, SHE'LL NEVER HAVE A "BAD REPUTATION" OR A CHECKERED PAST. IN A WAY, SHE'S ALMOST LUCKY. LET'S TAKE A TIP FROM THIS TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AND NEVER STOP USING FLOTEX! WHAT D'YA SAY, GIRLS?

This was Ireland's first and last attempt at public service messages. The rareness of this fine example of Irish civic responsibility has had collectors bid as much as $2,000 for a single copy. Few exist. Most of the comics were lost when the lorrie they were being delivered in drove off the road and landed in the sea.



THERE IS A SHAME UPON OUR BLESSED LAND AND A CURSE THAT WE CARRY WITHIN OUR VERY SOULS.
IN 1947, THE IRISH DELEGATES WERE ADMITTED TO THE U.N. WHEN THEY WERE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR SEATS, THEY TOOK THEM DIRECTLY TO A SALOON ON THIRD AVENUE. FOR THEY WERE POSSESSED BY A MADNESS WITHIN THEM.
CAN WE EVER LIVE DOWN THE DISGRACE FROM THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY WHEN THE DUBLIN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MARCHED THE BREADTH, NOT THE WIDTH, OF O'CONNELL'S BRIDGE AND ALL FELL INTO THE LIFFEY?
WHEN OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT EAMON De VALERA DEMANDED TO KNOW WHY NO ONE COULD REMEMBER TO LOCK UP THE BANK OF IRELAND AT NIGHT, THIS BIT OF JIBBERISH WAS SENT IN RESPONSE.
Watch for snakes.
Eat something--a potato maybe.
Write a poem.
Punch Walter McBride
THE SCENES IN OUR STREETS BESPEAK THE WOE THAT WILL SOON BE OUR DOOM, FULFILLING THE PROPHECY, "... AND THE BLESSED INNOCENT CHILDREN OF ONE AND TWO CUBITS STATURE WILL ENGAGE THEMSELVES WITH DISTILLED LIQUORS UNTIL THE TINY VEINS IN THEIR NOSES ERUPT, AND THE LORD WILL BLACKEN THE SUN."
WHISKY 6d
WE ARE A PROUD AND SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE. THE WORLD, SUCH AS IT IS, IS SAYING THINGS BEHIND OUR BACKS IT WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO SAY TO OUR FACES. BUT WE ADMIT THERE IS A PROBLEM. AS LEAM O'PATRICK FITZ-MICHAEL, THE PSYCHOLOGIST/SAINT, ONCE SAID, "BEFORE YOU CAN SOLVE A PROBLEM, YOU MUST TAKE IT TO THE PUBS AND SHOUT FROM THE ROOFS WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S THE BOTHER."

ACCORDING TO OUR HISTORY, AFTER IRELAND, FORMERLY A PIECE OF HEAVEN, WAS LOWERED ONTO THE SEA BY THE ANGELS, SPECIAL MESSENGERS OF GOD WENT TO THE CORNERS OF THE EARTH AND GATHERED THE GENTLEST AND SWEETEST AND MOST LOVING OF MANKIND AND BROUGHT THEM TO LIVE AND THRIVE UPON THIS NEW LAND. EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT EXCEPT FOR A GIANT WHO LIVED IN THE NORTH BY THE SEA. BUT HE NEVER BOTHERED ANYONE.
THE FIRST INVADERS TO THIS GENTLE LAND WERE THE VIKINGS, WHOM THE IRISH TOOK TO BE ENCHANTED TWO-LEGGED CATTLE, AND OFFERED THEM LAND FOR GRAZING.

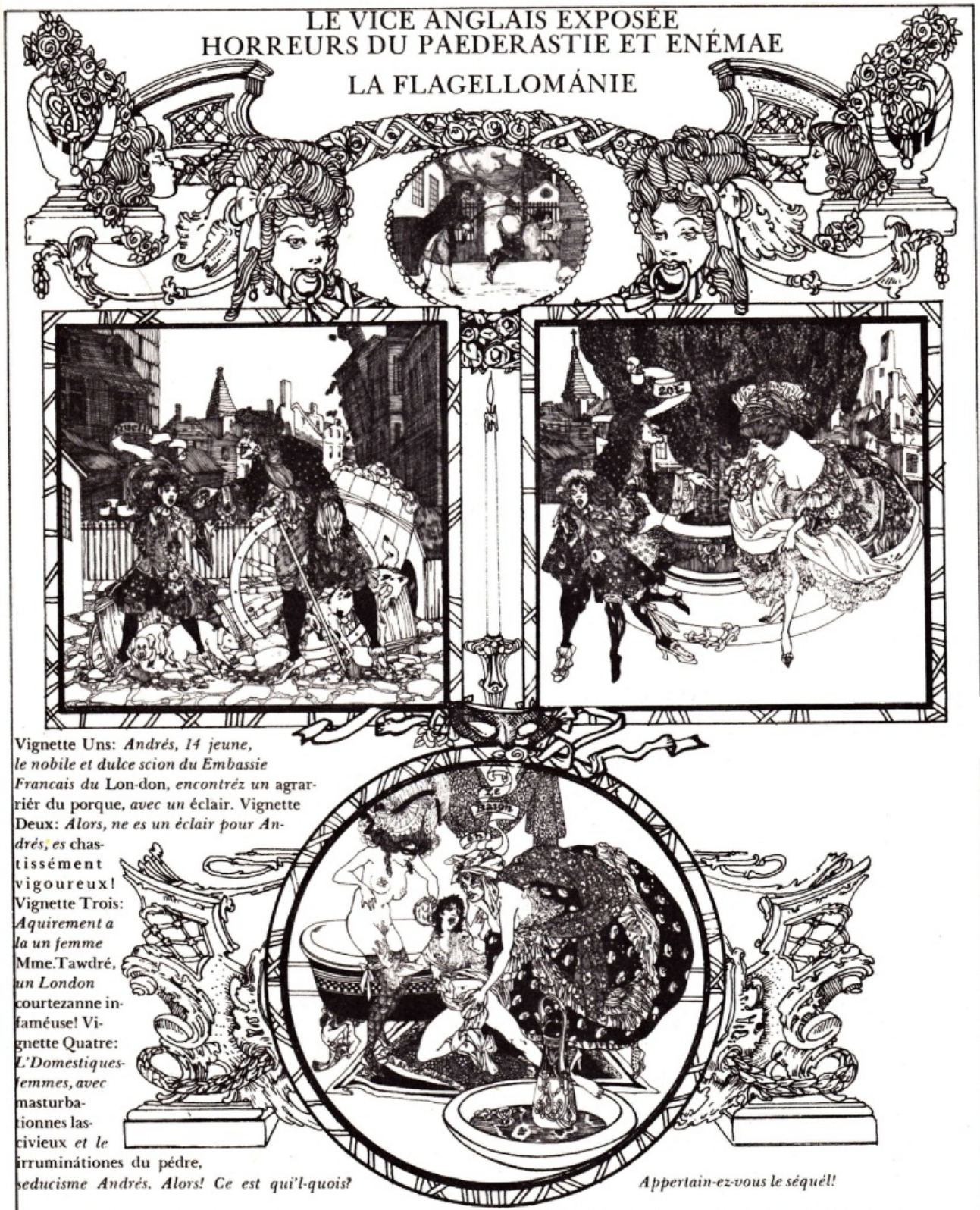

ONE NIGHT, HOLY BLESSED MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, APPEARED TO SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS AND THREE TALKING PIGS. SHE TOLD THEM THAT A VERY WICKED WITCH HAD CAST A SPELL ON THE GIANT WHO LIVED BY THE SEA AND TURNED THE GIANT INTO A GIANT GIRL AND THE GIANT WAS FURIOUS AND WANTED TO KILL EVERYONE IN IRELAND.
MARY TOLD THEM TO WARN THE OTHERS AND GIVE THEM ONE DRINK FROM THESE BOTTLES. IT WOULD MAKE THEM INVINCIBLE. BUT ONLY ONE DRINK.

THE IRISH DID AS THEY WERE DIRECTED AND, AFTER THREE DAYS OF FEROCIOUS BATTLE, KILLED THE GIANT. AND NOT ONE IRISHMAN WAS INJURED.

BUT AFTERWARDS, THE PEOPLE DECIDED THEY SHOULD DRINK MORE FROM THE MAGIC BOTTLES IN CASE THERE WERE OTHER GIANTS AROUND. AND THUS STARTED THE CURSE THAT WAS TO PLAGUE OUR FAIR COUNTRY FOR CENTURIES AND CENTURIES.

MARY'S WORD WAS DISREGARDED AND THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS GO CONFESSED, THOUGH UNABSOLVED. BUT THEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED.
ST. BRIDGET, USING A NONHUMAN FORM, APPEARED TO FATHER O'MALLAHEARN AND OFFERED A COVENANT. THE TERMS WERE: STAY OUT OF WORLD WAR II, DON'T DRINK IN CHURCH, FIND A RHYME FOR "ORANGE." THE FATHER ACCEPTED ON BEHALF OF HIS NATION.
Dear People of Ireland, We have one down and two to go.
ERIN GO
FILL ME GLASS
I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THIS...
...WHEN WE SHOULD BE HAVING THIS...
BELFAST 95 Km
REMEMBER! WE CAN'T GET ENGLAND OUT OF IRELAND TILL WE GET THE 'IRISH' OUT OF OUR MOUTHS.

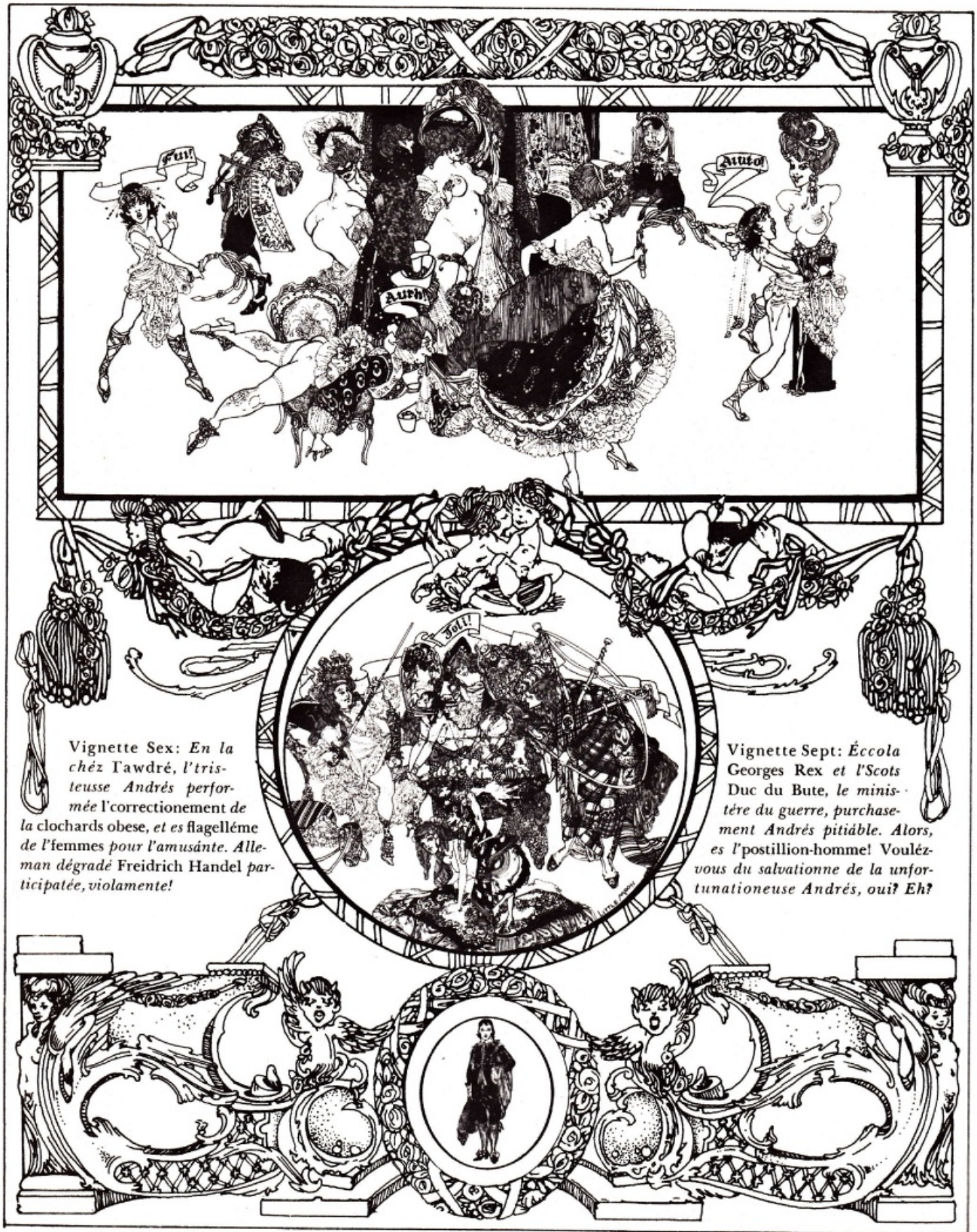
This earliest extant example of a "comic with a cause" was attributed, no doubt falsely, to Thomas Gainsborough, painter of the immortal "Blue Boy." The comic, in pamphlet form, was part of a mid-eighteenth century French anti-British propaganda barrage, and purported to expose the English as a nation of sadistic pederasts. The actual artist was doubtless either a fanatic French patriot, or the graduate of an English public school.



Vignette Uns: *Andrés, 14 jeune, le nobile et dulce scion du Embassie Francais du* Lon-don, *encontréz un* agrarriér du porque, *avec un* éclair. Vignette Deux: *Alors, ne es un éclair pour Andrés, es* chastissément vigoureux! Vignette Trois: *Aquirement a la un femme* Mme.Tawdré, *un London* courtezanne infaméuse! Vignette Quatre: *L'Domestiques-femmes, avec* masturbationnes lascivieux *et le* irruminátiones du pédre, *seducisme Andrés. Alors! Ce est qui'l-quois? Appertain-ez-vous le séquél!*

ILLUMINATIONNES EXECUTÉE A L'SYMPATICO ARTISTE ANGLAIS, L'CHEV.THOS. DU GAINSBOROUGH, *A.D. 1761*

1: A noble French boy Andre, 14 years son of the French embassy to London, was lost once there, approached by a mean-born English farmer of the pigs, promising the sweetemeat. 2. Alas, no sweetmeat gets he, but a good whipping! 3.: Sold to a *Mrs. Tawdre,* owner of London brothels! 4: Andre, seduced by slattern chambermaids, poor boy. What horrors next portend? See what on the page after!



Vignette Sex: *En la chéz* Tawdré, *l'tristeusse Andrés performée* l'correctionement *de la* clochards obese, *et es* flagelléme *de l'*femmes *pour l'amusánte. Alleman dégradé* Freidrich Handel *participatée, violamente!*

Vignette Sept: *Éccola* Georges Rex *et l'Scots* Duc du Bute, *le ministére du guerre, purchasement Andrés pitiáble. Alors, es l'*postillion-homme! Voulézvous *du salvationne de la unfortunationeuse Andrés, oui? Eh?*

6: In the establishment of the *Tawdre* woman, they are causing our Andre both to the *whip* of fat old men to do, and also by *women* to be *himself whippt,* whilst the degenerate German *Handel* is of the violins a-playing. 7. So deep the whipping-vice is of England, that *King George* the Mad and his war-chieftan Lord Bute are both thus addicted. They buy Andre for the coach-boy! Who will rescue the youth?

The Underground Tradition: Whither the Comic?

Life itself, said the late Henri Bergson, is a thing that kind of bubbles up into the air like a stream of lavender-tinted water from the left breast of a cast-iron statue in a hotel lobby. So it is with the underground comic. Evanescent? Shit, yeah. Sparkling, formless, and, for those reasons, somewhere very close to the vast throbbing heart of comics tradition. We know things by their borders, from the borders of proper conduct at cocktail parties to the borders taken in by an unmarried female in a small southern town.

If we grab this analogy by the ears, turn it around, and try to apply it to underground comics, we get nowhere. Precisely because it makes no sense. Like the underground comic, it may offer everything or nothing, depending on whether or not it makes sense. Think about it. Congratulations. You are now a part of the great tradition of western thought. Don't let it go to your head.

What direction might we expect underground comics to take in the future? Undoubtedly forward, for, as is well known to all hip students of comic art, artists don't look back. I myself, as the deacon of comics criticism in America, would have to say that, if anything.

Now as to the comics represented here in the fabulous *National Lampoon* underground funnies, I would have to say that they are all right down the center of the bowling alley, and although they bounce in and out of the gutters a few times, they are definitely going for the big strike, satire-wise.

All the artists here are about as underground as you can get without gelignite, an M-1, and a couple of dead service club presidents in your wake. Leo Burdak, who flung the inks on "Ferry Tale," is so far underground he hasn't even been paid yet. Dave Morris, whose fine rendering of the "Canadian Underground Comic" to some extent redeemed the rather unplugged script, is an Anglo-Canadian who cast in his lot with that country's downtrodden frog-eating minority. The "Zap" parody is the work of that fine collection of artists who got together one day in California years ago and decided to start underground comics. Each of their styles should be familiar to anyone whose hands could reach up to the counter in the local head shop in 1967. As to Ted Mann, who wrote a couple of these strips, what can I say, he's a hell of a guy, smashed a window in a Chilean import store once and quit a job with the Civil Liberties Association because it was too right wing.

Is this the future? Is this the way comics are going? Is this a trend? The surest way to tell is to wait two years, buy a copy of *Oui* magazine, and if they're discovering it, it's a trend.

Michael Croll

Originally, the material to be written here was based on a theme. You know, a lot of "jokes" about ferryboats. The ferry Potemkin *starting the people's revolution, Jack Kerouac and the Staten Island Ferry; just the sort of thing you might expect. In fact, that was part of the problem.*

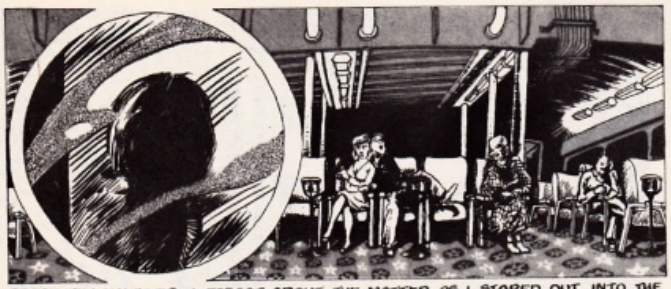
THE KID WAS JUST AN ORDINARY JERK KID... ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD AND SITTING IN HIS MOTHER'S LAP IN ONE OF THE MANY LAVISHLY DECORATED LOUNGES OF THE B. C. FERRY ***QUEEN OF NANAIMO***. I NOTICED HE WAS SWADDLED RATHER ODDLY FOR AN INFANT HIS AGE, SO I APPROACHED THE CHILD'S MOTHER IN ORDER TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY....

ferry tale....

So we decided to play it straight. To take this opportunity to say thank you to all the "little people" who work on the B.C. Ferries System and on other ferries around the world. The little people who work hard every day to insure that your trip is as pleasant and safe as possible and who receive darn little thanks for doing it.

MADAM...
...WHY IS YOUR CHILD WRAPPED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN SURGICAL TAPE?
NO, MISTER...
...YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW THAT, NO, YOU WOULDN'T!
GO AWAY, MISTER!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.
I GLANCED BACK OVER MY SHOULDER AS I WALKED AWAY. THE CHILD WAS STARING AT ME MOST INTENTLY.

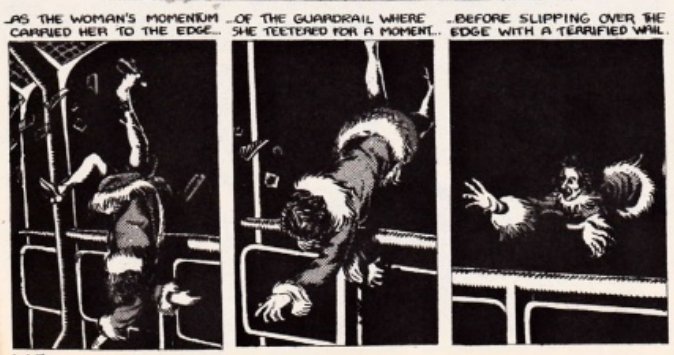
The folks who see to it that the ashtrays are dumped and the chairs are appropriately placed, and that the restrooms are labeled with regard to gender.



PRESENTLY, HOWEVER, I FORGOT ABOUT THE MATTER, AS I STARED OUT INTO THE GREASY FOG OF HOWE SOUND AND SPECULATED ON THE POSSIBILITY OF A MARINE DISASTER. THE FEW OTHER PASSENGERS ON THIS MIDNIGHT RUN SLEPT FITFULLY, OR READ THEIR ***READER'S DIGEST***S WITH TRANSIENT ENTHUSIASM....

THEN THE PEACE WAS SHATTERED BY A TERRIFIED SCREAM FROM ACROSS THE LOUNGE!
AAAAAA
AAAAAIIIEEEEEEEEE!!
MY GOD! I ONLY DOZED OFF FOR A MINUTE!

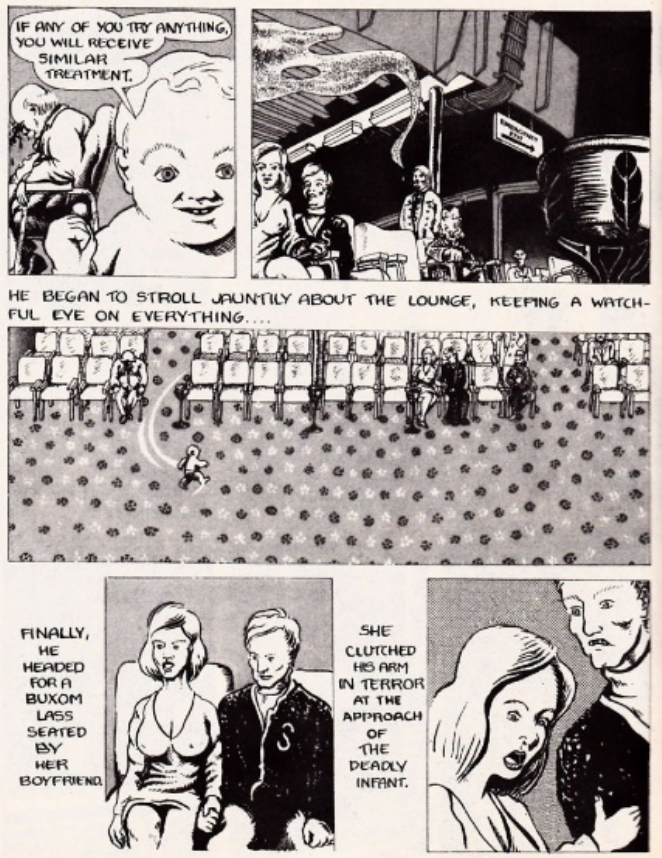
The cooks and the waitresses who prepare the food and take care of the little all-important details, like refilling the napkin dispensers and unplugging mustard clots from the squeeze bottles.


...AS THE WOMAN'S MOMENTUM CARRIED HER TO THE EDGE...
...OF THE GUARDRAIL WHERE SHE TEETERED FOR A MOMENT...
...BEFORE SLIPPING OVER THE EDGE WITH A TERRIFIED WAIL.

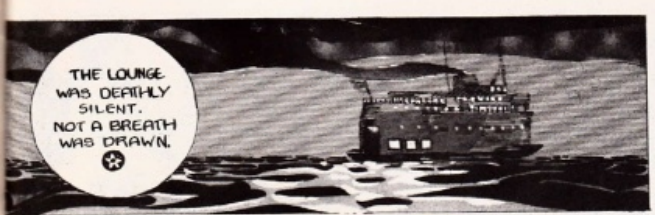
The deckhands who scrub and swab and see to it no rope is left strewn about the deck where a passenger could trip on it and fray his foot.

GET THAT BABY!
THE CHILD REACHED INTO HIS DIAPER AND PRODUCED...
...ONE OF THOSE STAR-SHAPED METAL DISKS FAMILIAR TO PRACTITIONERS OF KUNG FU
THE CHILD IS A MURDERER..
BEEZINNNG!
TUNK!
THE PORTLY GENTLEMAN SLUMPED, DEAD...
...INTO THE RED NAUGAHYDE SEAT DESTINED TO SERVE AS BIER FOR THE MOMENT

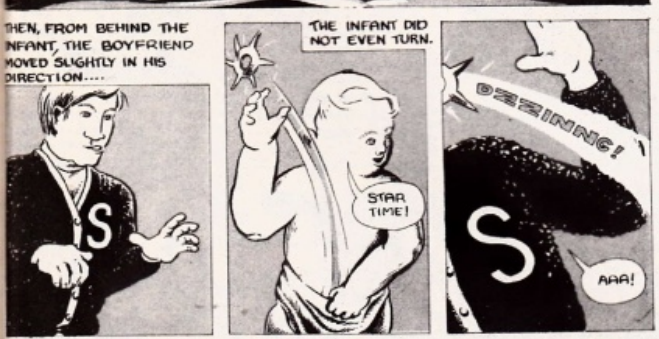
The bosuns who check to see that all the fire extinguishers have been recently recharged, that the life jacket lockers are clearly labeled, that the ironwork of the gangways is in good repair, and who wipe up spit with their hankies.

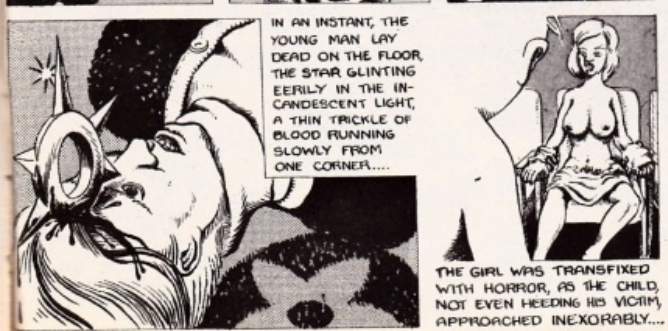

IF ANY OF YOU TRY ANYTHING, YOU WILL RECEIVE SIMILAR TREATMENT.
HE BEGAN TO STROLL JAUNTILY ABOUT THE LOUNGE, KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON EVERYTHING....
FINALLY, HE HEADED FOR A BUXOM LASS SEATED BY HER BOYFRIEND.
SHE CLUTCHED HIS ARM IN TERROR AT THE APPROACH OF THE DEADLY INFANT.

The stewards and busboys who work with a will, carrying and cleaning, helping the disabled and the intoxicated to find their clothing.

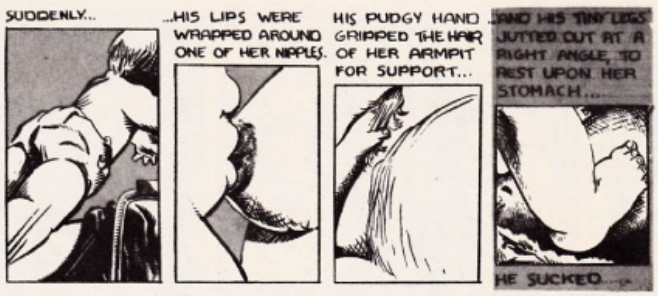


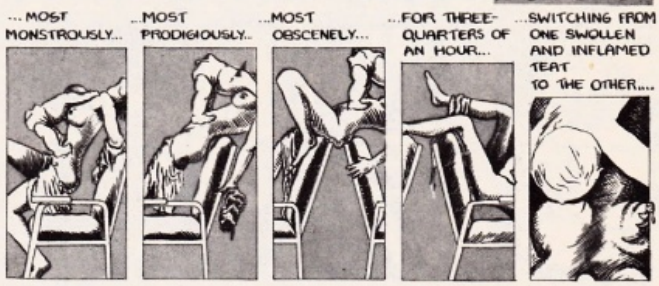
The mechanics who work below decks in the engine room, perspiring over bent-over oilers, hidden from the sun, and who are forced to urinate in bottles.

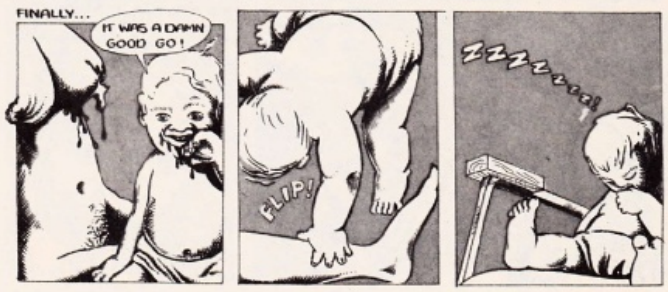



IN AN INSTANT, THE YOUNG MAN LAY DEAD ON THE FLOOR, THE STAR GLINTING EERILY IN THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT, A THIN TRICKLE OF BLOOD RUNNING SLOWLY FROM ONE CORNER....
THE GIRL WAS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR, AS THE CHILD, NOT EVEN HEEDING HIS VICTIM, APPROACHED INEXORABLY....

It would be nice at this point to say something about the passengers; those people who make ferryboats possible. The young and beautiful, the old and gentle, and the youths killing seagulls with slingshots on the upper deck.


SUDDENLY...
...HIS LIPS WERE WRAPPED AROUND ONE OF HER NIPPLES.
HIS PUDGY HAND GRIPPED THE HAIR OF HER ARMPIT FOR SUPPORT...
...AND HIS TINY LEGS JUTTED OUT AT A RIGHT ANGLE, TO REST UPON HER STOMACH....
HE SUCKED....

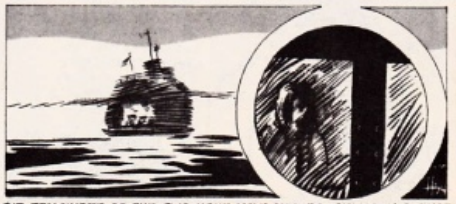

...MOST MONSTROUSLY...
...MOST PRODIGIOUSLY...
...MOST OBSCENELY...
...FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR...
...SWITCHING FROM ONE SWOLLEN AND INFLAMED TEAT TO THE OTHER....



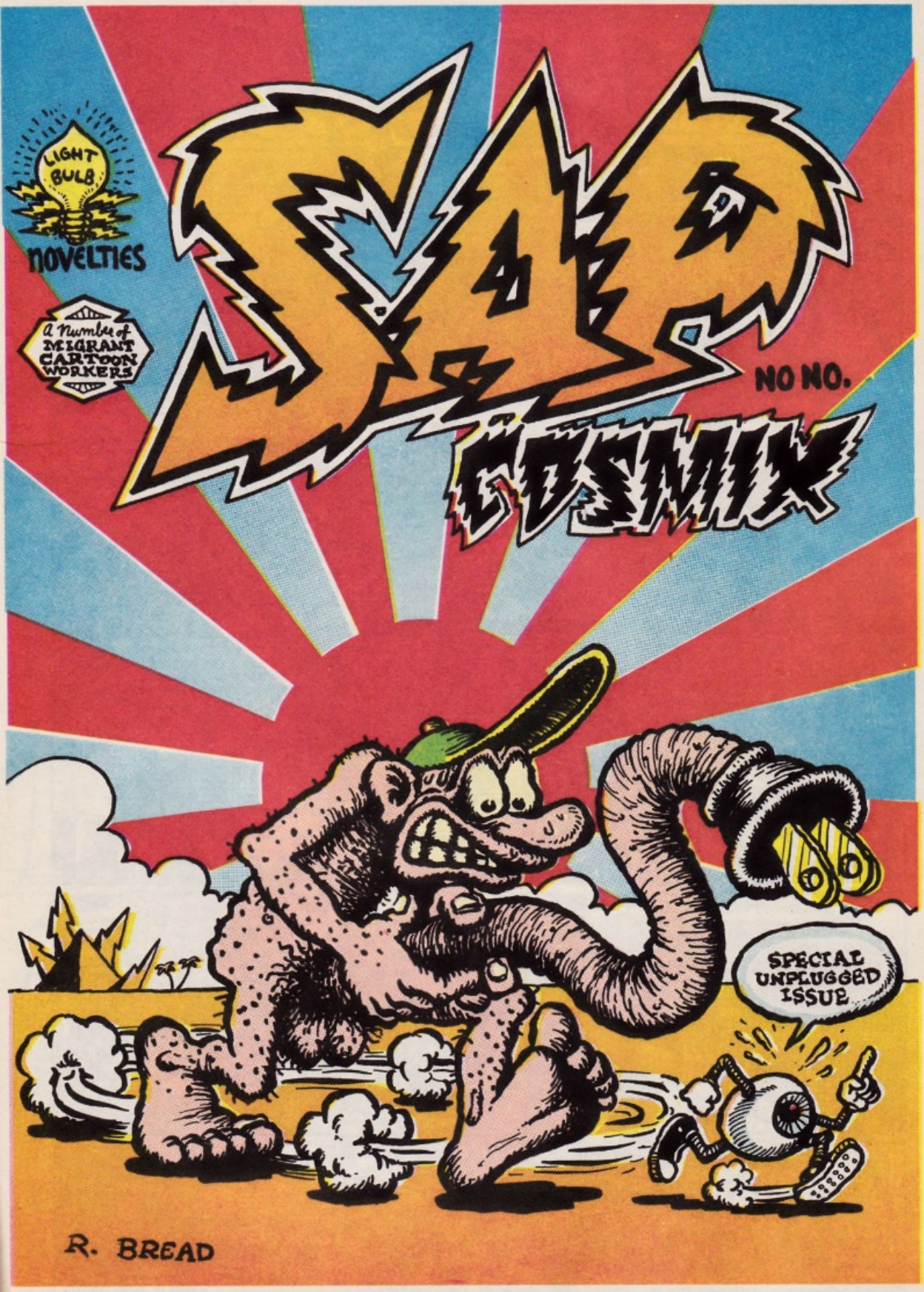
Most of all, we must thank Leo Burdak, who rode on the B.C. ferries in order to do a better job drawing this strip and received precious little for his trouble. So thanks, Leo, and all you ferry employees and passengers, because remember, we couldn't do it without you.

THE GIRL SAT, BREASTS EXPOSED...
...UNTIL AN ELDERLY WOMAN APPROACHED TO COMFORT HER.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HORRIBLE... THAT CREATURE...
AND OH...

YOUR POOR NIPPLES...HE'S SUCKED ONE OF THEM RIGHT OFF...AND THE OTHER HAS SWOLLEN TO THE SIZE OF A POMEGRANATE!
EXCUSE ME... I'M A FIRST-AID ATTENDANT. THIS WOMAN IS IN SHOCK. WE MUST HAVE HER LIE DOWN.
QUICKLY, TO MY STATEROOM!
HE CARRIED HER OFF IN HIS ARMS. THE OLD LADY FOLLOWED TO BE SURE THERE WOULD BE NO IRREGULARITIES....
THE GIRL BEGAN TO WHIMPER AND CLUTCH HER DRESS ABOUT HERSELF WITH STIFF, ARTHRITIC MOVEMENTS. ANOTHER PASSENGER APPROACHED.
ZZZZZZZZ



THE REMAINDER OF THE TWO-HOUR VOYAGE WAS SPENT IN SILENCE. NO ONE DARED DISTURB THE BABY'S SLEEP. I, FOR ONE, RETURNED TO MY MUSING, AND TO THOSE PECULIARITIES OF THOUGHT WHICH GIVE A MAN HOURS OF SURCEASE FROM THE WORLD. PLUNGED AS HE IS, DEEPLY INTO THE STILL WATERS OF REFLECTION.... **FIN.**


LIGHT BULB
NOVELTIES
a Number of MIGRANT CARTOON WORKERS
ZAP
NO NO.
COMIX
SPECIAL UNPLUGGED ISSUE
R. BREAD

THEM FEMININE FURRY-LEGGED FREEEK! SISTERS
by Herbert Sherbert
TAMPAX
KOTEX
KLEENEX
ARRRGH! ALL THE MEN HAVE ESCAPED OUT THE WINDOW AGAIN!!
FAT FRIEDA, TAKE OUR (GRUNT) LAST FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND GO OUT AND SCORE SOME MORE MEN!!
WHY IS THAT, FREE-HUMPING FRANKIE?
BECAUSE, AS WE ALL KNOW, ASS WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO MONEY BETTER THAN MONEY WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO ASS!!
ARRRGH!!
ARRRGH!!
AND DON'T GET RAPED THIS TIME!
FEAR OF YOU-NAME-IT
WHAT A RESPONSIBILITY! GOSH, I HOPE I LOOK "FOXY"!!
I'LL JUST GO IN THIS BAR AND BUY ALL THE MEN DRINKS!
The Happy Pansy BAR + GRILL
ONLY 85¢ LEFT! GEE... I PROBABLY CAN'T GET VERY MUCH ASS FOR 85¢... (WHINE)
I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOME ON THE STREET!!
NOW, THERE'S A SENSITIVE, INTELLECTUAL-LOOKING FELLOW COMING OUT OF THAT BOOKSTORE...
ADULT BOOKS
(HHN...HHN... PEE-PEE? POO-POO? HHN...HHN...)
(GOT TO PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT...)
...ER... I COULD USE SOME ASS, MAN, IF IT'S REALLY GOOD STUFF!!
HERE... LET ME JUST SMELL IT TO DETERMINE ITS...(HRUMPH) QUALITY!!
ARRRGH!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE...
WELL, ARE YOU JUST INTERESTED IN MY BODY, OR DO YOU RESPECT ME AS A PERSON?
NNG-HNH! GNNG!! GNNG!! NHA! NHA!
GOOD! LET'S GO!
HI, GIRLS! GEE, I COULD ONLY FIND ONE. BUT ISN'T HE "FOXY"?
ARRRGH!
ARRRGH! YOU FAT BITCH!! BURNED AGAIN!! YOU SPENT OUR LAST FIFTEEN DOLLARS ON A RAPIST!!!
ARRRGH!
ARRRGH!!
ARRRGH!
FAT FRIEDA'S ASS
COPYRIGHT 1978 BY HERBERT HERBERT
FAT FRIEDA FORGOT TO GET TOILET PAPER AGAIN...
I'LL HAVE TO REMIND HER..
FURT FOOT
ARRGH! SHE GOT THAT CHEAP SCRATCHY BRAND!!
SALE
I'LL FIX THAT FAT BITCH!!
BLORCH!

HOOCHY COOCHY in
The Nazi Gorilla MEETS
THE FLYING SPICS FROM MARS
CRUNCH!
ROBERT CHROMIUM
HOOCHY COOCHY! HERE COMES A NAZI GOR-ILLA!!
THE WONDERFUL CARROT ARRIVES AND TELLS HOOCHY COOCHY ABOUT THE GOR-ILLA.
WHUMP!
THE NAZI GOR-ILLA BREAKS HOOCHY COOCHY'S HOUSE!!
SLIT
SLASH
HACK
CHOP
DICE
BUT FLYING SPICS FROM MARS BUTCHER THE NAZI GOR-ILLA!
A BAR-B-QUE FOLLOWS THE MASSACRE AND EVERYBODY HAS A GOOD TIME.

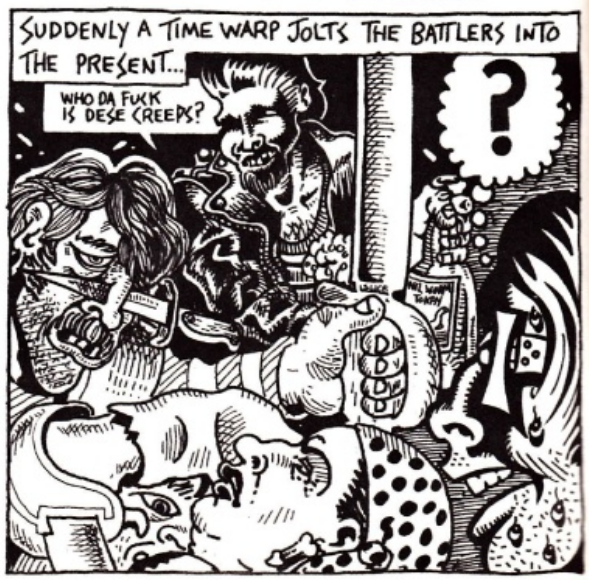
THE CHECKER
TRASHMAN
MEETS: THE STREET BUZZARDS
FIGHT THE DRESSER
THE DYKE PIRATES
THE BISEX BUCCANEERS
THE SPACE BITCHES
AND TWO RANDOM DEMONS
©1975. S. PAIN WILSONEZ.

CAPTAIN EDWINA MANSFRED BEGINS HER REPAST ABOARD HER SHIP "THE SLITHERING SLIT"
AYE! NOW I CAN SATE MY CRAVING FOR CRANK
I WANNA LAWYER
DISMEMBERED
DEMON DONG

WELL, SHIVER ME QUIVER.. IT'S CAPTAIN TURD TONGUE AN' HIS BISEX BUCCANEERS!
SLOOSH
SLOOSH

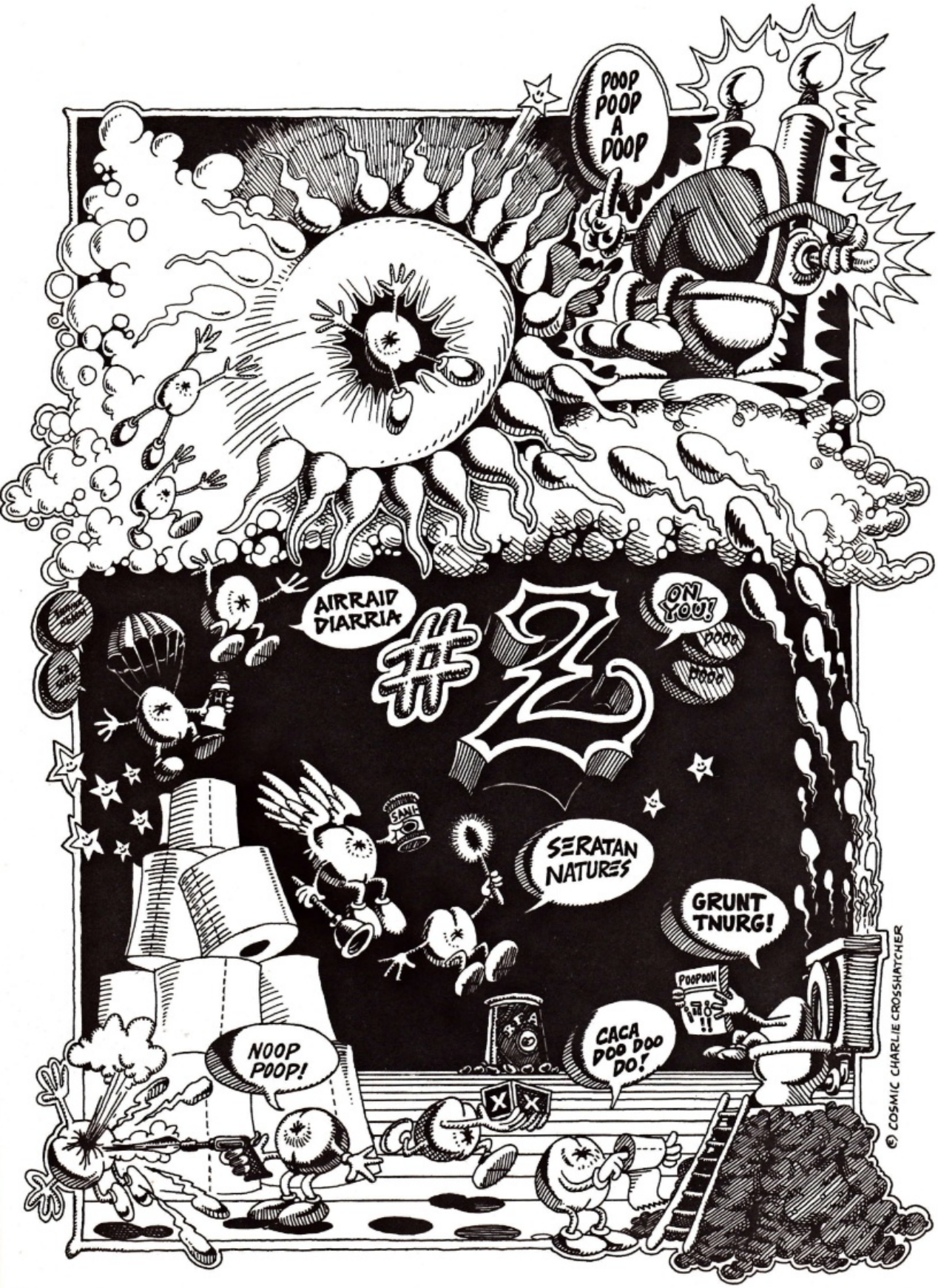
I'VE A WHIM FOR QUIM.. JK
WIN
FLAM
HOW CUM EVRY WUN IN THIS STRIP TALKS LIKE ROBERT NEWTON
IT'S GETTING KINDA CLAUSTROPHOBIC IN THIS PANEL

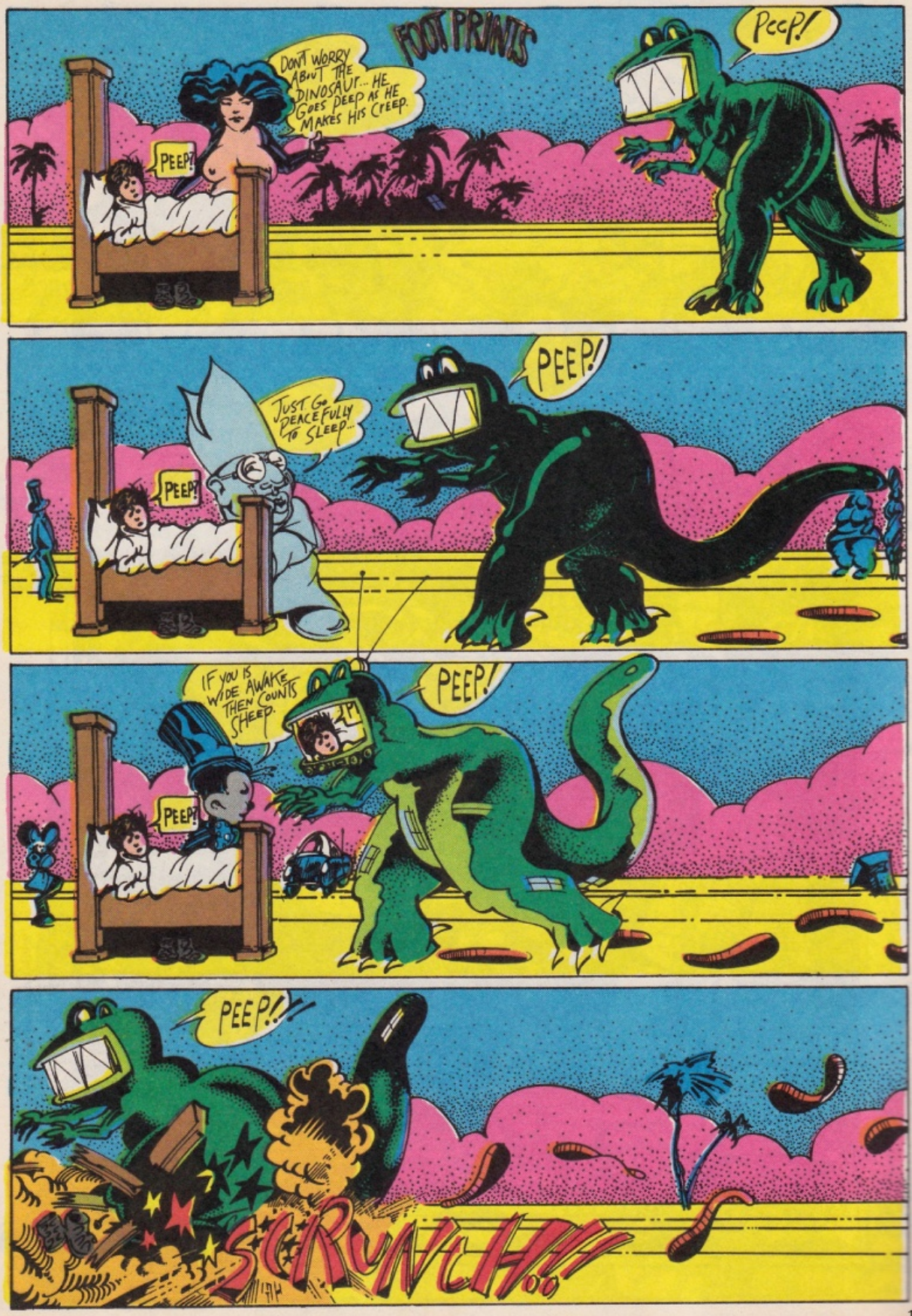
MEANWHILE, IN THE "GOLDEN PAILS" BAR...
BLIND HOGGERS


SUDDENLY A TIME WARP JOLTS THE BATTLERS INTO THE PRESENT...
WHO DA FUCK IS DESE CREEPS?
?

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE APPEARS AT THE DOOR. OUTSIDE, THE HUM OF AN ALIEN CRAFT IS HEARD ABOVE THE DIN OF BATTLE. THE SPACE BITCHES HAVE LANDED....
WHOT IN THE WURLD?
DOOF
S.B.
BEER
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM
THIS STRIP IS STARTIN' TO LOOK LIKE A FUCKIN' MARVEL COMIC!!
BITCH CUNT
TWO RANDOM DEMONS HAPPEN BY
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE
SHALL WE
STREET
BUZZARDS
DISSOLVE INTO DUST, PUTRID SPECIMEN!
FRT
OFF THE BUZZARDS
@*!! Shit
YOU EITHER COLLECT TRASH OR CREATE IT...
THE END

Mr. Normal
by R.
"THE WONDER BOY"
·BREAD·
MR. NORMAL? WHAT, IF ANYTHING, DOES IT ALL MEAN?
WHY DID TH' CHICKEN CROSS TH' ROAD?
ALL RIGHT... WHO'S TH' BIGGEST ASSHOLE, YOU OR ME?!
WHICH CAME FIRST, TH' CHICKEN OR TH' EGG?
TH' CHICKEN? TH' EGG? NO! TH' EGG! TH' CHICKEN? NO TH' EGG?! TH' EGG!!
?
HI, FRIENDS, AND WELCOME TO TH' MANY SLICES OF R. BREAD!
SEMI-VALUABLE 78 RPM
R. BREAD
BUT WHO GIVES A FLYING FUCK!! HA HA HA HA!!
KEY TO LINCOLN'S
OOGA MOOGA BOOGA
$10,000 OFFER SHARE IT! R. BREAD
FAMOUS BREAD PUDDING
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, MY LOYAL READERS, TH' WORLD IS DEFINITELY COMING TO AN END!!
WITHOUT QUESTION..
SHEE-IT! AH TAKE DE KEY TO DE BIG APPLE!
YASSUH! WHY DEY'S BIGOTRY, AN' RACISM IN DE WORL' AN'... AN' PO-LLUTION!
WHY JES' LOOK AT WHAT DEY'S DOIN' TO OL' MAN RIBBER..
DON'T SAY NUTTIN' MUST KNOW SOMETHIN'
I JUST CAN'T STAND IT!
LARGE COMPANIES ARE MAKING PROFITS!!
(SOB) JET PLANES ARE FLYING THROUGH TH' AIR!!
TH' RICH HAVE A WHOLE LOT OF MONEY AND TH' POOR HAVE HARDLY NONE AT ALL!
WOULD YOU SHUT TH' FUCK UP! THIS IS MY GODDAMN COMIC STRIP!
PUNT
AW, TH' POOR LITTLE GUY.
BAW! WAAH!
THIS OUGHT TA KEEP HIM QUIET!!
ZAP!
NOW, MR. NORMAL... I'M ALMOST POSITIVE IT WAS TH' EGG... BUT I WOULDN'T RULE OUT TH' CHICKEN...
GEE, THANKS, MR. NORMAL... YOU'RE A REAL PAL!!
OY VEY!!
SLISH SLUSH


POOP POOP A DOOP
AIRRAID DIARRIA
#2
ON YOU!
POOO
POOO
SANI
SERATAN NATURES
GRUNT TNURG!
POOPOOK
NOOP POOP!
CACA DOO DOO DO!
© COSMIC CHARLIE CROSSHATCHER


FOOT PRINTS
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DINOSAUR... HE GOES PEEP AS HE MAKES HIS CREEP.
PEEP!
PEEP!
PEEP!
JUST GO PEACEFULLY TO SLEEP...
PEEP!
PEEP!
IF YOU IS WIDE AWAKE THEN COUNTS SHEEP.
PEEP!
PEEP!
PEEP!
SCRUNCH!!!

I JUST BET WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BITTY KID, YOU USED TO GET SCARED OF THOSE BIG RED LETTERS IN THE COMICS...
AW

"DO THIS! DO THAT!" THEY USED TO YELL AT YOU. "MOP THE FLOOR!" "TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE!" WELL, ABNER WEEMS, YOU ONLY HAVE TWO MORE CHORES TO COMPLETE AND YOU'LL BE FREE OF THEIR NAGGING FOREVER...
EH...EH...EH...
ABNER! NO!
AIEEEEEGHHH!

ALL RIGHT... WHO'S TH' BIGGEST ASSHOLE, YOU OR ME?!

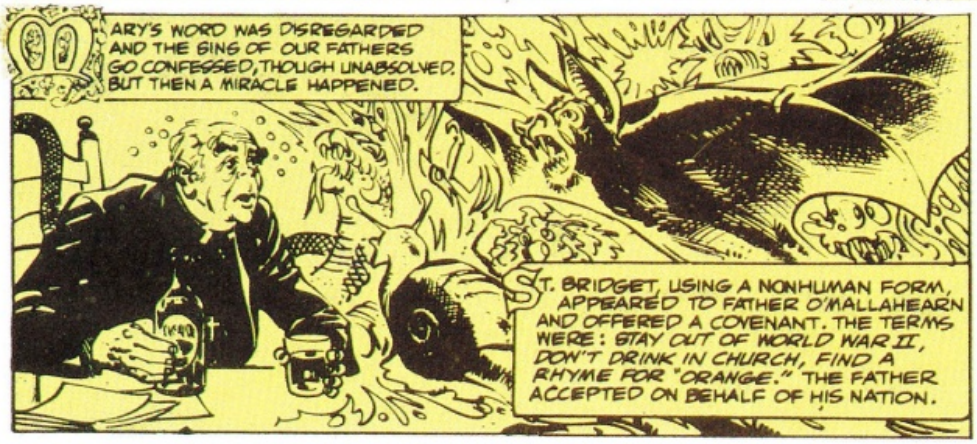
U.S. NAVY

BECAUSE NOW YOU'VE GIVEN MORE OF YOURSELF THAN YOU INTENDED, JERRY--GIVEN EVERYTHING YOU HAD TO YOUR CHILDREN. YOUR HEART TO SUZY, YOUR HEAD TO JENNY, YOUR LEFT LEG TO LITTLE RICKY...
EH EH...EH EH... EH EH...

I KEEP TELLIN' HIM TO DO THE TAXES IN THE HOUSE, WHERE IT'S QUIET, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN TO ME
THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN

THE NAACP HAS ALWAYS COOPERATED WITH ANY ATTEMPT TO FURTHER INTEGRATION.
BUT SURELY ITS CENSORSHIP IS UNDUE IN THE INTEREST OF THE AVERAGE WORKING-CLASS NEGRO?

FRED--ISN'T THAT A GERMAN NAME--?
BUT--I'M YOUR SISTER...


ARY'S WORD WAS DISREGARDED AND THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS GO CONFESSED, THOUGH UNABSOLVED. BUT THEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED.
ST. BRIDGET, USING A NONHUMAN FORM, APPEARED TO FATHER O'MALLAHEARN AND OFFERED A COVENANT. THE TERMS WERE: STAY OUT OF WORLD WAR II, DON'T DRINK IN CHURCH, FIND A RHYME FOR "ORANGE." THE FATHER ACCEPTED ON BEHALF OF HIS NATION.

THAT'S OUR SHOW. GOOD-BYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU ALL.